

SMART SET

Stories from Life

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Beginning:
**"UNFORBIDDEN
FRUIT"**
By the Author of "**FLAMING YOUTH**"

HENRY
CLIFF



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5pm 16/7/1930

What a dilemma for the young married woman *... this whole matter of feminine hygiene*



So many young women enter marriage under a cloud of misgiving and of doubt — doubt in regard to those intimate matters that are so vital to their welfare. True, they know many of the facts of life. But with this knowledge there has come much *other* information — perplexing, contradictory information that frightens and bewilders.

Nor is it surprising that women find themselves in a dilemma. On the one hand, doctors and nurses approve the principle of feminine hygiene. But on the other hand, the modern young woman hesitates to use the poisonous compounds she sees in the homes of some of her friends somewhat older than herself.

Here is the truth about the old methods

Here is the scientific aspect of it. There is no doubt as to the value of personal hygiene for women. But there is ground for grave apprehension regarding certain antiseptic measures taken to obtain complete, surgical cleanliness. For instance, those deadly poisons, bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid, have been widely used. More recently they have appeared in specially prepared forms but they can still be recognized by the skull-and-crossbones label required by law.

Under the cold eye of modern science these compounds are seen in their true light. As germicides they are powerful. But judged according to their effect upon the human body, they are DANGEROUS. Doubly dangerous, in fact. First, there is the constant threat of accidental poisoning,



especially with little children in the house. Second, they are directly injurious when used for feminine hygiene. So caustic is the action of carbolic acid that its continued use actually hardens the delicate internal membranes and in many cases produces definite areas of scar-tissue.

But MODERN hygiene calls for Zonite

It is fearful to think of the harm that thousands of women have unwittingly suffered in their efforts to achieve surgical cleanliness. Happily, however, this suffering is no longer necessary. Science has provided a new antiseptic, quick and sure in its germicidal action yet absolutely harmless to body tissues. *Zonite* is the name to remember.

This remarkable product has been adopted by leading hospitals. And largely through the recommendation of physicians it is now being used in homes from one end of the country to the other. Notwithstanding its non-poisonous character *Zonite* is actually

far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

Every woman should read this frank booklet

You will find *Zonite* in practically all drugstores, quickly distinguishable by its attractive black and light green package. Full directions accompany every bottle. But for specific, detailed information concerning its personal use by women, read "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". The frank, up-to-date statements in this booklet are authentic in every respect. Sent free on receipt of the coupon below. *Zonite* Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, \$1



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MARCH, 1928
VOLUME 82, NO. 1

SMART SET

Stories from Life

WILLIAM C. LENGEL
Editor

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Beginning NEXT MONTH

REBEL ROMANCE

*The Adventurous Love
of a Spanish Senorita
And an American Soldier
of Fortune*



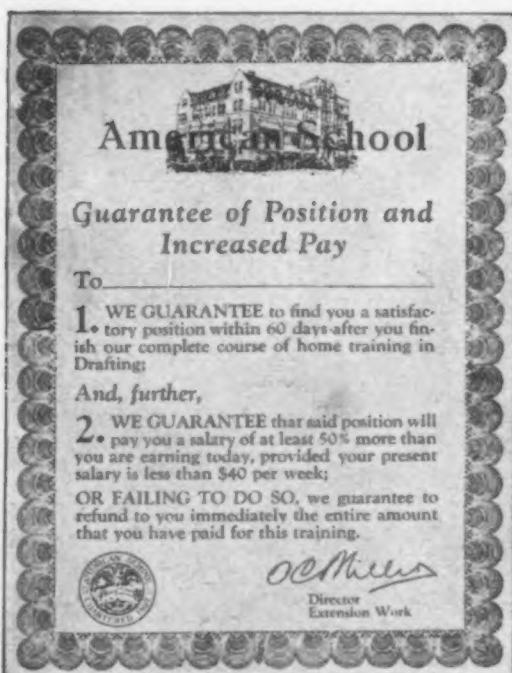
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What was the great "IF" in this girl's life? See "REBEL ROMANCE" in April SMART SET

If you can dream and not make dreams your master,
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters both the same,

If you had gone in search of the prince every girl dreams of—and found him only to discover that he didn't want you—what would you do? See how one girl surmounted an impossible "if."

Blonde Wanted

In April SMART SET

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one game of pitch and toss
And lose and start again at your beginnings
And never say a word about your loss,

If the man you loved was risking everything on a flight across the ocean and you felt that your own life would be worth nothing if he failed—would you risk it as did one girl who will tell you her story

My Stolen Flight

In April SMART SET

If you love real adventures—real thrills—and real romance—IF you want to make the "world and everything that's in it" yours through the stories of those who have lived them don't miss

SMART SET

Stories from 'Life'

April Issue On Sale At All Newsstands March First

IF?

LIFE is largely a matter of "if's." That little word "if" is the key to the whole realm of fascinating possibilities. "If only such-and-such a thing would happen"—we say, wistfully, eagerly—and we are off on a voyage of adventure, discovery, romance. In one of the greatest poems in the English language Kipling leads us through a long lane of "if's" to the exciting promise "the world is yours." There is no problem in your daily life, no decision however trivial, no accomplishment however great, that is not approached by eliminating a dozen or more "if's". Look at all the "if's" in the lives of the people in these stories.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too,

If your husband spent most of his leisure time in the company of other women could you keep your head? Or, would you retaliate by seeking diversion elsewhere? If you approve this type of modern marriage see O. O. McIntyre's

Fifty-Fifty Marriages

In April SMART SET

If you can bear to see the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools
Or see the things you gave your life to—broken
And stoop to build them up with worn out tools,

If you saw the things you had given your life to—the building of a home—the happiness of the people in it—being threatened, could you save them as cleverly as did one wife whose method you may study in

My Wife and the Other Woman

In April SMART SET

If you can walk with crowds and keep your virtue
Or talk to kings—nor lose the common touch
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you
If all men count with you—but none too much

If a girl isn't careful she loses her reputation. If she's too careful she never has any fun. If you haven't discovered the happy medium for yourself see how Dr. Louis E. Bisch, the well known psychiatrist, answers the question:

Does it Pay to Be Good?

In April SMART SET

If you can wait—and not be tired by waiting
Or being lied about don't deal in lies
Or being hated don't give way to hating
Nor yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise,

If you've already learned the secret of why gentlemen prefer blondes and why, in spite of that, they marry brunettes you'll be eager to see what Anita Loos told Dorothy Holm about

What Gentlemen Don't Prefer

In April SMART SET

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them—"Hold on"

If you thought you were a failure—if everything seemed to be against you—could you still hang on, hoping against hope, as did the man who will tell you how he succeeded through

A Gamble in Love

In April SMART SET

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run
The world is yours and everything that's in it
And what is more—you'll be a man my son.

If you wanted the "world to be yours," if you wanted to explore every nook and cranny of it—could you forgive a woman for trying to keep you by the fire-side? One man found his world in

Gypsy Mates

In April SMART SET

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Irvin S. Cobb discusses the approaching Presidential election in "What's All the Shootin' About?"—contrasting the hysterical political excitement of old-time campaigns with present day public indifference.

Rupert Hughes writes "They Were Young Once," a story of two Civil War Veterans in an Old Soldiers' Home that will bring a lump to the throat of anyone who reads it.

George Ade, in "Making the Grade" tells the story of an insufferable snob who was remodeled into something more nearly human by a clever young woman.

Ring W. Lardner, in "Liberty Hall," depicts with delightful freshness the sufferings imposed on helpless guests by the well-meaning but misguided efforts of their host and hostess.

OTHER contributors to March Cosmopolitan include Emil Ludwig, Brig.-Gen. Henry J. Reilly, O.R.C., G. K. Chesterton, O. O. McIntyre, Charles Dana Gibson, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Frederick R. Bechdolt, Katharine Brush, Virginia Dale, Richard V. Culter, Meredith Nicholson, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, H. C. Witwer, Peter B. Kyne, E. Phillips Oppenheim, James Schermhorn and Nanette Kutner.



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Other features, stories and serials by Konrad Bercovici, Chester T. Crowell, Percival Christopher Wren, W. C. Tuttle, Francesco Brent, Edward L. McKenna, Mildred Seydell, William Slavens McNutt, F. R. Buckley, Charles Paddock and others—all in

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Should the Woman Pay?

Prize Winning Letter Writers

MANY letters have been written to the editor of the *Smart Set* in answer to the question raised by Judge John J. Freschi in the January issue, "Should the Woman Pay?" The majority of those who entered the contest agree with Judge Freschi that the penalty imposed on a woman criminal should be no more severe than the one a man would incur. One woman who stole from the state to "live," writes a moving letter of her experiences and sufferings since her confinement in prison. She has found that it is hard for a woman to live down a jail record. Others judging the situation from civilization also find that the world is a cold place for a girl who has been branded a criminal.

The winner of the first prize writes from Brooklyn. She knows how a woman who has broken the law feels and how she must pay. According to her the world's punishment is almost more than can be borne. Read her letter and see for yourself what a woman convicted of crime must bear.

A WOMAN should be made to pay. But it is not the judge who places upon her the most severe sentence—it is the world! It is not behind the prison bars that she suffers the most. It is after those bars that she only a memory.

Two years ago, I stole—for the first time. I knew it was wrong, but what was not a woman do for love?

The judge sentenced each of us to one year of hard labor in the penitentiary.

When we were freed, my sweetheart found employment with little difficulty, while I—

Well, my struggles were endless, and I was soon reduced to poverty. My mother died from disgrace, and this alone will haunt me for the rest of my life.

My sisters and brothers, my friends all shunned me. I was a social outcast.

Did my punishment end when the prison bars closed upon me? No, it began at that time.

After five years of this mental torture I decided to give up. But within me whispered, "Fight to the end!"

I am still trying to fight my way back to normal life, but I feel I am losing. The world has lost me.

What would be the sentence a woman to a man to pay? He might as well sentence her to death. She would be just as well off!

For, Judge Freschi is a man of reasoning and understanding. We should have him to thank for this.

A woman writes from Brooklyn, N. Y., in answer to the question, "Should the woman pay?" The woman says—she should not, and the mere question of whether she does is of small moment to the man who must face the world. Her letter follows:

THIS will seem a strange question to many women. Women who have paid! Are you joking? For after all, isn't it true that whether or not she should—she does?

"A woman deserves to be free," a screaming headline shouts as we pass the newsstand. But we women know better.

Men glance at the same paper and say to one another, "Well, another woman got away with it."

With what?

With the regard of her neighbors and acquaintances? Never!

With the affection of her family and relatives? You know better!

With the loyalty and support of her friends? Rarely!

So, after all, what did she get away with?

With the opportunity to lead a hunted existence.

With the privilege of being pointed out every time she appears in public.

With the heartbreaking experience of being refused work, regardless of how well she may be able to do it or how badly she

specialists know that woman endures mental agony with a spiritual courage that is almost beyond belief.

No judge or jury need worry about making the punishment fit the crime where woman is concerned. She cannot escape punishment!

Only in unimportant things are women getting to be more like men. The soul of a woman will always be as different from the soul of a man as the high, sweet note of a violin is different from the rumble and beat of a drum.

Courts need not concern themselves with the proper punishment for women offenders.

A guilty woman crucifies herself.

A woman wrongly accused is crucified by the world.

Right or wrong—whether she should or should not—the woman pays.

Hilda Holland of Brooklyn, winner of the third prize, disagrees with Judge Freschi "It is the motive back of the crime in which we are interested," she writes. The fact that the woman has planned the crime should make her liable to the same penalty men face, according to Miss Holland. Her letter follows:

UNFORTUNATELY Judge John J. Freschi speaks of two sides, two distinct points of view at the same time. First he tells us of the injustice of the varying terms of sentences allotted to the different sexes and, second he convinces us that although the woman does not receive the same sentence her punishment begins after she has served her time.

Then what remains for us to say? For both suffer alike, nay, perhaps the woman even more as Judge Freschi tries to show us. The man by the judiciary and the woman largely by the attitude of the public.

He also calls our attention to the way a woman is constituted. As he puts it, "more emotion than reason." Granted. But what of it? It is the "motive" we are interested in. What was her motive when she planned to kill? Planning means to reason the thing out. Therefore the woman should not be spared.

In his article the Judge asks us to be solicitous of the woman's emotion. What would we do if womanhood should suddenly turn destructive, emotion being the cause? Should we tolerate such absurdity?

I am convinced that two and two should not equal sympathy, leniency and pardon because of the frail, timid, big rolling eyes and wail of a guilty woman.

*It's too bad that room permits the publication of only three letters. To print all of the really good letters received in this contest would require a whole volume. You writers felt strongly upon this subject and as a result you wrote unusually well. The editors of *Smart Set* thank you for the interest you displayed. Now here's another chance for you. Turn to page 44 and see if the contest on "Back to Long Skirts?" is not one in which you would like to take part. There are other contests in *This Funny World*, page 14. Try those. You'll be surprised how much fun it is.*

Smart Set Prize Winners

Should the Woman Pay?

First Prize, \$15, Miss T. G., Chelsea, Mass.

Second Prize, \$10, Peggy Stetson, New York City

Third Prize, \$7, Hilda Holland, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ten \$1 Prize Winners

Almora H. Bursaw, Lansing, Mich.

Gilson Willits, San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. Phil. Stevens, Laurel, Mass.

Mrs. N. C. Kearney, Odessa, Minn.

Grace Edgerton, Houston, Texas

Lillian Perrine Davis, Lexington, Tenn.

Anna E. Benson, Chicago, Ill.

Beatrice K. Back, McKeesport, Pa.

Frank B. Cooper, Andrews, N. C.

Edwin F. Seides, Milbank, S. D.

may need to work for her mere livelihood.

Yes—she got away with these things.

Something to be thankful for, do you think?

But you say, they have let her live. She can never live again. Never as long as she breathes and walks the earth can she know what it means to live.

Life is over for her. They gave her nothing when they withheld that last flash of torture which would have sent her into eternity.

Women are not afraid of pain! They know what it means to go down into the Valley of the Shadow, to walk close to the border of eternity so that some wee mite may pay its allotted visit to this strange sphere.

Dentists and physicians and surgeons know that women bear physical suffering with a courage and fortitude seldom equaled by man. Ministers and lawyers and certain

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is sinking under

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But don't be alarmed.

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Pure Reason, I Call It

IT MAY or may not be a reflection upon human beings that the monkeys, our closest of kin in the animal kingdom, do so many senseless, futile, meaningless things—see Kipling on the Bandar Log—or, in other words, behave exactly as human beings in mass are prone to behave; whereas, some of the creatures which, by the scientists at least, are supposed to be much lower in the biological scale than the monkeys, never waste their energies nor expend their strength on vain endeavors. To be sure, a pup or a kit or a cub may indulge in foolish antics; still, to be aimless and irresponsible is the common right of the young of nearly every species, including notably our own. But let the pup grow up, let the kitten become a cat, and thereafter everything it does has a definite purpose. You or I may not be able to fathom that purpose, but with the beast it is an actuating motive; it must be.

For lack of a better word we call this faculty an instinct. But something which happened in my own experience here just the other day proved to me that at least one animal of my acquaintance knows how to reason—knows rationally and

wisely how to reason. It was, I would say, the most interesting and the most significant thing that has come under my personal observation within the last few months. It left me wondering—wondering whether we even dimly realize how much an intelligent dog really knows, wondering whether we haven't gone along through the ages since our ancestors quit worshipping certain animals, perversely misunderstanding and underestimating the intelligence of the things which speak in different languages from the languages we humans speak.

I WAS in a duck-blind on Stump Pond, which is part of a private hunting preserve on Long Island. With me was another gunner, a gentleman of probity, and also the head gamekeeper of a club to which I belong. So, if substantiation be needed I have two reliable witnesses to the occurrence.

The gamekeeper, whose name is Asher and who is as genuine a sportsman as anybody in our club, had brought along a big black retriever called Bob, a spaniel, and therefore a natural-born retriever. This dog Bob, had [Continued on page 102]



EVERYONE
Who Loves a Dog
WILL LOVE
This
TRUE DOG STORY

Some of His TRUE EXPERIENCES



GOOD NEWS

On these two pages SMART SET treats its readers to the first of a series of personal experiences by Irvin S. Cobb—some with a laugh, some with a tear; all of them warm with human understanding. Watch for the stories from life by IRVIN S. COBB in SMART SET each month

With Drawings
from Life
By HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Let Us Introduce

SYLVIA HARTNETT

who, in spite of her Puritan ancestry, likes to, and often does, play with fire

SARA LA LOND

brilliant student and all-round athlete who is the college mystery

VERITY CLARKE

who looks like a child but frequently acts like an intelligent grown-up

AND

their college chums, all as human and lovable as your own sweetheart



Unforbidden

SUITE TWENTY, Trumbull House, was in evening session. Feminine apparel, feminine appurtenances, feminine curves and angles, feminine voices were everywhere in the overcrowded living room.

The center table was strewn with a collection of text books, note books, magazines, a bridge manual, a copy of "Lord Raingo," another of "Summer Bachelors," a green stocking and a tan, a cracked jazz record, a bottle of headache tablets, five cigarette boxes and a sophomore, all impartially whitened with a new brand of talcum-powder from a box which had inopportune opened up while in aerial transit across the apartment.

Half a dozen girls in the abandon of negligee gave to the

divan the desperate appearance of a raft just after a shipwreck. Several others occupied the two chairs and a trunk, the contents of which were oozing out upon the floor pending a more orderly disposition.

On one wall was stretched a banner with the inspiring words "Sperry, 1928" in mauve and cerise. Opposite was a framed legend, in an inexplicable species of worsted work, posing the incontrovertible statement that "Home Is What You Make It." There were also pictures of the kind which one might not too optimistically expect.

In the window corner a young gentlewoman stood upon her head.

Question and answer, comment and gossip, rejoicing and



Only in a
GIRLS' COLLEGE
Could You Find
This Drama
of
MODERN LIFE
and
YOUNG LOVE

Fruit

Lamentation crossed and recrossed each other in the buzzing air.
"Hello girls! What kind of a vacation did you all have?"

"Grand!"

"Lousy!"

"Not so rotten!"

"The old dump isn't so bad to get back to."

"Oh, gee! Who says it isn't? Sixteen more weeks of slaver-ee."

"With no break in the clouds till Junior Prom."

"Signed up your swain yet, Gwen?"

"The thirteenth man I asked to Prom
Has just gone back on me."

chanted a voice. It was a little off key but no one noticed.

"Nixie's rooming alone, so I guess maybe I'll move in with—
"—elected Biology Two, God help me, before I found out—"

"And if anyone so much as whispers 'hockey' to me, I'll—"

"What I heard about her not coming back, even the tabloids wouldn't print."

"Who's that, Celia?"

"—harder than ever this semester, and if it is, I'm sunk; simply sunk."

"Well, you won't go down alone."

"Kaplan & Boyle may be more expensive, but I will say this for—"

"Maybe they are married. Stranger things have happened!"

By
WARNER FABIAN

Who Startled You Not So Long Ago
With His Book of "Flaming Youth"

"Basket ball? Too much toil! I got a shiner to take to the Yale-Harvard game, last year."

"—taste like incense to me I wouldn't smoke 'em if you gave—"

"Darn the Self-Guy Anybody here on it?"

"Always beefing about sex complexes They make me sick, that bunch."

"Moi aussi; a pain in the ear."

"—doubled two spades and instead of going back to di—"

"Somebody swiped my lab outfit. Now, I ask you?"

"ROXY ANN! Remember that Sperry College was founded to instill in us the spirit and demeanour of Christian gentlewomen."

"Now, everybody," said a shrill, derisive falsetto, "a sweet che-ah for Old Spay-ree!"

"Me, I never want to see a drink nor a man nor a night club again in my life."

The inverted gentlewoman in the corner grunted skeptically, for the proponent of this self-abnegating proposition was the most inveterate prom-trotter in college. Pink Delevan's genius for getting away to some kind of festivity over every week-end while still maintaining her standing in class was the wonder and despair of friend and foe. A slight, quick, homely girl addressed the grunter.

"As you were, Starr. You'll have apoplexy!"

"Two minutes to go yet."

"What's the idea?" inquired Sara La Lond. She was lithe and springy and pantherine, with dead black hair and eyes that burned behind her studious glasses. Possessing a fierce energy of body and mind alike, she had made a key in junior year and was hot on the trail of other honors, in addition to which she was a formidable athlete. Neither line of achievement would of itself have admitted her to the close corporation of free spirits which had made Trumbull House the most conspicuous dormitory at Sperry, for this particular group sat boastfully in the seat of the scion and the "athletic" girl was as much anathema to them as the "greasy grind" or the "collegiate sweater." But the combination of scholastic and physical prowess, together with a queer spiritual aloofness and independence, gave to Sara a piquancy of repute and so a standing among her peers.

"Reduction. Latest wrinkle. Night and morning," answered Starr, the girl who was standing on her head.

"Doesn't Duke like 'em fat?" asked Roxy Ann Merrick, a thickset and tawny blonde.

The question was answered by an arrival from the inner room. "Don't get rancid, Rocks," advised the newcomer.

THE proprietress of half-rights in Suite Twenty was a brisk, brownish nineteen-year-old with the bearing of self-confidence and self-competency so characteristic of American girlhood. To her poised roommate she said: "Come off it, Starr."

Being incompetent, for good and sufficient reasons, to shake her head, Starr waved her feet negatively. Sylvia raised her voice.

"I've got some news that I bet'll bring you down. Our Giff's grown a 'stash."

There was a heavy flop. Miss Starr Mowbray lay upon

her back, her face turned to the ceiling, her deep-drawn breaths filling the lines of her sweater with a ripple of curves. Even in that sprawly attitude and with her features congested from blood-pressure she was alluring to look at.

"Say it ain't true, dee-rie!" she besought, kicking feebly

AT ONCE the conversation concentrated upon the most popular member of the faculty.

"Have you seen him?" demanded Gwen Peters, tall, languid, and the mainstay of the crowd in fabricating ingenious excuses and stratagems for more or less unlawful week-ends.

"No. The maid in the South corridor told me. She was almost in tears."

"Ruined!" exclaimed Celia Forsythe.

"And I elected History Three just for his sweet sake," groaned Helen Quigg, the plainest of the crew and one of the most popular.

"The most poisonous course in the curricul," added Pink Delevan in deep gloom, having been led to do the same by the austere charms of young Professor Patterson Gifford.

"I nicked him for an A in Mediaeval, last semester," bragged Roxy Ann. "What do you think of that?"

"Because you sweated and swotted and swilled every class he's given," retorted Sylvia. "I b'lieve you're in love with the man."

"Ain't we all?" yawned Gwen.

"I'll bet the new shrubbery absolutely gums his noble facade," was Helen Quigg's pessimistic forecast. She was taking landscape gardening and was given to the technicalities thereof.

"OH, I dunno," put in Bertha Ruehl, generally known as Golden Ruehl for the sake of the pun rather than for her coloring, which was that of the useful though inartistic brick. "Maybe it'll only make him sterner-looking and more fascinating. Anyway it won't affect his militaristic voice. I always feel as if I ought to stand up and salute when he calls my name."

"I wonder how much of that snap-your-head-off stuff is bluff?" This from Celia.

"Ask Nixie. She tried to make him all last term."

"Nixie's got as much chance of making Giff as she has of making Phi Beta," was Gwen's scornful estimate.

"Oh, I d'know. She doesn't lose so many fish off the hook."

"If you ask me," proffered Sara La Lond unflatteringly, "I don't believe he even knows we're alive, except as something to shoot his sarcasms at."

"He knows Starr's alive, and he doesn't shoot at her," asserted Roxy Ann.

"I'm not. I'm dead." She rolled feebly.

Gwen murmured in Helen Quigg's ear:

"He's always playing up to Starr in class, but watch him when he looks at Syl, which isn't often."

"How do you two juniors rate these quarters anyway?" demanded Jessamine Dahl, a senior. "They're the best in the house."

"OH, WE just happened to get 'em," was Sylvia's careless rejoinder. She was the sort of girl who obviously would "just happen to get" the desirable things of the world by simply and confidently assuming the right to them, she being what she was, one of the blessed, but by no means meek, inheritors of the earth.

With a single, lithe movement the self-proclaimed corpse came to life and its feet. "Ye gods, what a mess this room



Sturr sensed something familiar about the lone figure ahead. It was Patterson Gifford. She thrust her head out of the car and yelled, "Sylvia! Back there . . . The road house. Sylvia Hartnett." Gifford waved his cane, turned and ran back along the road

is in! Clothes all over! How I loathe cleaning up! "Got to be done, though," said her roommate. "Match you for the big dresser, old bird."

"Lend me a cent, somebody. All right, I'll match you Tails."

"Heads."

"Damn."

"You unpack first, then."

Upon this broad hint the others said good night and drifted out yawning, planning, making dates, cursing the resumption of studies, comparing notes on classes and courses, on house parties and fashions and the male sex.

As soon as the door closed Starr fell upon her wardrobe with resolute ferocity. Hers was the simple method of transfer in bulk. She would scoop from the floor an armful of shimmery underwear, hurl it into a drawer, subject it to the violent compression of a pair of pile-driving fists, superimpose as many stockings, handkerchiefs, brassieres and other articles of bodily bric-a-brac as represented capacity-plus, then jam the drawer to and repeat the formula until the receptacle was full.

Her companion's method was radically different. Sylvia Hartnett, Puritan by long ancestry and in many of her lesser habits, though few of her thoughts, was a devotee of neatness. She was always spick-and-span, and dressed to the cool freshness of her personality which had its special allure, dangerous beyond the charms of more obvious beauty when she chose to exercise it. Her belongings, down to the smallest ribbon, she disposed with an exactitude of perfection which might have been spinsterish in another. Nothing about Sylvia suggested the spinster, however. Hers was the clear-cut brilliance of the crystal with perhaps a flame latent at its heart.

When the last wrinkle had been coaxed out of the final blouse and it had been patted and petted into place, she turned to Starr. She was ready for confidences and conversation.

"Did you really have a good time this summer, Starr?"

"Swell!"

"New York?"

"Mostly."

"Anything (meaning anybody) new in your young life?"

"A couple."

"Serious?"

"Just enough to be interesting but not really dangerous."

"Undles?" This apparently compromising, but actually innocent, abbreviation indicated any member of an undergraduate body.

"Yep. One was a Dahdiddy and one a swoddy."

"Dartmouth's all right in its way but I sure do admire those sojer-boys." In the bright lexicon of Sperry youth a West Pointer is a swoddy, much to his indignation if he hears it.

"You'll prob'ly see 'em both before the long winter's over."

"I'll betcha."

Miss Mowbray's swains almost invariably followed through until she dismissed them in weariness. "Neck 'em?"

"Not so much. Except the swoddy once. On a party Club Irrawaddy. That's the latest Champagne from floor to ceiling."

"Give me Scotch and darn little of that."

"That's your glum New England ancestry. If you try to keep going all night on H.O. you lose the pace. Do you know, Syl?" Starr went on, "I don't get as much kick out of things as I used to, and I'm only twenty. What do you suppose is the matter with me? Even necking is losing its



Professor Gifford's college reputation was that of a grouch, with exciting possibilities. Something in his very reserve inspired the more daring spirits to speculate whether he could be tempted

tremors. There isn't the least bit of a thrill in it."

"Naturally."

The other stared. "For goodness' sake! When did you get so wise Syl? Have you gone and resigned from the touch-me-not school of thought?"

"No. It's still a matter of theory rather than actual practice with me. But it stands to reason that all this playing at love is poor stuff unless you go through with it."

"You're an immoral woman, Sylvia Hartnett. I'm surprised at you!"

"Immoral, nothing! I'm logical. I never could see anything in this stuff that you all pull," returned the younger girl coolly. "Why get yourself all stirred up over a false alarm?"

"How do you know it's going to be false? It might be a real fire."

"Oh, well! It never is with your type and if it was you'd send in a loud yell for the hose-cart. Me, if I ever come to the Rubicon, I'm not going to take off my shoes'n stockin's and just wade. Sink or swim for mine."

"All right, Caesar. Me, I'm for old Mother Goose, modern version: 'Keep your clothes on your rickety limbs and don't go too near the water.' Well, what's vacation done for

"No, but that type wants too much. You can't be in a huddle all the time; it isn't football."

Starr laughed. "Maybe you're right. I'll say this for the lads, though; they never really get rough unless you give 'em a start."

"Well, I don't. I'm not electing Physical X this year. Speaking of which—"

"Speaking of what?"

"Physical Experimentation. I went into the post office at Trenton while I was visiting there on my way East."

"Did you? Where's that other black stocking? What's that got to do with your course in Physical X?"

"Not mine; yours. I was looking for a letter for Sarepta Schallenburger. And there she was."

Starr whirled violently around. "What? A letter?"

"No. Not a letter. Sarepta, her name. Posted on the advertised list. It was an old one."

Starr's lips were parted, eager, mirthful, but her eyes slid away from Sylvia's.

"My poor Fritzie-officer! Who would have supposed that he could have taken that preposterous alias seriously?"

"I've always heard that the Saxons were a serious-minded people. Probably he wrote to say he was coming over."

"Oh, Lord! Well, he'll never find me."

"Bet a hat he does. It'd be lover's luck. You'd better keep off the public streets. Great grief! What's that?"

The whole place shook with the impact of a tremendous thump overhead. Starr uplifted an indignant demand.

"What the devil are you pulling up there? An earthquake?"

A silence followed. Then there was a shuffling sound on the stair and a light knock at the door which opened, at the word of bidding upon a penitent but composed apparition. "I'm sorry," said a clear voice. "Did it do any harm?"

"Only to our nervous systems. Come in, Freshman."

"My trunk tipped over." Verity Clarke stepped into the light, looking in the loose negligée she wore like a tousled and charming little girl. She had entered college from the West, the previous year, but her career had been inconspicuous, except for a rather marked success in a small part

in the Dramatic Club, and she had dropped out, halfway, because of a death in her family. Now she was back, taking her Freshman year over.

She had the calmly questioning eyes of childhood, a tenderly modelled outline of face, an undersized nose just a bit tilted, and a pink-and-brown softness of skin, the face being redeemed from mere characterless prettiness by the firm, shrewd and humorous mouth. In build she was strong and in stature above the medium, but so lightly was she poised that she seemed delicate and rather small. The year before she had been admitted to the jealously restricted table over which Starr, Sylvia, and Gwen Peters held despotic though unofficial sway, so they knew her pretty well. [Continued on page 139]



Sylvia Hartnett could not have told when that curiosity, which she was aware the Professor felt too, first manifested itself. It irritated her that he made no move to see her alone

you? Come on now! Tell me all there is to tell."

"Oh, I've been butterflying, too. Detroit isn't New York but it isn't so dead slow at that."

"Any new suitors Syl?"

"Bob's been playing me pretty hard, and Winsome Walter from Williams gave me a week's attention before he got the bum's rush to make up a condition. Also that Gale lad of Nixie's showed enthusiasm at the one party I met him at. I wouldn't mind snitching him from Nixie if it wasn't too much trouble."

"How come, trouble?"

"Playing up, the way she does with her men."

"D'you expect something for nothing in this world Syl-ly?"

Were Girls Better in the Old Days?
Or Were They Prudes? As Told to

MAY CERF



FANNIE HURST

*Sketched from Life
by the Distinguished Artist*

HARRISON FISHER

by FANNIE HURST

A Frank and Honest Writer
Who Is All for Modern Girls

Thou Shalt Not!

SHOULD we go back to Puritanism?

When this question was hurled at me, I was startled. I instantly repudiated it. At first thought it was too outlandish a supposition to be taken seriously. You can not squeeze a broadened body into its little old outgrown last year's dress. You can not force a liberated soul to go back again to the dark and narrow prison of yesterday's bigotry.

Then another angle came to me. The broadened, bloated body might reduce itself for the sake of its physical welfare. The liberated soul might voluntarily return to the restricting bars of the traditional cage for its own salvation.

So might the world of its own accord go in for a thorough spring housecleaning to sweep out the grime and cobwebs and let in the sunshine conducive to more healthful living.

Life today is a complicated puzzle. It's a hodge podge of liberty and license, of reform and abuse. It's a new order entirely.

(One can not carry on even a brief conversation with Miss Hurst without realizing that she understands life in all its phases. The word pictures which she draws, and which I have tried to set down conscientiously as she spoke them, will prove to you how closely she observes and knows the problems of modern life.)

THE world of today has us all guessing. No one can fathom it. We look at it with contemplative, curious eyes. We don't know whether to approve or disapprove.

The chaperon is dead as King Tut. College boys and girls, debutantes and their beaux dash around in high-powered automobiles half the night. They frequent bohemian cafés and roadhouses. They neck and pet.

Girls of today smoke. They rouge. They drink. They discuss sex with their cavaliers. They understand life in all its phases.

A motor car is caught in a traffic jam. Therein are two girls. They are young and pretty. The intangible marks of breeding are legible to the casual observer. Both nonchalantly puff at cigarettes. One with a careless gesture tosses her cigarette into the

street. She reaches into her handbag. Out comes a diminutive mirror. Then a lip stick. Intently she applies it. She shapes her mouth with a deft forefinger into a Cupid's bow. The traffic light changes. The whistle blows. The car moves on.

In the theater lobby during the intermission are a group of people, both men and women. Women with gray hair. Women of uncertain age. Girls with the blush of youth on their cheeks. All are smoking. The sex situations—and what play has not sex for its fundamental theme?—are frankly discussed in audible tones. The voice of a girl who can not be more than nineteen years old rings above the babble. "The only sin is being found out," she says.

After the theater comes the night club. Around the tables are girls of all ages, types and stations. Glasses are constantly refilled by attentive escorts. Girlish voices ring out in the high-pitched tone of exhilaration. A hectic flush is on their faces. Feet become uncertain. An ethereal lass is led forth on the arm of her escort to the cooling balm of the night air.

WIVES do not feel that marriage is a monopoly. Many of them emerge from the home to pursue their own careers in business and in the arts. They claim the right to independent action. They accept the escort of men not their husbands. And what is more they claim equal rights with men in all things.

Today marriage is no longer a woman's whole existence. It is merely an incident. Stage and cinema stars have husbands in the background. Writers marry, rear families and rise to fame. Beauty shops, specialty shops and businesses of all descriptions are run by women whose husbands can afford to give them the comforts of life. It is the urge for feminine expression.

As striking illustrations of this modern tendency the wife of one of New York's social elect has opened a night club. Another trades in English chintzes. Another has gone in for interior decoration. Society that counts its money in millions and traces its blood back to the knighted ancestors en- [Continued on page 120]



The author of "Humoresque," "Lummox," and short stories of people you meet in real life, in her New York home

Out at the swamp Garth was having a heart-breaking time. We used to drive out to see him and I goaded him by letting him see I was interested in Denby Allison whom he hated



With Drawings
from Life
By Y. E. SODERBERG

AND then we were married; but we did not live happily ever after. We had celebrated our getting acquainted with a gorgeous row, our becoming engaged with another; and libelous rumor insists that when we emerged from the dingy office of the Justice of the Peace who had just finished marrying us, we had a regular knock-down-and-drag out to settle who should drive the car away. That, however, is exaggerated.

The trouble wasn't hard to find, according to Garth. Spoiled! That was the trouble with me! Always had everything in life I wanted. Folks always standing around to find something they could do for me. Every time I stuck my head out o' the front door there stood a bunch o' fool men, falling over each other to wait on me!

Nor could I deny that there was some foundation for Garth's complaints. I expect I was spoiled, but if you

parents have more money than they know what to do with and you were lucky enough to be dealt your full share of good looks, you get more than your due of attention. I knew that perfectly well, but was there anything I should have done about it?

Garth and I were ridiculously young when we met and went plumb crazy about each other at first sight. But mating is done early in the South. And in those days, before Garth's father had found there was a flaw in his scheme to beat the cotton market, not many calculating mamas overlooked Garth Redfern. Nor was that due exclusively to his father's possessions. The fairies that hung over Garth's cradle when he was born had given to him two invaluable gifts: the quality of making all people, high and low, like him; and a certain gracefulness in everything, body and act. Garth could get a miser's last dime



SPOILED

*A Self-Told Love Story
of a Headstrong Girl*

NEITHER set of parents objected when we began to show what we felt. Even after the deluge had swept everything from Garth the only objection dad and mother offered was that both of us were too young to marry yet. They were both as fond of him as if he were their own son.

There was no warning to Garth. He was at the state university, the expectant heir to a not inconsiderable fortune, preparing leisurely to take his degree in engineering. His first intimation was my telegram. His father had put one great hole through their finances and another through his own head. Garth's mother was prostrated and she never rallied from the shock. When finally he got a chance to survey the wreckage nothing was left save a few thousand dollars and one worthless tract of swamp land; and even that was heavily mortgaged.

We were riding in the expensive car dad had given me

for my birthday. I saw Garth glance at it as he got in, and it hurt me to know what he was thinking. He could not hide from me that he was blue. I did not try to hide from him what I felt.

Where he made his mistake was in admitting to me that he cared more than he ever had, that he cared so much it hurt. He had very little to do with what followed.

"WHAT'S the matter? Where're we going?" he demanded above the wind that rumpled my mop of hair and sent my wisp of dress far higher than it was meant to go.

"We are going to get married," I told him.

"Married! Fendley, I'm flat broke! I've just finished telling you, honey, that my only chance is to make something of that forsaken swamp tract!" [Continued on page 103]



Drawn by RUSSELL PATTERSON

I heard the case in my chambers because the father was so embarrassed by his daughter's disgrace. The girl's attire was an affront to both decency and good taste. I asked what the mother could be thinking of to let the girl wear such a dress. "It's my mother's dress," said the girl. "We wear each other's clothes." The mother, whom I had taken for an elder sister, was dressed to the same outrageous extreme as her daughter. This mature woman trying to look young was only a replica of droves of mature women—wives, mothers, even grandmothers—who throng our public places nowadays exposing their bodies and makeup faces.

Will Heaven Protect the Modern Girl From Flapper Mothers?

"WHY do you allow your daughter to dress so immodestly?" I asked of the prisoner's father. "Her whole appearance is nothing less than an invitation to evil."

He shook his head. "I've told her the same thing over and over," he said hopelessly.

I had sent for the relatives of the young girl to reason with them. She had not gone too far for salvage. Proper discipline applied now might save her from utter ruin. She had been arrested in a raid on a so-called night club, an infamous place, having been taken there for the first time by an older man whose motive was not the loftiest.

The father was so embarrassed that I heard the case in my chambers, away from the court-room audience. There was a woman with him, small, slender, extravagantly garbed who I understood to be the prisoner's older sister. She sat at a distance from my desk, while the father pressed close to tell his parental fears. He had been worrying a great deal about this daughter, he explained. But try as he would she had gotten completely out of his control. She would not listen to a thing he told her. She seemed to regard him as a back number.

An appraising look at the girl had brought my comment about her attire. It was an affront to both decency and good taste. A handful of silk, flimsy and clinging, cunningly designed to accentuate every contour of her body, so shortened at the bottom that it could not have been abbreviated another fraction of an inch without infringing the laws against indecent exposure.

Then, as the father confessed his helplessness, I said: "What about her mother, then? What's she thinking of to let the girl wear such a dress?"

The girl grinned. "You see, Judge," she said, "it's my mother's dress I have on. We wear each other's clothes. She's as up-to-date as I am."

"I'd like to interview that mother," I said after I had regained my composure. "Why isn't she here?"

"She is," said the father. "There she sits," and he pointed to the supposed older sister.

IT WAS piling one shock upon another. This woman, this mother, not so young looking under closer scrutiny, was dressed to the same outrageous extreme as her daughter. There was a pitying smile on her made-up face; one knee curved frankly over the other, showing a wholesale expanse of her thin-stockinged limbs.

As I looked a thought burst upon me. This mature woman trying to look young was only a replica in sartorial effect of droves of mature women who throng our public places nowadays—wives, mothers, even grandmothers exposing their bodies



By Judge
CHARLES A. OBERWAGER

As Told by JOHN S. LOPEZ

and made-up faces in public conveyances, on our streets, wherever people congregate, even in the churches.

The voice of the father brought me back. "I had to give in," he was saying, "that is if I wanted to live in the same house. Her mother takes her side. They say I'm an old-fashioned crank."

OF LATE we've been hearing a great deal about what has been called "the revolt of modern youth." A thousand different explanations have been offered for it and almost as many sure remedies. What some denounce as causes others just as earnestly endorse as cures. Actions that seem all wrong to one are the particular actions that seem all right to another. And so on and on until no one could be blamed for not being able to decide what is right and what is wrong, least of all modern youth itself.

But on one point there is unanimity. The parents of America, we are informed in all seriousness, are greatly alarmed, shaken with concern for their offspring, particularly for their daughters, who are so completely out of hand.

"And this," as modern youth itself would put it, "is the biggest bunk of it all!"

A short time ago an eminent jurist, Justice Katzenbach of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, addressing a Grand Jury observed that, "Modern mothers devote too much time to face lifting and not enough to soul lifting." And this, he declared, is responsible for much of the juvenile delinquency of the times.

He went on to say: "Complacency on the part of parents in the face of improper actions of their children is the outstanding evil of today."

AND there you have the real explanation of the "revolt," as well as the suggestion for the one and only cure.

Modern youth has taken the bit in its teeth and bolted in the wrong direction because modern parents are turned in the wrong direction. The story I have just given is a concentrated illustration of general social conditions. On one hand the silly mother typifying the thousands of parents who set an evil example by their own frivolities. On the other hand the timid father representing that vast parental element that opposes no barrier to youthful drifting simply because it is lacking in backbone.

And to my mind the butterfly parents who sin by example are not half as culpable as the other parental slackers who fail not through ignorance, but because their own immediate comfort is of more real concern to them than the future welfare of their own flesh and blood.

Just the other day a widow, a cultured woman, was expressing concern about the giddy conduct of her two daughters. They live in a fashionable suburb. [Continued on page 115]

With Drawing,
from *Lit*
By G. D. SKIDMORI



Uneasy Love

What This Modern Cinderella Revealed Last Month

I WAS a mannequin in Mrs. Farwell's exclusive shop when a magazine article gave me the idea that I might be able to crash into a real society party. I "borrowed" a dress to wear, under the pretense of taking it home to remodel for Breakneck Lawrence's stepdaughter. Little did I dream then what this man was to mean in my life.

I got into Miss Gold's house on Long Island, where the ball was being held, without a bit of trouble and was having a perfectly heavenly time when who should appear but Miss Blake and her stepfather, Breakneck Lawrence.

I was outside running wildly across the lawn before she even reached the door. If it hadn't been raining I shouldn't have slipped and fallen in front of a large automobile. Hughson Har-

dinge, who owned the car, drove me all the way into the city and never asked me a single embarrassing question. And he promised to look me up when he came back from Europe.

When my roommate, Julie, came in we decided to write Mrs. Farwell a note, promising to pay for the dress I had ruined in the rain. I started out early to leave the note at the shop before nine o'clock, but I was terror-stricken when I found Breakneck Lawrence waiting for me there. I imagined he would have me arrested. Instead he promised to help me out of the scrape I was in if I would just be friends with him and let him take me out and show me off. I was so grateful to him I promised and he sent me off in his car to buy some new clothes.

BOBBY MAYO'S Own Story of How She Became A MIDNIGHT SWEETHEART in Her Mad Desire to Crash the Gates of HIGH SOCIETY

BY THE time I got back to the room I had justified myself to myself, but I had to argue everything out with Julie.

"But I tell you, Mr. Lawrence vows I'll soon be rich enough to pay back every cent!" I almost shrieked as Julie smiled sarcastically and exploded at intervals into such comments as "Applesauce!" or "Banana oil!" "He's got influence with a new movie outfit, because he's put money into it. He'll get me two hundred a week for just a small part to begin with. Don't you see, that means I can pay back this five hundred he's lent me in five weeks, and still keep a hundred a week for myself? All he asks me for is my friendship."

"Gee! He's turning into a plaster saint," said Julie. "Isn't there a Saint Lawrence who let himself be cooked on a gridiron? You just keep him on the broil, baby, as long as you can. I'll sit and watch the smoke. Gentlemen prefer blondes, but while there are motors and chocolates, there's hope in a stunt like this even for red heads. Gosh, when you do work, you're a fast worker."

"Anybody'd think I was a gold-digger, to hear you talk!" I almost cried with rage. "I'm not! What could I do when he'd been so kind, and maybe saved me from going to prison? Could I say, 'I won't trust you'?"

"Not on your sweet life!" said Julie. "Better be a gold-digger than a prune. But my land! You don't have even to dig! The gold's right there for you to pick up. All you've got to do is not to wound the feelings of your swell sugar daddy!"

"You shan't call him that!" I said. I could have slapped her!

"All right. I'll call him Saint Lawrence. Though from what I've heard of him here and there, that hasn't been his rep, up to date. Maybe you've converted him. Maybe the Age of Miracles isn't past. However when a snake changes his skin the new one shows some of the same stripes or spots.

"Breakneck Lawrence had his picture painted by one of my artist friends and he told me Lawrence was the vainest

human he'd come across. That's a mouthful for a portrait painter to say, for folks don't pay top prices to have their maps copied on canvas unless they've got a mighty good opinion of themselves.

"YOU'D better treat this Lawrence like a god. Keep him sweet on himself and maybe you can keep him sweet on you, till you're strong enough to walk without a helping hand. That's all the advice you need from a blonde.

"My sacred aunt! You do have more luck than you deserve. Twice in twenty-four hours! No sooner do you let one perfect prize slip away, leaving nothing behind more solid than a motor-car rug, than another big bet blows your way! By the way see what the newspaper has to say about your rug man."

She pushed the morning paper into my hand, and my silly heart jumped at sight of Hughson Hardinge's photograph. It was front page news that he had sailed for France to rebuild a bridge in some devastated part which America had "adopted."

I had never told myself in words that I loved Hughson Hardinge but now I knew. His bright Irish blue eyes laughed up at me. The mystery of his soul and mind shone in them. "Cinderella," he said, "I love you"





Men and women, whose faces I knew from smart magazine pages and without seeming to stare. "They're admiring you so much that it hurts!"

Though he was only thirty it seemed that he was a genius, and had been chosen for this job ahead of other engineers twice his age and more than twice his experience.

Yes, Julie was right. I had been an idiot to dream for a moment that such a man might remember, after seeing me once, to come back and look me up!

He had told me to send him an S. O. S. if I ever needed him, but of course that had been no more than a pretty speech. He hadn't expected me to take him in earnest, and would be very much surprised if I did. Julie was always making fun of me, calling me a sentimental hick, and telling me to get hard-boiled if I wanted to live in New York instead of Riverdale. Not to forget Mr. Hardinge would be sentimental and more like Riverdale than New York! I would be hard-boiled and thank my lucky stars for Breakneck Lawrence, my wonderful, kind, new friend whom I was going to trust!

I threw down the newspaper as if what I'd read was of no particular interest to me.

"Come along if you're coming, Julie!" I said. "We can't keep Mr. Lawrence's car and chauffeur waiting forever! You'll have to hurry."

"Let's loll!" Julie said as we got into Mr. Lawrence's Rolls

Royce. "You read about princesses lolling in their cars. I don't know exactly what it means, but let's have a try and see if we like to loll."

Her conception of "lolling" was to lean back with an air of bored indifference; but I hadn't enough self-control to hide my excitement, especially after visiting several shops whose doors I had never had the courage to open till then.

NEITHER of us wished to waste time on mere food, so we resisted a temptation to go to the Ritz, and nourished ourselves on chocolate sundaes, in a short interlude between hats and frocks. I provided myself with a pale blue velvet evening dress and cloak, patterned with a flower design in beads that looked more like diamonds than diamonds look like themselves. This was in preparation for the expected 'phone call. There were other things too, including a few presents for Julie. We took our loot home with us in the car and I timidly offered the chauffeur a tip good enough to draw from him a surprised "Thank you, Miss!"

"Silly girl! Now you've given yourself something to live up to!" Julie said.

I hadn't quite realized that perhaps one of Mr. Lawrence's cars would be at my service when I wanted it every day after



Sunday supplements, bowed to my companion and took in every detail of me
Breakneck said. "And they're wondering who the devil you can be"

this! It was going to take me a long time to get used to being rich.

Staggering upstairs with our burdens, we found a number of boxes with grand names on their covers, piled like Christmas parcels outside our locked door. My wonderful friend had sent long-stemmed roses for me, and carnations for Julie; chocolates from the smartest place in town for us both; perfumes, too, and lovely soap and bath salts. The biggest box of all contained three of Mrs. Farwell's frocks, for afternoon wear, dinner and dancing. They were simply beautiful creations.

There was a card of "Mr. Breckenridge Lawrence" with each box. On the one in the box from Mrs. Farwell's he had scribbled:

"The lady is so happy today she won't have the heart to scold naughty little girls who leave her in the lurch without notice. Don't worry, she doesn't know the destination of these dresses. I'll see personally that they get to you. B. L."

At five o'clock he telephoned.

"Well, is everything O. K.?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, and I was conscious of Julie giggling at me. "Thank you a thousand times for those beautiful things, but you oughtn't—"

"Cut it out, my dear. That word 'oughtn't' doesn't exist for me," his voice broke in on mine. "What's money for, if not to give pleasure to yourself and others? What has your roommate got to say on the situation?"

"Oh, Julie thinks it's gorgeous," I answered. "She says 'Thank Mr. Lawrence for me. I'm eating his chocolates this minute.'"

"Tell her," came the reply, "that I hope she'll be at home this evening when I call for you, about a quarter to eight, if she hasn't got a pressing engagement to take her out before then. I'd like to make her acquaintance. Naturally I'm interested in knowing your friends."

"FOXY GRANDPA!" said Julie, when I gave her the message. "He's wasting no time before he gets on the right side of me, and I won't say his line's not good. I'll be on hand to make my bow."

"Julie says she can be here," I repeated. "But do you think, Mr. Lawrence, it's worth your while coming down town? If you tell me where we're to have dinner, I can meet you there."

"No, thank you!" he said. "I want to see what kind of a home you've got."

I'd hoped to prevent his seeing the kind of home I'd got! I

hated its sordidness so desperately I was ashamed to have a visitor from another world see my background. But I realized already that Breakneck Lawrence wasn't an easy man to palm off with excuses. Besides, I could think of none, unless I told the truth and said, "It's not a home. It's a hole, and I hate having you come."

I couldn't very well say that, especially with Julie, all ears, sitting close beside me. And even if I had said it, I couldn't have kept him away!

He looked more distinguished than ever, in his evening clothes when he arrived. I saw him glance around. The room must have seemed to him like a prison. And it not only seemed, but was!

JULIE had put on a poppy-red georgette which I had given her. It was very becoming, but never before had she struck me as being so common. Her mouth was shaped like a big red heart, with vermillion lip-stick, and she produced all her snappiest slang to impress Mr. Lawrence. Just how it did impress him, it was impossible to guess. He was very polite, and his was a good poker face.

In the car he made no comment either upon Julie or our home." He simply asked me where I would like to dine.

"I haven't engaged anywhere," he said, "and I'll tell you why. I want you to make a decision, and it's more important than you may think. If I begin taking you around to the Ritz and places like that, where the bunch that knows me congregates, you're bound to get talked about. Maybe you won't mind. And maybe there's not much reason why you should. You're a stranger in this town except to the Greenwich Village crowd, who don't count with me, and the women who've seen you at Mrs. Farwell's. Some of those fair females are bound to spot you. Would you care?"

"I suppose they'd say hateful things!" I said. It seemed that there was a dark spot on the bright new web of my fate!

"Depends on the point of view. You'd hate the things. I'd hate them for you. For me—well, you know how rain is said to pour off a duck's back! If it wasn't for that 'background wife' of mine, I see myself wanting to marry you by and by; and if that could happen, I'd have to



The whole room seemed to photograph itself upon my brain, as if it were more striking, almost more startling, than all the rest was the red lacque

first I thought Mr. Lawrence was alone, but as he got up to meet me an-



were more important in my life than any other room had ever been. But queer cabinet which was to play such a dramatic part in my future life. A

other figure rose from a chair partly hidden from me by a carved screen

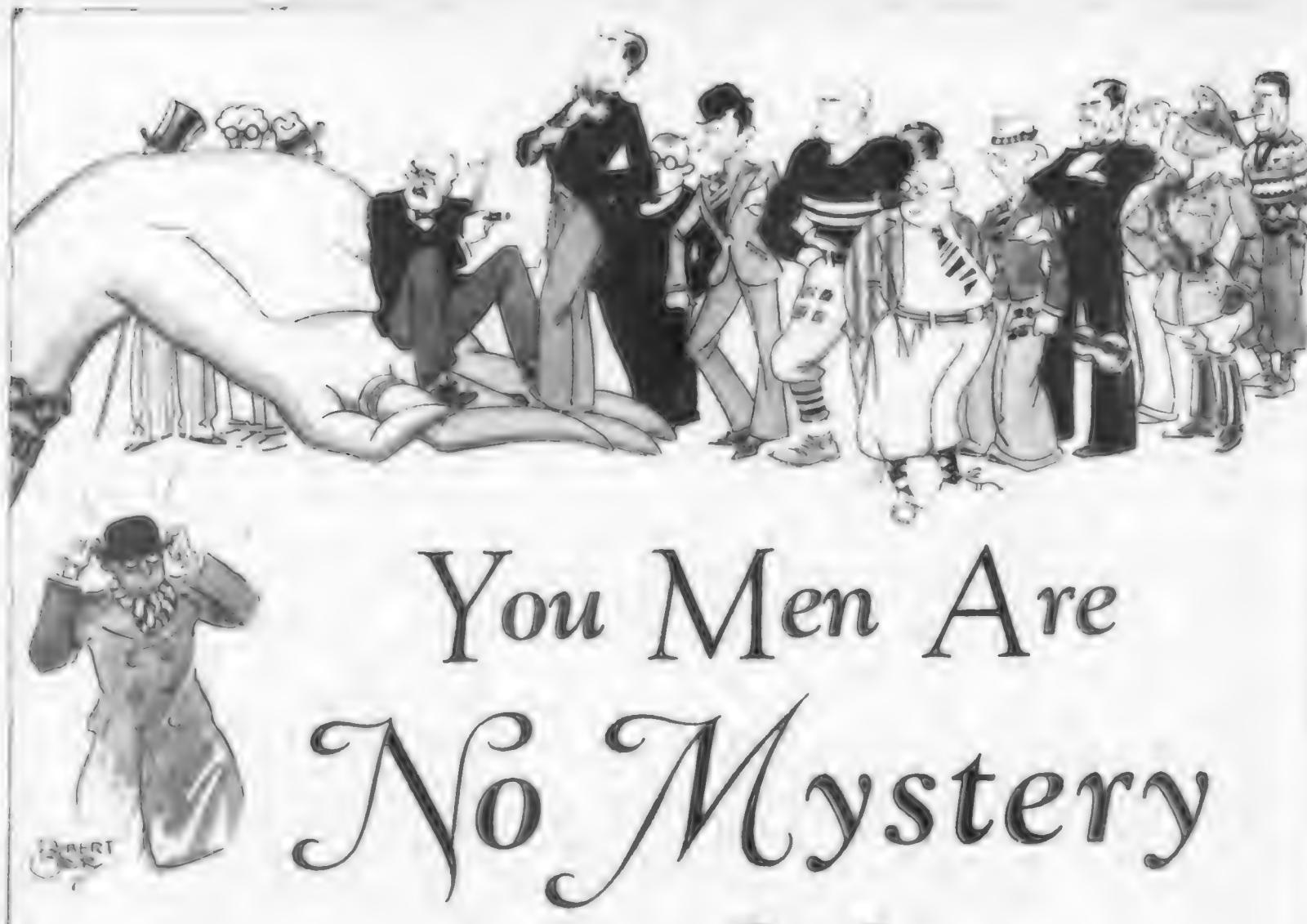
protect the future Mrs. Lawrence from gossip. But the present Mrs. L. can't be got rid of, so far as I can see, consequently it's you who must decide what's best. Shall it be the Ritz, and the rest of the resorts where you'll see the Four Hundred, and where they'll see you with me, night after night, and draw their own conclusions from my past and your looks? Or shall it be the other places —where there is good food, frocks, floor to dance on second to none, but the four billion instead of the Four Hundred? Now, do you understand what I want to get over to you?"

"Yes," I said. "I understand. But I'd like you to tell me which you'd prefer?"

"You don't understand," he said, "or you'd know the answer to that question without asking. So far as I'm concerned selfishly, I'd be proud to show you off anywhere, to anyone. You're a feather in my cap! But what about the feather? It's so darn white now, honestly I don't want to gray it!"

"You are good," I said, "though you laughed this morning when I told you so."

WELL, I think I made it fairly clear even then that my intentions weren't so bad," he said. "But say, you poor kid, don't look so like a baby owl! You're let down, aren't you? On this night I wanted to make a big night? Well, I've thought of a compromise! But it's best that we've thrashed this thing out. Now and then I'll indulge myself, and flaunt my lovely white feather before the eyes that know me best and worst! Not often enough to get you slandered, do you see? The rest of the time we'll be more prudent and less chic. Tonight it shall be the Ritz Carlton. I can always get a table. There are ways! Afterwards we'll drop in for an act of a revue. There's generally a box to be had. And then [Continued on page 127]



You Men Are No Mystery to Me

With a Few Exhibits
By ROBERT ORR

THE most profitable study of womankind is Man. It is also the most fascinating, absorbing and diverting. I mean, of course, the study of Man as a possible lover and a potential husband, not just as a species of the animal kingdom.

Women may go into politics, business, the arts and the professions, but today, as it was yesterday and will be forever, women's Big Game is Love. Every woman is an idealist, forever seeking the perfect love, the ideal man, the complete, all-satisfying companionship. No matter whether she happens to be the old-fashioned mother type or the modern "hard-boiled virgin," a woman always idealizes every man who interests her sentimentally, from the first blobby youth who offers her his puppy love, to the nice, prosaic husband, whom she hurries off on the 8:15 with a coffee kiss every morning and for whose latch-key she listens tenderly or anxiously, every evening.

That is why so few women really understand men. If they did, they would not be giving men all the "good breaks" in the love-game, as they are certainly doing today. They would not be showing their hands, carelessly throwing away their ices, and foolishly wasting all their good trumps.

In order to understand men, a woman must be vitally interested in them. She must have loved and been loved. She must have burned incense before a succession of idols of clay. She must have tried vainly to realize that sweet impossible dream of "platonic friendship," which always ends in the same old love-scene. She must have been deceived, bored, thrilled, amused and tormented by many types of men. She must have listened to their confidences, soothed their

wounded vanity, and been the little cheer-leader in their triumphs. And she must have gone through all these experiences, with her fingers on her pulse and her eye on her step. The oftener her heart is sprained or broken and her illusions jarred, the more she will know about men and the better she will understand the "next man."

For she will discover, as I have, who have matriculated in all these things:

That no man is either all black or all white, but that every one of them is a study in black-and-white, with the two sides of his nature forever struggling within his poor baffled soul.

That the average man is animated by his higher and finer ideals but nearly always ruled by his little weaknesses and impulses.

THAT he has beautiful, shining theories about love, marriage, and women, but that these get out of working order the moment he gets too near a fascinating woman.

That there is no such thing as a "modern man." When it comes to love, they are all 'way back in the Garden of Eden. Every man is at heart an old-fashioned tyrant, with ideas about "woman" as set and mid-Victorian as a pair of hand-painted plaques.

That no man ever knows exactly what he wants, as far as women go. His whole life is spent in praying for rain and then wishing it would clear off, pursuing a woman and then trying to get past her, falling in love and then trying to crawl out of it.

That a man is like a motor-car. Next to getting him started in any direction, the hardest thing in the world is to



Some
Lessons in Love
By
HELEN
ROWLAND
Who Knows More
About Men
Than Any Woman
Has a Right to Know

stop him when you want to do so.

That no woman ever succeeded in changing a man above the ears. She may polish his manners, improve his haberdashery, and cure his indigestion, but as far as his habits and his opinions go, once they have been formed, they stay put.

THAT, while a woman will lie to anybody else on earth sooner than to the man she loves, a man will lie to the woman he loves sooner than anybody else on earth. It's a sure sign that he loves her.

That a man may confess his secrets to his lawyer, his valet, his barber and his God. But when it comes to explaining anything to a woman he is as inarticulate as a prima donna saving her voice for a concert.

That the primary secret of making a man happy consists in knowing when and how to let him alone.

That, while the supreme struggle of every woman's life used to be that of getting a husband, from now on, it is going to be holding on to a husband after she's got him.

That every man is a playboy at heart, an adventurer by nature, a caveman in his own imagination, and a husband only by force of circumstances or some woman's will!

That, no matter how much a woman may know about men, the "next man" will always be a brand new shock or a delightful surprise. Oh, yes he will! I know!

I have been studying the genus homo ever since I first



She is known to millions of readers for her "Meditations of a Wife" and "Sayings of Mrs. Solomon." Her new book, "This Married Life," is a complete guide to matrimony

looked up from my cradle and cooed to the first man in my life, my father. I have them all classified, tagged, catalogued and filed away in the pigeonholes of my mind for reference. I have a trunk full of shattered illusions, a rose jar full of beautiful perfumed memories, and a lot of chips, scars and cracks on my heart. And yet every new man I meet is a fascinating new study, presenting a new problem, new angles and new phases. The subject is colossal, absorbing and inexhaustible! For, while trees and men may both be classified, God never made any two men exactly alike, any more than he made any two trees exactly alike. Every man is not only a type, but an individual, with his own knots, shades, stripes and variations. You never can tell exactly how a tree is going to grow, nor can you tell how the next man is going to react under any given condition or circumstances.

I was not born with any uncanny knowledge or understanding of men, only with an absorbing [Continued on page 92]

Ham and Eggs

*An Adventure of
THREE MUST-GET-THEIRS
in the City of
ETERNAL ROMANCE*



BEING broke in gay Paree is worse than being in heaven without wings.

So you can imagine how tough it was on my two buddies and me to be there without a sou in our breeches, especially as it was the first time since we enlisted that everything wasn't going our way. Back in the old artillery outfit they called us the "Three Must-Get-Theirs." The gang believed Shorty Sampson, Sliding Smith, and me, Sergeant Jimmy Malone, newspaper cartoonists by profession, had the war licked to a standstill.

We had always managed to get the "gravy" and we lived the life of Riley if anybody did. If there was anything around to eat, drink, or smoke we even beat the officers to it. Some fellows said we were just naturally lucky.

But there we were promenading along the Boulevard des Italiens in the golden August dusk as penniless as a church mouse. We'd been broke since breakfast. So, what with our permanent hunger and thirst, and the spell of Paree in our blood, we were dying to sit at a sidewalk table, put on the feed-bags to the tune of popping champagne corks, and parley voo with the beautiful mam'selles oo-la-laing at us on all sides.

"Gee! I'd kill an M. P. major for ten francs," Shorty said in an empty voice. The babbling crowd of bright silks and

uniforms sucked us past a famous café with sidewalk tables. Then, like a fellow suddenly shot he yelled—"EATS!" There was something in his voice I can't describe unless I say he sounded like a camel must sound when you put the last straw on its back.

A waiter was serving what looked like a banquet to a party at a sidewalk table. Boy howdy! that food smelled sweeter than the mam'selles' perfumes.

"Let's croak that waiter, and snitch the rations, Sarge," suggested Shorty, and he would have done it if I hadn't grabbed his arm.

"Naw, let him live, Shorty," said Sliding Smith. "I'd a sight rather bite into some ham and eggs. That's real chow for you. But, try and get 'em in Paree. Say! A wise guy could start a ham and egg joint here and make a fortune. Gee! I'd give an eye for a platter, eggs sunnyside—"

a la Love

With Drawings

from Life

By DE ALTON VALENTINE



The Café Conde wasn't any place for stone-broke doughboys like us. I would have lost my nerve if Mam' selle hadn't given me another timid little come-on smile

above all this babel I heard one voice that made me feel more than ever that I was in heaven without wings. Certainly only an angel could say "Allez oop! Allez oop!" the way this voice was saying it.

A hand pushed me gently and I felt an electric current running through my veins. Turning away from Shorty I saw a girl whose looks hit me harder than a whole regimental barrage of field artillery could have hit me. She was tall and willowy with eyes that shone like warm, black stars. For a moment I clean forgot my buddies, our hunger and thirst, and the fact that we were penniless in gay Paree. I just stood there looking at her, blocking her way more than ever. My staring embarrassed her awfully, and again she tried to pass

"YOU are in ze way. Please, Monsieur American, permit me to pass."

Her broken English came to me through the chatter of the boulevard like music that I felt would haunt me up and down all the roads of France, and whatever came after France. I wanted to say something that would let her know this before she got away. I wanted to say something that would keep her from going. But I was so used to talking rough Army I couldn't spout poetry on a second's notice.

"Lady! Lady! I've been looking for you all over Paree

Gosh! Smith was right. It was some battle to get ham and eggs in Paree even if you had the money. Our doughboys were yelling for 'em all the time but the French didn't savvy the big idea. "Yeah, I could founder on some ham and eggs, myself," I admitted.

"I like my ham cooked juicy," piped Sliding.

This was too much for Shorty Sampson. With the smell of food in his nose, and the talk of ham and eggs in his ears, he tried to jerk loose and get at a waiter serving a big gorgeous looking steak.

"Hey, pipe down on the rough-house stuff. We can't afford to get in a brawl. Our passes ain't no more good. The M. P. would have us for assault, and being A. W. O. L.," I warned.

The boulevard throng closed in on us to see what was up, and the whole parade was gummed up. People began to push and squirm. The dusk filled with a babel of voices. But

I sketched a starved-looking American doughboy sniffing the aroma of a plate of ham and eggs, while Mam'selle sat near, greeting every stroke with little cries and gasps. As I finished the poster, she leaned so close that her beauty and perfume went to my head like champagne

and all over the world. "Promenade?" was all I managed to say, and I guess I had my nerve to say that.

A timid little smile came over Mam'selle's beautiful face, and my hopes went up like a front-line rocket. But what she said next knocked my hopes galley west.

"Please, I am in ze haste."

"Leave my arm go, and let the queen pass," cried Shorty.

I piped him down and turned to Mam'selle. "Please let me promenade a little way with you," I said.

"Where do you go?" she asked softly.

"We're hunting the best restaurant in Paree where we can sign the check," Sliding Smith said before I could speak up.

THE girl's dark eyes suddenly raised, and she acted mighty interested. "Follow wiz me. I weel show you ze restaurant," she said, and edged past giving me a timid little come-on smile.

"Hey, the dame don't savvy we're broke. She didn't get that check-signing crack. We better stay put," Shorty declared.

But the whole German Army couldn't have kept me from following Mam'selle. As she melted into the milling crowd I pulled Shorty along with me: "Come on, I'm not going to lose her," I said.

Shorty groaned: "The smell of that food made me weak."

"Aw, buck up Shorty. I gotta a hunch this dame's gonna bring us some luck," Smith said and fell in step with me.

Shorty followed: "Yeah, we're in for luck all right—tough luck! Ain't it just like the Sarge to fall for a queen, and make us chase her on empty bellies? I can tell by the look in his eyes he's set to follow her to hell, and take us with him."

Sampson was right. I was on top of the world again. Broke, and hungry as I was, it was great stuff promenading along the Boulevard after the prettiest jane in the world.

"She's heading into a swell café," warned Shorty.

"I know it," I answered, my eyes glued on her.

"It's a good thing we're stopping. My belly's pressing my backbone backwards," Shorty went on as I halted to watch Mam'selle who had stopped to talk to an old fellow in a general's uniform at the entrance of a swanky looking place that had "Café Conde" done in gold letters over the door. There were no sidewalk tables in front of the café, and it had a high-hat, exclusive air. The big windows were curtained with rich wine-red velvet curtains.

"The Ritz itself!" blurted Sliding Smith.

Even with all my nerve for rushing in where angels feared to tread, I felt like hanging back. The Café Conde wasn't any place for doughboys with money, much less stone-broke soldiers like us. I would have lost my nerve if Mam'selle hadn't given me another timid little come-on smile, and gone inside, hanging on to the general. That settled it. Busted, or not, we were going in!



"Come on, gang," I said, moving toward the door.

"Good night, Sarge, they'll give us the bum's rush in this swell dump. I betcha gotta have a ticket from Napoleon himself to get in," Shorty said.

He hung back but Sliding and I went to the door and peeped in. The Café Conde was a lay-out fit for kings! The tables and chairs were painted gold. There was only a handful of important looking French customers, but there were plenty of waiters and bus boys, all of 'em looking like "nothing to do until tomorrow."

The waiters and bus boys almost kissed the floor as my

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Mam'selle swept by them to a table where the funny little French general whom I had christened General Walrus on account of his mustache, stopped to talk to a man I took to be the proprietor of the place. This fellow only had one arm, but there was a row of service ribbons and medals across his full-dress coat. The one-armed man jumped up and welcomed Mam'selle with kisses. This got my goat.

"Shucks, them old birds must be her fathers, or something. Don't let 'em worry you. But, it looks like the Jane took us in for easy marks. Lookit the way she's telling 'em about us. Something queer, Sarge." Sliding insisted

She was so tempting I dropped the crayon, and caught her in my arms. "I'm crazy about you, Mam'selle. You're the girl I've always dreamed about," I said. "Just one kiss, please I love you." She held back a little, saying, "Oh! Jeemy, I nevar, nevar know someone like you!"

Mam'selle was talking very excitedly, and nodding at us. What did it mean? Had she just been making monkeys of us, or did she have some kind of game on us? The one-armed bird suddenly said something to some waiters. For a moment I thought we were going to get the bum's rush like Shorty said, but then I saw the one-armed man was beaming. The waiters bore down on us, smiling and bowing as if they were seeing a French Santa Claus in August. Maybe it was a game or a trick. But, I didn't care. I was willing to take a chance for Mam'selle.

I caught hold of Smith, and called Shorty who was still hesitating. "Come on, kid, we're in here. They're welcoming us like the flowers in May."

"Yeah, but they don't know we're dead broke," Sampson said.

"Forget we're broke. I'll be responsible for all that happens. Come on. We-e-a-t!" I cried.

But Shorty was still stubborn: "You got any idea how you're going to pay the bill?" he demanded.

SURE," piped Sliding. "Don't you see the Mam'selle runs the cash register? Lookit her going into the cashier's cage. The Sarge'll win her heart, and she'll burn up our bill."

I looked past the advancing waiters and the one-armed manager. Mam'selle had gone into the cashier's place and was busy with papers. Well, regardless of whether she burned up the bills or not, I wasn't going to back out now that I knew she worked in the café.

The waiters and the manager acted as if they were anxious to have us come in. What if I didn't have any idea how I could pay for the eats and drinks? What if we all went to jail so long as I could be near her a little while longer? Mam'selle was all that mattered now.

The squad of waiters reached the door and all but pulled us inside while the manager with his row of stripes made a speech of welcome that made me wonder what the deuce it was all about. If they were so glad to have Americans come into such a swell, ritzy place why the devil wasn't it full of doughboys? The answer came in a flash. It was too swell for soldiers. The Café Conde, with its exclusive air scared 'em away.

"Ah! enter, my good comrades American. We welcome you to Café Conde," cried the one-armed fellow, and he all but kissed the bright hardwood floor.

Shorty nudged me and shot a warning look. "Sounds like we're being invited in to eat some poison. There's something

wrong here. I feel the M. P.'s coming on, and a cell in the rue St. Anne jail," declared Shorty. He was so weak from lack of food that all his old "Must-Get-Theirs" spirit was gone.

"Don't be such a scary fool. You ought to know the Sergeant well enough to know that when he says we eat—we eat! And the deuce with worrying how and why. All right, Alphonse," said Sliding Smith, to the beaming proprietor, "lead us to a golden table, and bring on the champagne toot sweet."

One of the waiters repeated "Champagne" and three others made a bee line for the rear of the gorgeous place while the manager convoyed us to a table in the center. As we sat down I shot a glance at Mam'selle. Our eyes met for a moment and I was sure she sort of smiled. When she looked away I sat there staring at her like a hypnotized man, deaf to whatever the one-armed fellow was babbling off from a long menu.

Smith guffawed at me: "This Jane's sure got you going, Sarge. I'll say she's a sweet pippin! I bet one of her kisses is sweeter than a hundred pounds of sugar—"

"Aw lay off the Jane. We busted into this dump to eat. Let's order some chow and likker," said Shorty.

"Let me peek at the menu," I told the one-armed fellow. I could read about ten French words. As I scanned the list of eats I thought it was a good chance to get some dope about my Mam'selle: "Some beautiful poulet—cheecken—over there," I said, and nodded toward the girl.

Monsieur bowed: "We have ze very best poulet in Paris, Monsieur. Ze fricasse, I recommend."

He had me wrong. I wasn't asking about chicken to eat. "I meant the Mam'selle over there is very chic, very beautiful," I explained.

Monsieur looked upset for a moment, but like a good Frenchman he quickly put on one of his best false-face smiles: "Sank you, Monsieur. Ze young lady ees my daughter, Mademoiselle Joan—"

"Gas!" shouted Shorty, and he ducked as if a shell was coming. I felt like ducking under the table never do to act of the Café Conde with her for sure came. I never dreamed of getting into such hot water. Well, there was nothing left to do but play the game and trust to luck. But, my buddies would have to go easy on ordering now. No big bill!

"And, now, what will our comrades American order, please?" asked the girl's dad.

"I've ordered beaucoup champagne as a starter. But, we oughta get some swell wine ready for the next drinking course. I'm tired of guzzling that old red ink stuff we get around the Front. They oughta have some real honest-to-Gawd stuff in a swanky joint like this. Hey, Gaston!" cried Smith, and he beckoned to the waiter.

"Oui, Monsieur. What can I do?" asked the boss. Smith told him in no uncertain A. E. F. language that we



wanted some rare wine to follow the champagne, and some fine brandy and rum after that. The Frenchman rolled his eyes and shut them as if he was going to make love to Smith. He had ze best wine in the world. Zere was no café like Café Conde for beautiful brandies and rum. His brave comrades de guerre would be served a rare vin Italien that had been years in the cellar. Eet was speciale! Most speciale!

"Bring on the Dago grape juice," ordered Smith.

"Hey, you bum, I didn't bring you in here to buy the joint. That wine'll probably cost fifty francs a quart. The sky's not the limit to this party you know," I warned.

"AND, now my frens, what potage? What entree? What roast?" demanded the café proprietor, and he read off some rations that made our mouths water.

"Let's can them fancy dishes and get outside a real American meal. I'm all for gobbling some real ham and eggs. We been trying to get some ever since we been in Paree. If these café guys only knew their apples they'd have their chefs cooking ham and eggs in the windows like them Childs's cooks slap hot cakes in the windows back home. How about it, Sarge?"

"You're right Sliding. But, we'd make bums out of ourselves ordering ham and eggs in a swell joint like this," I said.

"I just gotta have steak and onions, Sarge," Shorty piped up. "Come on, you're outvoted Sliding. We're going to have steak."

"Then I'll have ham and eggs for dessert, just before the M. P.'s chuck us in the jug for not paying the bill."

"Don't be a crape hanger, Smith. That's not your line," I said. I knew I was headed for a bad jam. And, for once I didn't have an idea how to get out of the jam. But, when a fellow's taken the count for a belle Mam'selle he kids himself along that something will happen to win the war for him. That's what I had to do. Why worry about trouble before it came? The M. P.'s might throw us in the jug for not paying for our checks, and Mam'selle might think me

Back to Long Skirts?

Prize Contest

Have long skirts and all long skirts stood for, gone for good?

Do you men want to see girls dress in the clothes of twenty years ago? And act as the girls of twenty years ago did?

Do you want them to be the frightened, weak, tear-shedding females your grandmothers were supposed to be?

OR—

Do you like them as they are now?

Read on page 24 what Fannie Hurst told May Cerf about a return to Prudery. Do you agree with Miss Hurst? Or is she all wrong?

SMART SET wants your answer to the question:

BACK TO LONG SKIRTS?

For the best 250 word letter. Smart Set will give a prize of \$15; for the second best, \$10; for the third best, \$5; and \$1 for each of the next ten best. The Editors will act as judges. Contest closes

February 29, 1928

a bum, but these two things hadn't happened as yet, and until they did there was hope.

The champagne and the special Italian wine arrived. One look at the gold-seal bottles was enough! They looked mighty darned expensive. I guess it was born in me to be a schemer. Half the business of a cartoonist is getting ideas. So with the realization that a big bill was coming sooner or later I began to addle my brain for a way to raise dough. I wouldn't have minded going to jail for eating and drinking without paying if it didn't mean ruining me with the girl I'd fallen in love with.

I had a habit of sketching idly when I was trying to produce an idea. I got out a stubby pencil from my O. D. Blouse, and sketched some things on the table cloth. Suddenly I realized the proprietor was leaning over watching me. I thought he was sore because I was marking the cloth, and I felt like crawling through the floor. But it turned out he was only interested in what I was doing. [Continued on page 124]

Some Pretty Ladies



Paramount

Thelma Todd was teaching school up in Massachusetts but so many of her pupils played hookey to go to the movies, she decided the best way to educate the present generation was through the films. So Thelma's in the movies now! And she surely knows her p's and q's



M. G. M.

GRETA GARBO'S beautiful blonde head is so accustomed to resting on some big, broad shoulder--in her pictures--that it even tries to cuddle on her own when no one else is about

Sweet and Low



De Mirjian



H. O. M.

*M*usic hath charms—at least Ramon Novarro's guitar seems to have charmed Lena Frost of "Burlesque" into worshipping the very ground he walks on



When a gorgeous girl in a Spanish costume like Olive Borden's stands with her back against the wall and looks daggers does it mean she's facing a firing squad--or does it merely mean she's to be "shot" with the camera?

Fox

O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month

More than Twenty Years

of Tears and Heartaches

Separate These Pictures.

The Girl on the Tiger Rug

And the Night Club Hostess

Are EVELYN NESBIT

Then—and Now



Learn
About Folly
from Her

AS YOU walk westward from Broadway on Fifty-Second street a beaming little electric sign heralds Chez Evelyn. This is the latest stand of a beautiful young girl who came to New York bright with promise, buoyant with health and girlish freshness and who was caught and plunged down in the swirling vortex where so many others have disappeared.

Chez Evelyn is an unpretentious night club with the usual photographs of the entertainers at the door. It is conducted by Evelyn Nesbit Thaw who, more than any girl of this generation and the one preceding it, has paid the awful White Way price.

For years she has buffeted her way through Broadway's destroying storm, breasting one breaker, only to be carried away by another. She has inhaled the fragrance of the roses that float on top and felt the cruel piercing of the thorns underneath.

She has been touched by the chromatic scale of life with

all its colorings, the white of purity, the black of crime, the blue of poverty and the red of lust.

It was not so many years ago when she made her supreme sacrifice in the witness chair, a chit of a girl in a blue sailor suit with a white collar, a girl whose toes could not reach the floor. There she bared her frail back to the knot of righteousness and told the story that saved the life of Harry Thaw.

No harsh story of frank realism has ever equalled the life of this woman, so utterly scorched, who yet comes back again to flit about the Broadway flame.

She was the darling of a prominent millionaire, a famous show girl, flitting about the capitals of Europe with a Pittsburgh rake before she reached that age when most girls are denied the privilege of having their beaux in the front parlor later than 9 o'clock.

In those golden days Evelyn Nesbit was one of the most envied girls in New York. Matinee maidens used to stand before the "Floradora" posters in [Continued on page 84]



It seemed the happiest night of my life as I walked through the arch at Washington Square, under the Summer stars with the crowds of people about me. I looked up at my window and knew that Ted was waiting for me. He seemed all mine now. At the thought I broke into a run, eager to be with him

The MAN In the Next Room

With Drawings from Life By VERA CLERE

LAST night, when I faced the great ordeal of my life, seems curiously long ago. It is strange that I am still in my old room, sitting at my little table, with only the floor-lamp burning and the night shining in through the great open windows. As I gaze out the window near me I see a huge tree, in Washington Square, and to the left of it Washington Arch and the lamps of Fifth Avenue glowing beyond that.

Busses and motors swing by; there is a stir of people on the walks; but my large high-ceilinged room, in shadow, seems sunk in its own memories, dreaming of the past. For this is an old house, a red brick house of Old New York, a house where poets and painters and story writers and newspaper men have lived, and it is full of the echoes of what Madame Merkle, the landlady, always calls "times agone."

Before I met Ted I wasn't at all unhappy and I don't think I was ever lonely. I was doing commercial art, fashion-pictures, never making much out of it, but keeping busy. I had a few friends in the house here, and whenever I needed comforting, there was always Madame. You see how it is here: it's something like a family. And it's such a beautiful old house to work in: and if you can't work you look out of the window and see the Square and the city. I love it in the winter, with the snow falling.

One reason I was not lonely is that I always loved to tramp about by myself, through snow or rain or under the hot sun or by night under the stars I forgot everything else whenever I could get close to the earth. I guess I am somewhat of a savage, very primitive, as you shall see I am dark, small, but with a full-formed body; my eyes are large and black; my black hair is trimmed close, with bangs, over a

somewhat large head; my lips are a trifle heavy. But people have told me that I give them a sense of rest and peace, a feeling of warmth.

The greatest joy I knew, before I met Ted, was the time I lived alone in the woods beside a lake, with nothing to protect me but a great dog. Often deep at night I went out for a walk alone, barefooted, bareheaded, sometimes even in the wind and the rain, and I was never a bit afraid

But in spite of being so primitive and savage, I had never fallen in love with a man. I suppose I am one of those women with whom it is all or nothing. I could not play with love. I was perhaps like one of those insects who are killed by the ecstasy of love, and so I steered clear of it. I could be friends with men, almost be one of them, but all my emotion was reserved for the wilderness or the city on a stormy night or the sea with a gale blowing.

And then Ted came. It was last winter. You see, you can sometimes hear things through the wall here. Of course I knew that a man had taken the hall bedroom, the room next this, but I hadn't met him or even seen him. Then, one day while I was working at the easel, I suddenly heard a voice of such anguish that it froze me, crying out, "Oh, God, I can't live! I can't live!"

I didn't even stop to think. I was out in the hall, knocking on his door. He opened it and I saw someone young and tall, with light disheveled hair.

"I heard you," I said. "I heard you cry out. I have the next room and couldn't help hearing you. And I couldn't stand it."

He looked at me in dumb agony and shame, but he said nothing. Then I happened to look at his hand. He was holding a woman's garter, a bright blue and golden affair, with



*A Self-Told Love Story
of New York's Bohemia
And the Sort of
People Who Live~and Love~There*



If You Loved a Man Could You Put Aside Your Own Happiness And Beg Your Bitter Rival To Marry Him?

tiny rosebuds on it and a fringe of lace. He saw that I saw and flushed, putting his hand behind him.

Then he spoke quietly. "I'm sorry to make such a show of myself."

There was nothing for me to do then but return to my room. An hour later he knocked and I invited him in. He had smoothed his hair and looked very handsome, but in spite of his effort at self-control, every little while he would tremble.

"I'm sorry," he told me, "that I made such a fool of myself and disturbed you, but I've had an awful smash-up."

Of course he had to tell someone, so he told me. It was the usual story. After his father, who is very wealthy, had set him up as a lawyer, Ted met a dancer in a cabaret. She was as different from me as day from night. She was all rose-bud and violet and golden. You know what I mean, heartless and beautiful. A whirl of fire and he fell into it. Then in a little while she sent him packing.

He showed me her picture: the dainty legs tripping into a dance, the graceful arms raised up, the elfin eyes and lips, the curly hair. He had that and her garter.

"The worst of it," he said to me, "is that it's knocked out my work. I'm simply infatuated and can't get Lita out of my head. Would you think, looking at me, that I'm the sort of a fellow who'd go snooping about to get a glimpse of her?" He turned his head away. "Dad's finished with me, and I've got to live here till I'm on my feet again."

He didn't have the "price of night-life," as he said, so he'd watch for her secretly at her hotel and the side-door of the cabaret. He would be lucky, he thought, if he didn't go out of his head.

I LOOKED at him then and saw how gravely handsome, almost beautiful he was, with heavy-lidded gray eyes, thin Roman nose, firm lips and strong chin. I felt sorrowful for he was so young to be destroyed. When he left, I pressed his hand and said softly:

You can always talk to me about it."

It seems curious now that we came together that way. And it was strange the way I fell in love with him. I loved him bit by bit. First I loved the shape of his ear. I must laugh to myself, thinking of it! Then it was the coloring of his clothes. Then his eyes. And so on and so forth and so on. You know what I mean.

But as for Ted, the shadow was on him, her shadow dancing like firelight. He used to love to come in and sit here while I worked. He always said that I soothed him, that just being with me gave him a sense of rest. He liked to sit and

smoke and watch me at the easel, and somehow he felt secure and could be silent. He'd say such curious things, too.

"Cora," he said, "you know how it is to listen to water running over stones. That's the way I feel when I'm with you."

Or he'd say I was like a warm twilight at harvest time. I knew what he meant. I gave him the feeling of comfort.

I grew mad about him. Mad! Oh, if I had known that I could have had but one hour with him, and that having that hour meant that I would lose my work and money and all that I had, even my friends, I would have dropped everything at his call and gone to him. If he had loved me then, he would have known what it means to be loved with a great love. He would have had everything from me. I adored and worshipped him and didn't want to have him out of my sight.

HE WANTED to love me, too, and I suppose did in a way. He loved me, but wasn't in love with me. He wasn't mad. I would say wild things to him. I said once that he would be a sick man until he loved me; that his love for that other woman was a sickness, and that only I could bring him healing. She wasn't his kind, and I was. And once here in this room, when he was standing before the fire in the grate, I remember getting on my knees and putting my arms about him, and crying, "If you love me, Ted, you'll never, never regret it."

You see, I was unashamed. I was willing to abase myself and to make a fool of myself. Only love and Ted mattered. But nothing helped. Sometimes I thought, "Now he loves me," but the moment after, that sad despairing look would come into his eyes and I would whisper to him, "You are thinking of her. Ah, I know!" He would flush and ask forgiveness.

Jealousy began to consume me, making me ill. I would hear his door open in the evening, hear his footsteps on the stairs; hear the front door shut, and then see him crossing the Square. I knew where he was going. I turned back to my dark room with a cry, and dug my nails into the palms of my hands. Yes, it was pure anguish. Such paroxysms made me faint and ill, and I had to lie down.

Summer had come. One evening, after a harrowing day, I stepped out and confronted him as his door opened.

"Ted," I said very softly, "come in here a moment."

He came in, looking sheepish. I took his arm in both mine.

"Ted," I said, still more softly, "you mustn't go tonight. It is killing me."

"I know," he murmured. "But I'm like a drunkard who sneaks out to a speak-easy; I can't help it. Besides, I hate to say this to you, Cora, but I think I have a chance."

"A chance? How?"

"She's been fired from the cabaret, and I think she needs a friend. She looked so sad when she came home last night. I went up to speak to her."

I shut my eyes; my heart was stabbed through.

"What did she say?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, "for I was tongue-tied. That's always been the matter with me. I never could talk to her of the deep things, the way I can with you, Cora."

"Then how foolish to see her again. Don't go, Ted," I cried in fear, "don't go, don't go."

He groaned. "Please, Cora."

I tried to calm myself. And then I heard him whispering: "Cora, you're right; but I can't give up this last chance."

"But you spoil it by seeing her," I said.

He was silent. Then, suddenly, [Continued on page 88]



I opened the door. The room glittered and sparkled with electric lights; there were bright draperies about it, there was a phonograph going. Sitting before the mirror of a dressing table was Lita, rouging her lips. So this was the woman who, according to Ted, "needed a friend"; this was the woman who had almost destroyed him. I felt strong again. But I envied her, too. She had pouting lips, violet eyes and golden hair; and she was a beautifully white young creature



It's Always

Do You REMEMBER
When Men Were Known
as WOMEN CHASERS?
Is the REVERSE True Now?
Do Girls PURSUE Men?
And Do You Women
Take the LEAD
In STARTING AFFAIRS?

WHO is to blame for most of the intrigues, love affairs and adventures, between men and women? The man, or the woman? The woman.

The women of 1928 quickly let us men know whether they prefer us in the rôle of platonic friend, playfellow or romantic adventurer.

Most of the women today, whose lives have a social flavor are on the lookout for romantic adventures, and they waste no time in letting a man know they will welcome an affair. Go into any country club crowd and you'll find the great majority of young and old women deliberately hunting affairs.

But there wouldn't be a romance parade if the women didn't have a big hand in organizing it. Here is the proof of it! Men have always had a habit of classifying the women they meet. Never any too accurately, of course, because we can't really tell anything definite about women. They say one thing and mean another.

Yet, we can meet a woman, and shortly say to ourselves: "Here's a nice, sweet girl, crazy about her husband and home. Sees other men impersonally. Satisfied with life as she lives it." Or we meet another woman, and say: "Not really in-

terested in the husband or the home. Bored! Wants something new. Thrill. Excitement." Then again: "Here's the romantic type. Must have love. Husband has cooled down. She's looking for an honest romance."

How do we classify these women? By their own behavior. For instance, at the club I meet Audrey Dawson, and she interests me. I observe her, listen to her line of conversation; note how she carries her liquor, if any; apply a few other little male tests that I won't give away here, and decide: "Audrey's a good sport but she's got her feet on the ground."

On the other hand, if circumstances warrant it, we decide: "Audrey Dawson's looking for trouble. She wouldn't suggest that she's free most of the day or that her husband's business keeps him away a lot if she wasn't willing to play pretty hard."

So you see we do classify them by their own speech and actions, and act accordingly. I admit that there are times when a woman's behavior is most misleading. Yet, it is very patent that the woman who makes clandestine dates with you is not a strictly principled woman. This is one of the swiftest, and most accurate means for a man to get a slant on a woman.

For instance, in a most conventional and matter of fact manner he asks a married woman to lunch with him.

The woman accepts, but says the date must be on the quiet lest her husband raise a row. He does not approve of her having dates with other men. Naturally the man immediately concludes that the girl sees "sin" only in being caught.

Every year I meet scores of new and attractive women at clubs, resorts, sporting events, and parties. These women are either married, engaged, or free-lances. Some of them naturally appeal to me. Yet, even if I were not married, I shouldn't try to start an affair with one of these beautiful women unless she gave me some sign to indicate that my advances would be welcome.

Up to the WOMAN

63

T. HOWARD KELLY

Author of "Lovers' Island"

The way a woman lets us know she will welcome or forbid our advances is a matter of her own personal tactics. There is nothing standardized where the caprices, whims and feelings of women are involved.

In my college days, twelve years ago, we decided that a girl who drank cocktails, smoked cigarettes, stood for risqué stories, and went "joy-riding" was "fast." As a rule nice girls didn't do those things.

BUT now that almost every American woman smokes, drinks cocktails, and discusses subjects that would have shocked her mother, we haven't even that fallacious criterion to go by. As a result, men, now more than ever, wait on women for their cues. Recently I said that to a fiery old lady who is a sort of "stump-speaker" for her sex.

"Young man," she stormed, "that's not true. Women have nothing to do with it. You modern men have gone unconventionally mad. It's positively scandalous and sinful the way you all rush into another man's home these days, and flirt with his wife. You don't wait for what you call 'cues' and 'invitations.' You don't allow women time to give you such things," she concluded as if that settled it.

I knew the old lady had a one-track mind and that she was bound to have the last word. Nothing I might say would affect her opinion. However, I decided to tell her the truth even if it only made her more explosive. It did!

"Madam," I said, "I regret to state you are the victim of an optical delusion. Man still waits for his cue, but women give it to him so fast these days that it often appears as if he were rushing in without an invitation."

In every strata of society today I find plenty of evidence to substantiate this statement. Most of the engaged girls and even the wives are on adventure's firing line now. The working girl who goes out with the men she meets in business is a typical example of the girl in her class. The men she meets often indicate that they would like to take her out but it's up to her to agree to go before anything materializes in the way of a date. Not so long ago business girls made it a rule not to play around with the men they worked for or with. Recently they have in-

Does This Well-Known Clubman Understand The Way of a Maid With a Man?

With a Man?

dicated that they will not frown upon advances from the men they meet at work. The men have naturally taken advantage of this and many a forbidden affair begins at business all because the girl invites it.

It is interesting to observe the country club type of woman telegraphing to a man that she wants him to "come on." For several years I have watched certain attractive young matrons start out

to annex a summer romance. They use their own technique on each man. A new man rarely ever comes into a country club set without hearing enough about its women members to know which are the habitual romance-seekers, and which are not. Consequently new men should realize they are being treated to a "line" that these girls have been giving out for seasons past. Whether these [Continued on page 84]

Oh,

With Drawings
from Life
By C. W. ANDERSON

MAVBE you don't think having a chorus-girl for a wife is exciting. Listen, when the path of your life is shared by a performer you never know what's going to happen next! It might be absolutely anything!

Being a press agent or the staff of Izzy Schwartz, the theatrical magnate, the unusual is something for which I'm constantly racking my brains, but where that little permanent playmate of mine is concerned I don't have to rack them at all. Her stage name is Stella Splendid, and if it's a departure from the humdrum you want she can be counted on to provide it.

For instance, I get home from the office one day 1st June to find her sitting with that vacant look in her eye that always makes me fear some one of her step-sisters in the front row has cornered a diamond or a Marmon roadster which I will have to match to keep up the family face.

"Hello, honey," I says. "Nice evenin', what?"

She pays no attention to me whatever. I have learned to affect non-balance at such moments so I flip my hat in a corner, get a bottle of beer out of the ice-box, perch my feet on the table and open the paper.

Presently, in the hopes of drawing her back to earth I fling out a casual remark from behind my three cent barrier. "I heard today, that Schwartz has signed May Moon as principal in his summer show." May is the wife's dearest enemy, so a statement like that ought to draw a spark or two. But no.

"IS THAT so," she answers. Well, I'm glad to hear it. She's worked hard enough all these years.

I gasp.

"I'll never forget the days when I was a chorus girl myself," she goes on, at which, thinking my cue is a laugh, I pull a hearty guffaw. "Shut up," she snaps. "It's no disgrace to have been a working girl."



What do you mean, 'to have been'?" I ask. "Have you been canned?"

"No! Circumstances have made it unnecessary for me to continue my theatrical career," she announces. "And by that I don't mean the amount of jack you bring home. No, I have come into an inheritance," she explains, and produces a letter which she tosses to me to read.

Dear Madam," it begins.

We respectfully inform you that you are the sole heir of your late uncle, Mr. Angus MacAngus, of whose estate we are the executors. Through the terms of his will we have held

What a Legacy!

A Truthful PRESS AGENT'S ACCOUNT of What Happened When His LITTLE PLAYMATE Inherited A Slice of the BIG OUTDOORS



public auction of such live stock, household goods and farming utensils as he owned, using the proceeds to cover funeral expenses and other small items incidental to his illness.

THE balance, together with the real property consisting of ninety-one acres of farm and forest land, located in the village of Cameron Brook, county of Cumberland, Province of Nova Scotia, Dominion of Canada, on which are situated one house in good repair, one double barn, one chicken house and one hog-pen, is held respectfully awaiting your instructions.

Inasmuch as we have been approached by three prospective

buyers, we beg that you communicate your wishes to us, and suggest that if practicable you visit our office for consultation. We have the honor to be, dear madam,

"Your respectful and obedient servants.

"MACKENTY and MACDOUGLAS.

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"Per JOHN ROBINSON MACDOUGLAS, K. C., LLB

"Hoot, mon!" I yelp. "What is this, a jest?"
I'm a little excited about it myself, you understand, and I'm also thinking about what a bird of a publicity yarn it's good for, but I keep that to myself.

"A jest!" she explodes.
"Nothing of the sort. That place, I want you to know, is the family estate. My mother was born there. I have often heard her speak of it. Her family were practically aristocrats. They belonged to the MacAngus clan of Scotland, of which the best members moved to Canada."

"Funny you never mentioned this aristocracy before," I poke at her. "The nearest I ever knew you to get to Scotland was when you wore that six-inch kilt in the finale of act two last year."

"You wouldn't understand it anyway," she counters.

"Poor mamma married beneath her," she continues.
"I suppose none of us MacAngus women has ever taken proper care of our station in life, but now at last I am coming into my own."

"So you really think this amounts to something?" I go on, keeping my face straight.

"What's the matter? Can't you read?" she comes back. "Ninety-one acres and three people dying to buy it! I should say so! The place is prob'ly

palatial. Sam Klarson's Long Island estate that I visited last summer is only ten acres and he paid so much money for it that it made me dizzy to hear about it."

"Well then, I guess I better take a run up there and look the joint over," I suggest.

"You run up there! Ha! Ha! Whose place is this, I'd like to know?" she shrills. "You're going to drive me up there in the car."

At that I retire to ponder things out, pausing as I reach the door to inquire, "When are you thinking of leaving?"

"Just as fast as I can get a new sports outfit and a summer

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"Just as fast as I can get a new sports outfit and a summer



I'll never forget the days when I was a chorus girl myself," my wife goes on dreamily, at which, thinking my cue is a laugh, I pull a hearty guffaw. "Shut up," she snaps. "It's no disgrace to have been a working girl. But circumstances have made it unnecessary for me to continue my theatrical career," she adds with dignity. "I have come into an inheritance left to me by a member of my family"

If You Don't Think Having a Chorus Girl for a Wife IS EXCITING Read My Story~And Laugh

coat," she says. "I can't go looking like a ragamuffin." "Now listen, honey," I register a protest. "Be reasonable. You know it'll take me at least a couple of weeks to break away from the office, and that show of yours is good for only ten days more. Finish out your run, an' then we'll go up. That'll be better'n leaving Izzy flat."

I SEE the objections forming, but then breaking through I see the idea of what she can tell the girls in the dressing room. "All right," she consents after a minute, and on the strength of that I retire.

In the next ten days between servings of MacAngus bologna I achieve an awful lot of thinking. In the first place, while all Stella seems able to remember are the ninety-one acres and the three buyers, the words that stick in my bean are "hog-pen" and "farming utensils," and I can't forget that this old boy's "household goods" have been sold down the river. I decide not to burn any bridges until I'm sure the airplane will work.

Understand, it's not going to be the least disappointment to me if we roll up to some old baronial mansion all surrounded by broad lands and bosky timber. I could fall into a place like that and stay until I heard Gabriel blowing reveille. But in the back of my head is a sort of sneaking suspicion that it's going to be something different. Way back in my early days I was advance man of a ham road show that toured Canada, including Nova Scotia. I remember plenty of Indians, farmers and fishermen but very few of anything that might classify as rich uncles.

So, thinking it over in my not too stupid way I see where I may corner a break out of it and I compose a neat but not gaudy plot. You see, though it may seem like a funny thing for a guy like me to crave, I have always had a yen to fish. To really fish, I mean, out in the wild places where they have guides and creels and pools and you go 'round with a hatband full of fancy flies.

This yen, I should explain, has only amounted to what the psychologists denote an "unfulfilled longing," because the only rivers I ever lived near are the East and the Hudson and the only fish I ever handled are the kind you part with playing poker. I am one of those few living rarities, a New Yorker born on the spot, and though for years I have longed to get so far from the subway that if you mentioned it they wouldn't know what you meant, still I have somehow never been able to accomplish a separation except on business.

Stella scoffs at the idea. "Fish!" she shrieked when I told her my idea of a vacation last summer. "Listen, laughable, you can spend the next two weeks fishing me a job in Izzy Schwartz's fall show which is going into rehearsal next month. The idea of trying to get a girl away from Broadway just when all the casting is being done."

So that was that. Now, however, I see the golden opportunity which Messrs. Franklin and Ford are always telling the youth of our country to grab. Here is Stella not only willing, but asking to be taken to a place which has all the earmarks of being a place where I ought to be able to at least indulge my foolish fancy. Buying back our



modest bus from the garage man by coughing up for last month's storage, I proceed to a sporting goods store by red and green jerks.

"Tell me," I ask the salesman, "do they angle in Nova Scotia?"

"I'm going up there next month," he says, "and I expect to do nothing else for ten days."

"I'm going up there next week," I announce proudly. "Throw me together an outfit, and I would also like a modest but complete camp that will nestle inconspicuously in the back of yonder chariot."

HE LEADS me upstairs and we spend a couple of hours in the enthusiastic discussion of everything from citronella to collapsible electric refrigerators, and after we have picked out what we want we rehearse pitching camp in the middle of the seventh floor. He also shows me how to cast a fly and in one of my practice performances I neatly lift the hat off a lady customer that is passing through. It is one of the most interesting afternoons of my life.

"What's the matter with you?" asks Stella that night. "You look like a movie extra that some assistant director has promised to do big things for."

"Nothing. Nothing," I invent rapidly. "Only that Izzy has promised to hold my job for me until we get back."

"What are you worrying about that job for?" she complains. "Haven't I told you a dozen times that I can prob'ly fix you up as head gardener or private secretary or something?"

"Well," I says, "I didn't like to offend Izzy by flaunting our fortune in his face, and anyway it never hurts to hold an ace even when the deuces are wild."

"I'm not at all sure that we'll ever come back," she snaps "so you might as well stop thinking about Izzy and think about me for awhile." I do my best to keep my grins submerged.

We get away bright and early on the morning of the twentieth after I have had a terrible time prying her loose from slumber. "If I had known you wanted to start in the middle of the night," she says, "I would never have gone to bed at all." But after we've had a brace of Mr. Childs's ham and eggs and a couple of shots of [Continued on page 98]

He flips the fly on the water and a minute later there is a vicious snap. I watch in a daze



With Drawings
from Life
By C. R. CHICKERING

CONCLUDING:

*A Faithful Record
of a High School Boy's Awakening
to the Realities
of Life*

OFF into the night roared the big blue sedan, a tight-lipped driver keeping his eyes fixed on the road with a death-like determination. He had no definite idea where he was going, except that there were towns along the highway where aid could be had.

The further and faster he drove the more the whole affair seemed like a harrowing dream, where happenings are without cause and everything spins in illogical circles.

And then the headlights showed a depot, a few houses, a block of stores and a doctor's hanging sign. Paul narrowly escaped overturning the car as he brought up by the little train house.

He vaulted from behind the wheel and pounded heavily upon the door. He waited. He pounded again, frantically, with both fists, then paused and listened.

Crucible



By ROBERT S. CARR

of Youth

Don't you remember," Vivian said, "that night when a lot of farmer boys in an old Ford asked us some thing about what street to take? And do you remember that poor wilted-looking kid who stared at you with his mouth wide open?" Paul smiled as if he had a secret joke

Sounds came faintly from the rear of the office. A light flashed on, and through the low wide window Paul saw a man in a dressing gown. He opened the door and peered out with that go-ahead-tell-me-the-worst look which is sometimes found on the faces of country doctors when they answer night calls

"What's up?"

"My sister," gasped Paul, "hurt in an auto wreck."

"Bring her in," grumbled the doctor

Paul stepped back to the car and lifted Doris out. He held her reverently as he crossed the walk and entered the door, marveling at her lightness.

"Lay her down there." The doctor indicated a long cushioned wicker settee at one end of the little waiting room. "How was she hurt?"

"Why, the machine turned over and I guess she was just thrown out in the grass." Paul's

eyes were pathetic as they searched the doctor's face.
She wasn't pinned down nor struck by anything then?"

"No, I guess not." He followed the doctor over to the settee, tremblingly eager to be of any assistance.

The doctor shifted Doris so she lay more comfortably, loosened the collar of her dress, removed the pillow Paul had placed under her head, examined the pupils of her eyes, and felt her pulse.

"Go out and pump some water," he said.

PAUL took the bucket the doctor gave him and went out around the building in the starlight. He found the pump, hung the bucket over the little iron ear on the spout and began to work the handle up and down.

His head tilted back till he was gazing at the star-strewn sky. His brain felt queer; it seemed to be slipping down through murky strata toward soberness. His mouth relaxed a little. The pump handle moved slowly and more slowly till it finally halted in mid-stroke. Something was tugging at the door of Paul's memory.

He was a little tow-headed boy in overalls standing barefoot in the back yard behind a square white farmhouse, pumping a drink of water before he went to bed.

Somewhere a rooster suddenly awoke, blared out his empty midnight challenge, and settled back upon the perch among his hens. A dog barked, as only country dogs can bark at night, far, far out over the awakening cornfields.

With a jerk Paul began to pump once more. He filled the bucket to overflowing and hurried back into the waiting room. The doctor wet a compress with the cold water and laid it across Doris's white forehead.

"How is she?" breathed Paul. The doctor had been busy with distressing cases all day long; he was sleepy and irritable. "Oh, she's not hurt!" he said. "Shaken up a little, some shock, perhaps a very slight concussion of the brain."

"Concussion of the brain?" gasped Paul, horror-stricken. The phrase to him meant a gaping, bloody hole in a skull, but the doctor said calmly:

"Yes, but it's nothing to look that way about, young man. Your sister will be all right. That concussion might last only five minutes and again it might last several hours. She's dazed, and may talk a little. I'm dog tired and I'm going back to bed. You keep that compress cool with water, don't raise her head, and see that she stays perfectly quiet. Don't let the least thing disturb her. I'm right back here in my room if you need me for anything."

With that the doctor shuffled off into the back room, closing the door softly behind him.

Paul stood motionless in the middle of the floor for several minutes, his eyes fastened blankly upon the door through which the doctor had left. Fresh coal crackled in the pot-bellied stove.

He blinked sleepily—no, no, not sleepily! He straightened abruptly to look at Doris's still figure on the settee, covered to the shoulders by a light spread the doctor had thrown over her.

The unshaded bulb in the ceiling cast a merciless illumination on her face. Paul reached up, turned the light out, and was horrified at the avalanche of darkness he had brought

down upon himself. Through the chinks around the stove door flickered two fingers of yellow firelight. They danced nervously against the wall above the settee. One of them fluttered down across Doris's quiet face with such an eerie effect that Paul sucked his breath in between his lower teeth in a low whistle.

He reached up and turned the light on again, then stood cringing and shading his eyes from the glare. That was too much light, and the other way was too dark.

He spied a little bracket lamp on the far wall. He went over and snapped it on, pulled down the shade, then extinguished the big light. The waiting room was pleasantly dim. He breathed more easily.

Pulling a deep armchair close to the settee he sank into it and sat staring through the dusk at Doris.

With a feverish start he remembered the compress. He sprang to his feet noisily, but checked himself and very softly tiptoed to the bucket. He carried it over and set it gently down by his chair. Delicately he lifted the compress from Doris's forehead, soaped it in the cold water, awkwardly wrung it out. Like a timid idolater setting an offering at a shrine, he replaced it.

After perhaps a moment's quiet relaxation he began to fumble through his pockets for his slim-stemmed, tiny-bowled pipe. But no! He'd better not! It might disturb her. The smoke might make her cough, or something. Must keep her absolutely quiet, the doctor said.

Sinking back, he crossed his legs, clasped his fingers, dropped his chin on his chest. His eyelids drooped, hesitated, and fell like windows when the weight-cords snap. With a funny little subdued "umph!" he jerked himself to wakefulness.

To dispel the gathering cloud of drowsiness he arose and changed the compress, though the last one had scarcely warmed one calory. Then feeling that he could not trust himself to sit down without going to sleep, he stepped over and stood in front of the impenetrable square of blackness that was the window. A car whizzed

by, its lights bringing into sharp relief the trees, road and houses. In its wake the darkness fell so abruptly as to produce the sensation of an audible thud.

Paul reflected that the tail light on the sedan was not lighted. Somebody might run into it as it sat there by the curb. He started for the door, extended his hand towards the knob, then halted as if the knob had been red hot.

HE COULD not leave Doris. What if she should awake in that brief minute he was gone, should cry out, should—should—die? At the mere thought Paul's face distorted itself into an agonized expression. He turned his eyes in her direction and even as he looked, her brow gathered in distress and her lips moved uneasily.

Noiselessly he leaped to her side and bent over her. He watched her hand as it crept from beneath the covers, fluttered out into space, found his tense knee, his wrist, the cup formed by his curved fingers, and rested there contentedly.

"Paul!" she called in a tiny, clear voice, like a voice from the clouds.

"Here I am, right here!" Paul said.

He took her cool hand between [Continued on page 108]



McNunnally, the newspaper fellow, took the picture and the ad and stared at 'em. Then he grabbed me by the arm and took me in an office where there were two old fellows who looked over my picture of the sheik. The oldest man made some dizzy remarks about 'It takes Youth really to express Youth—old folks can't do it'

What Is the True Test of Fidelity?

I AM supposed to have given forth some remarkable statements on the subject of mental and physical fidelity, at a recent luncheon given by David Belasco, the famous producer.

Several reporters interpreted my speech to make it best fit sensational headlines. They quite ignored the point that what I said was about a particular situation in the controversial play "Hidden," which has aroused very wide discussion. They failed to realize that my remarks had no bearing upon abstract problems.

I am supposed to have stated that "a wife can be happy with spiritual and intellectual companionship only, and that marital fidelity is unnecessary."

I am further reported as advising husbands to thrash wives, who would then love them the more!

The whole thing, of course, is crass nonsense, but as the subject is interesting to women I want to give my true views

TO BEGIN with it is well to remember that there must be some principle of good faith in any agreement, otherwise all agreements, contracts or bargains would be empty words. But the agreement of marriage, is the ceremony now stands, starts with vows made on a false premise.

All we married people have sworn to love our partners forever, but the ability to love or not to love is not under our own control. The emotion is caused by something emanating from the other person, and affecting our vibrations. It is simply nonsense for us to swear to love forever! As well swear it shall never rain again, or the sun shall not set!

Thus having sworn an impossible vow, we start in on married life all wrong. If we had sworn that we were going to endeavor to control our nervous fancies, nip vagrant attractions in the bud, concentrate our minds upon trying to go on loving and on making ourselves so attractive that our mate would be likely to go on caring for us, then we would be making sensible and feasible promises.

And our subconscious minds, having been impressed with the knowledge that it is up to us, and not an immutable happening that we should love forever, we would automatically use intelligence to enable us to keep our vow.

As things are, we are all hampered by having made an untenable vow, and so to an intelligent and spiritually minded woman, the discovery of spiritual infidelity would be more painful, than the discovery that her husband had succumbed momentarily to the attractiveness of some other woman.

In one paper I was correctly quoted as saying: "I would be deeply wounded if I thought that a husband of mine was frequently meeting some woman who appealed to him intellectually more than I did." And now, let us discuss why this is. A man in normal health and strength is always at the mercy of his physical emotions because nature implanted in him the powerful urge to carry on and recreate the species.

Nature had to make this instinct the strongest one in man's make-up to keep her scheme of things in working order. If this were not so a thousand obstacles would be allowed to intervene, and human life would die out. This being so, the spiritually sensitive woman, if she were also intelligent, would realize that his lapse was momentary and although he had been weak and wrong to have given way, it might not have touched the real love he had for herself. Whereas, if he deliberately sought the company of another woman, to find rest and solace, or inspiration and interest, from her conversation and sympathy, then the wife would know indeed that she had lost him in every way which really mattered.

But thousands of women put more stress upon physical than upon spiritual fidelity. And the reason for this is the innate personal vanity of human nature.

The reflection to the subconscious mind of physical infidelity is that the wife is not so beautiful and attractive as the new woman, and this wounds and scalds her self-love. She lets reason sleep, and acts upon indignant emotion. But it would be wiser if, instead of becoming enraged, she sat down to a profound self-examination, and asked herself where she had failed in being attractive.

HAD she become careless of her appearance? Boring? Nagging? If she discovers that she herself has committed no fault that she could have avoided, then she should analyze the character of her husband and decide what the lapse meant to him. Is he light, amorous, vain or serious? From her conclusion she may judge the gravity or unimportance of his lapse.

And then she should ask herself whether she wants to have him back again, forgiven, or whether she wants to express her own outraged feelings and let him go? The stupid thing is to want one thing, and let your personal expression of indignation stand in the way of its accomplishment.

If the wife discovered, after her self-examination, that she had been to blame, had neglected her personal appearance, or in any way disillusioned him, she should be just enough to see

Madame
ELINOR GLYN'S
Answer to the Question
Every Woman
Must Ask
At Least Once in Her Life



Melbourne Spur

All we married people have sworn to love our partners forever—but to love or not to love is not under our own control. Thus having sworn an impossible vow, we start in on married life all wrong

that his reaction was caused by her neglect. If she were wise she would determine to make herself different and to win him back by forbearance and sympathy.

The cases of the unhappy wives whose husbands are continually in pursuit of new pretty faces are different. These wives have to decide, since they cannot stop the philandering, whether they prefer to keep their men on these terms, or whether it is better to get rid of them? If they decide to keep him, the only sensible thing for them to do is to shut their eyes and cultivate indifference.

IFF IT is mental infidelity that has occurred, the case is sadder, because it is the spirit of the man which has found satisfaction elsewhere, and the spirit when once aroused, holds and draws much more powerfully than anything else.

The only thing for the wife to do in such a case is to polish her own mental charms and use sympathy and understanding.

I said chaffingly in my speech, that a wife who listened to gossip about her husband, and allowed groundless suspicion to separate her from him deserved a thrashing. I did not, of course, mean a real beating, but that the man should protest that he would not stand for such nonsense.

I also said that much unhappiness would be avoided if the first time the wife did anything disillusioning, the husband should point it out to her and ask her, since it destroyed his emotion for her, please not to do it again. This of course ought to work both ways.

Common sense, a knowledge of cause and effect, and a knowledge of the secret of human instincts could bring much content to most married couples.

*The Revelation of a Girl
Who Trifled
With a Strong Man's Love*

Playing



I SUPPOSE in a way I was getting fed up with my own set. Not that I was getting intellectual or anything quite as terrible as that, but that there are limits, if you see what I mean? Oh, I don't know, but my crowd was getting on my nerves—Cyril Bigelow, with his weak mouth and weaker sense of humor. Marshall van Loan, who awake or asleep never forgets quite how rich or important he is, Gladys DeWitt, Blanche Steadfield—oh, all of them

"Daddy darling," I said to my father, who is a dear in his way, and just worships the ground I tread on. "I'm getting awfully bored with this bunch I'm playing around with!"

Dad pulled me on his knee and rumpled my hair. "Isn't it dreadful! Just too bad," he laughed at me. "Here, sitting on my knee, is that well known debutante, Miss Lucille Sturgis. Hers is a hard-luck story. She is bullied by a brutal father, despite the fact that the young men seem to think her fairly easy to look at, with her gold hair and her wicked brown eyes. Her maiden aunt, who lives with her, is noted for her general unkindness, and while the old man manages to make a nickel or two on the stock exchange he never gives his little daughter anything. Consequently, she is bored! What a shame, Baby, what a shame!"

"Well, run along Jane," Curtis Holland ordered as though I were a silly child, "because we are doing useful work here"

"Oh, I hate stockbrokers!" I stormed at him. "They're mean." "A brutal parent," he sighed. "But what is the matter, Baby?"

"Oh, just discontent," I told him. "Everything seems so empty. I don't think life's very beautiful, Dad."

"WELL, let's go out in the country and live there," Dad decided all in a minute, just the way he decides everything. "We'll close our place here and live the year round in Westchester. New York is not fit for a human being anyway," he went on, "and I'm tired of breathing gasoline fumes. Tell you what, Baby, we'll make a real home of Oak

With Fire

With Drawings
from Life

By LESLIE L. BENSON



"I think you are the rudest, most impudent young man I have ever spoken to," I replied angrily. "I shall speak to my father and have you dismissed"

was asked because one of the other girls liked him, and Marshall van Loan, because he is so difficult not to ask—if you see what I mean?

On Friday afternoon, Rosalie and I, waiting for the men and the rest of the girls, were strolling about the place together.

"They have started the foundation," I told Rosalie.

We strolled to where a little gang of men were at work, and I noticed a young fellow who seemed to be bossing the job. He was dressed in a pair of dirty overalls and a shirt, open at the throat. He wasn't even particularly good-looking, but he was tall and well set up, and there was a certain something about him that made me look at him.

"Are you going to dig that very deep?" I asked him in my sweetest manner, just because—oh, just because.

NOW when I talk to a man, that man smiles! That's not conceit, it's a fact. Quantities of men have tried to talk to me without an introduction, on a Pullman, at Saratoga—on shipboard. I have always snubbed them, and it was a sensation, something new, original and out of the way, to be

Meadows. I'll enlarge it and build on a new south wing."

I didn't mind, because the younger set play more in the country around New York than in the city itself, but I had no idea of the significance the building of the new wing was going to have for me.

The work started in April, and it made very little difference to us, as the house was quite large without the new wing.

I had a few people up for the week-end—that is, from Friday to Monday. Apart from some of the gang who meant precisely nothing, I had asked Rosalie Halpin, who is quite the best pal I have in the world. That idiot, Cyril Bigelow,

snubbed by a common workman! Imagine my feelings when this man turned and looked me up and down and then said: "Deep enough only to turn his back on me and light a briar pipe."

"What is your name?" I asked.

He turned around smiled at me and said "Curtis Holland, if you think it important What's yours?"

Rosalie began to laugh, because the man's attitude was so impossible, and yet he spoke like an educated man. Probably, he had worked his way through some unimportant college.

"Jane Smith!" I flashed at him. "And you are right, it wasn't important what people call you."

"WELL, run along, Jane," he ordered, as though I were a silly child, "because we are doing useful work here that will later be ornamental, and something whispers to me you wouldn't exactly blend!"

"I think you are the rudest, most impudent young man I have ever spoken to," I said angrily. "I shall speak to my father and have you dismissed!"

"Oh, won't that be dreadful!" he said in mock terror. Then he turned his back on me again and shouted some directions to the laborers.

"I'll teach that young man a lesson if it's the last thing I do," I said to Rosalie, as we walked away.

"But you won't get him fired," Rosalie said. "I won't get him fired?"

"No!" She looked up at me laughing. "You won't because he interests you! That young fellow is obviously better than his job. He has 'It', and he has it in chunks! Instead, you will vamp him for all you are worth and then laugh in his face."

"That's not a bad idea," I said. "You're right, Rosalie! I think I will teach that boy how to jump through hoops and turn somersaults when I hold up my little finger!"

And I meant it! I don't think I have ever been more peeved in my life, and I didn't stop to realize that when one is peeved one is at least not bored!

The rest of the gang turned up, and we spent the usual evening. I slipped away to the library to see Dad because he likes little attentions.

"Happy, Baby?" he asked, looking up from his book.

I sat on the arm of his chair and rumpled his hair.

"Dad, who's doing the work on building the wing?"

"Fellow called Drayton is the architect," he told me, "and Holland, Connelly and Stokes are the contractors. Why?"

"Who is bossing the laborers?" I asked. "A young man who seems—well, a little abrupt?"

"I don't know, unless it's old Holland's nephew."

That's the man, Curtis Holland. But exactly what is his position?

"WORKING his way up in his uncle's firm," Dad replied. "The old man told me the boy was doing well, only he wasn't going to tell him that. I had a few words with him and was rather favorably impressed. He finished Princeton, and then started right in at the bottom of his uncle's business. Very different type of young man from the fools my beautiful daughter plays with."

"Do you really think me beautiful, Dad?" I asked. "I'm glad, because until we came out here I was getting so bored with life. Everything's so uninteresting."

Dad pulled me on his knee and rumpled my hair. "Isn't it dreadful! Just too bad!" he laughed at me.

You don't take me seriously!" I pouted. "But I am getting fed up with my own set."

Getting intellectual?" he smiled.

Nothing as terrible as that," I told him. "but this crowd



is getting on my nerves. They're so dumb they bore me!"

"If they bore you, get another set! But you always have a pal in your old father," he said.

I left him and went back to the others, and we all got to bed very late and rose just before lunch as usual. Such a program without variation would bore anyone after awhile.

In the afternoon, when we came back from riding, I sneaked away from the others, and went round past where the laborers were working.

"A H, MY friend Jane Smith of yesterday!" Curtis Holland said.

"You are quite well aware of the fact that I am Lucille Sturgis, Mr. Holland," I said, "so don't pretend."

He bowed to me mockingly. "My hostess of tonight!"

"I did not know I was to have the pleasure of entertaining you," I said.

"If you don't want me to come I won't," he answered. "You see, I am stopping at the inn while this job is on, and your father very kindly asked me to dinner, because he thought I must be lonely. He mentioned that there was a dance afterwards, although I hardly ever dance. You see, I regard your father somewhat in the light of an employer, as my firm is building for him. Still—if you say so, I will fake some excuse that will be a polite lie and get out of it."

"I would not dream of interfering with any invitation issued by my father," I said. "After all, you will be his guest, not mine."

"Then I shall have to regard your aunt, Miss Weyland as my hostess," he said. "You are a sort of social person while I am not. Will it be the correct thing for me to ask your aunt for one duty dance or not?"

"No," I said. "I am the daughter of the house, even though my aunt lives with us. I am afraid you will have to ask me."

"But that will be objectionable to you?"

"I have many objectionable duties to perform as the

daughter of a man who fails to consult me as to whom he invites to the house," I said, and without waiting for his reply, I turned and walked away from him.

But that evening I was more than usually careful as to what I wore. In the end, after a lot of deliberation, I chose a black velvet cut daringly low! It was a little Paris creation, and I was very pleased with the Frenchy appearance I made in it.

"Are you mad, Lucille?" Rosalie demanded angrily. "Have you forgotten there is such a thing as a reputation? I saw you come in here and I'm terribly afraid I shall gossip!"

"Oh, you wouldn't Rosalie!" I protested. "Why—there's nothing in it! I was just afraid of the storm!"

I went into Dad's room, as I do every night, to tie his tie. He can do it quite well himself, but it pleases him to have little daughter fuss over him. It was the first time Dad had seen me in that frock.

"Makes me think of the summer," he frowned at me. "Won't it be a little cold going in swimming?"

"What do you mean—going in swimming?" I asked.

"Well, aren't you going swimming? You have a bathing suit on!"

"Is that humor, Dad?" I asked. "Are you so ignorant that you can't tell a frock that simply shrieks of Paris, when you see one? Wait, darling, till you get the bill. I can't possibly pay for it. Then you will realize that it's not a bathing suit!"

"IT MAY be very smart," Dad sighed, "but it's the most frankly indecent thing I ever saw. When I was young—"

I stopped any 1880 reminiscences by putting my hand over his lips. I was sorry he didn't like the gown, but I knew that it was chic and more than usually alluring.

Three minutes before dinner was announced, Curtis Holland came in. He looked wonderfully

distinguished in evening dress, and I decided that I was going to have lots of fun teaching him his lesson. I may as well admit that by this time I was frankly fascinated by him.

As we stared into the dining room Marshall van Loan whispered to me:

"Who's the he-man stranger? I thought I knew everybody who is anybody."

"YOU wouldn't know him, Marshall," I whispered back. "He is a he-man, that's why."

"Thanks for the buggy ride," he retorted. "By the way, in that dress you intrigue me vastly. Let's slip away afterwards in my car and make a dash for New York. I have found a new place that is almost amusing. What about it?"

"I have guests," I reminded him.

He leered at me. "Why the sudden social instinct? I tell you that you intrigue me. Isn't that enough?"

"Quite enough, to give me a pain," I answered in the elegant jargon of our set. "And if I were you, Marshall, I'd go easy on the drinks at dinner."

"Quite a hostess-ey remark!" he laughed. "True Westchester hospitality!"

Several extra people had come in to dinner, and afterwards crowds more drove over from other houses. Dad had ordered a marvelous orchestra, and I thought I was going to have a very amusing evening.

I saw Curtis Holland dancing with [Continued on page 137]

From Behind a Family Doctor's Door

Comes This Powerful Story
of a Man Who Tried to Kill

The Most

Precious Thing in the World

MY PREVIOUS story, as you may remember, concerned the wife who adored her husband too much. It was even "unto idolatry" and so disastrous. I hinted then of something quite different, namely, the story of the man who didn't believe in marriage, or love, for that matter and whose refusal of the greatest thing in his life almost wrecked a woman and himself. That is the story I shall tell this month.

It was, I remember, a day in Indian Summer, when there was a touch of gold in the hazy air. At about three in the afternoon a young man was ushered into my office. He looked like a Grecian-American, smoothly muscular, tall, and with large shapely head. His hair was a sort of wavy bronze, his eyes blue, and his face was handsome. But in spite of his perfect body, he seemed in a daze, groping like a child, uncertain of his footing, possibly a little dizzy. There were tears in his eyes and a trembling pleading expression about his lips.

I motioned him to a chair, and then I leaned toward him. "What is it?" I asked.

"Doctor," he said, "what can you do for a man who's all gone inside?"

"What ails you?" I asked.

"Well," he said, pressing a hand to his chest, "my heart pains me so. I've been to two heart-specialists. They passed me up. Medicine didn't help; rest did nothing; change of scene made me worse. And yet they told me that if it grew worse it might take me off."

"Well," I ventured, "it might be mental. Heart, that means love. Perhaps you have some love-trouble and it registers in your heart."

"Gosh," he said, with relief, "you're the first person who has a slant on me. It is mental," he went on bitterly, "and there's nothing to do for it."

I smiled. "Let's have the story," I said.

He trembled and lowered his head.

"It's hard for me to talk about myself!"

"You needn't," I remarked.

"But," he sighed, "I must. It's this way," he paused and lit a cigarette with a shaking hand, "I'm a man against marriage. I'm a free man, an adventurer. Dad's rich, and he's let me sail all over the world. I've been on two Polar expeditions. There's only one thing I've cared for, and that's to feel that I wasn't chained to another human being in the world. Nobody has owned me. I've been my own man."

"Not that I didn't have affairs. Oh, yes. I learned to perfection how to play with women. It's been easy. If a woman didn't fall for me, she fell for my money. And I'd stick around awhile, and then suddenly some morning I'd

think of the sun dancing on the Bay of Naples or of the strange smell of Shanghai, and I'd take the wind in my nostrils like a horse and be off. It was like a sudden song of freedom. That was me.

"Nothing counted. My mother never could manage me from the start. She got so she expected nothing of me. My father was helpless. Dad dotes on me. I can have everything about the works for the asking. He'd complain, but I'd say, 'Hush up, Dad, you'd have done the same if you had been born rich.' The world was mine for the picking and my health was perfect."

"Of course there were several women who tried to get a strangle-hold and demand marriage. They failed. The mere thought of marriage, of giving up my own life and living the life of another, horrified me. It couldn't be. I lit out."

"And then," he went on, "a few months ago, in Hollywood. I met my fate." He smiled bitterly. "As you may imagine, it was a movie actress."

He paused, hesitating. Then sighed.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it was Senna X—."

"The star?" I asked.

"THE star," he almost sneered, "the baleful star, the star of disaster. The strangest and loveliest woman in the movies."

He looked at me searchingly, his eyes pleading.

"I feel," he said, "as if I were telling things that shouldn't pass my lips and yet I can't help it. Every time I stop, my heart pains me and when I speak I feel better. But no one knows these things but Senna and myself."

I merely looked back into his eyes and he went on.

"I met her, of course, at a moment when she was most appealing. I was being taken about the studio and we stumbled on a scene, a big set of a massive hall, where Senna was forced to witness a sword-duel between the man she loved and the villain who coveted her. They were down on the floor, fencing about among the chairs, the tables and before the fire-place and she was leaning over a balcony, looking down. One of those two men had to die, and she knew it."

"A scarf was about her neck and fell over the railing; her hair was parted at the side, and ran smooth either way to her ears, where it gathered into curls. Her eyes were half shut, and on her lips there was a mysterious smile. It was that which froze my blood. It seemed to me that I understood then why men have always said that woman is a mystery. Woman, you see; not women. I can read most women like a newspaper. But here was Woman, the enchanter, the mother, the child, the eternal question: that baffling quiet thing, that silence that speaks to you, that promise that is never fulfilled."

"I couldn't tell whether she cared [Continued on page 96]



When I saw Senna it seemed to me that I understood why men have always said that woman is a mystery. I can read most women like a newspaper. But here was Woman, the enchanter, the mother, the child, the eternal question: that baffling quiet thing, that silence that speaks to you, that promise that is never fulfilled

With Drawings
from Life
By HARVE STEIN



What is a FLIRTING FLAPPER to Do When She Meets a REAL MAN?

The Enchanted Kiss

THE instant Craig Boyce entered the club house I knew that something had happened to me. It couldn't have been love at first sight, although I realized it might have been if I had let it.

I wasn't the only girl in the room who was seeing him, wondering about him and finding her heart beats quickened.

"Hold me!" whispered Jetta Bruce close to my ear. "Who's that?"

"I think it must be Craig Boyce. I've been hearing about him, but I didn't think he'd be like that."

"I didn't think any one ever could be like that. Where'd he come from? Who is he?"

I had no intention of telling Jetta what little I knew of Craig Boyce, so sensing the antagonism in my silence, she shrugged and moved away in the direction of the group that had gathered about Craig. It was plain that she was going out after him with all she had.

I wasn't going to let her have him so I crossed the room, and for the first time in my life maneuvered an introduction to a boy. I don't know what happened to me in that first deep look he gave me, but it was something that never had happened before. I became a little dizzy. He asked me to dance. I had taken him away from Jetta!

We had danced only a few steps along the edge of the crowd when he stopped.

"I'm not going to torture you," he said. "I can't dance. Let's go out on the lawn and talk."

As we left the room I glanced back and saw that Jetta's eyes were following us. There was a green glow in them and

I knew what that meant. Jetta intended to get her man, but right now he was mine.

We sat down on a bench and for a few moments neither of us wanted to talk. Perhaps it was the sheer, breathless beauty of the night, or perhaps it was the nearness of this man as he bent forward to look more closely into my face. Whatever it was, I found myself trembling. I hadn't trembled like that since I was fifteen and the boy I thought I loved had stolen my first kiss. Fifteen, and now I was twenty. So old that I hadn't felt a real thrill for over two years!

"You're the only girl in there I dared ask to dance with me." I laughed, a bit shakily. "I'm not sure that's a compliment."

"I'm not sure it was meant to be. I was just telling you, so you could explain it."

Thank Heaven he had a new line!

"You're just home from Mexico, aren't you?" I asked.

"YES, went out there with my father when I was a kid. Been there ten years. I've read about all that in there," he waved his hand toward the crowded club house. "but this is the first time I've really been part of it. Dad was sick most of the time and I had to stick pretty close to him. I haven't lived much. It frightens me. They act as if they were mad."

"They are, thrill mad."

"You're different, aren't you?"

I laughed again, and drew away from him. "Don't say that. Everyone says it; it's a code. No, I'm not different, but you are. You're the first man I ever met who didn't



I saw Craig among the bathers that surrounded the pool and I wished that my suit were not quite so daring. I flung off my cape, ran out upon the diving board and plunged straight into the water

believe he knew everything there was to know about girls.

"I don't know anything at all about them. I've never had a chance."

"Do you want to?"

"You bet!"

My heart was pounding. I didn't want him to know about girls. I wanted him to stay just as he was. I didn't want him to know about me, or any of that life in there. I couldn't understand what had come over me. I felt like crying.

He had thrown his arm over the back of the seat. One finger rested uncertainly against my bare arm. I drew away. I didn't want him to touch me. If I had been sitting beside any other boy I should have been in his arms ten minutes ago, but I didn't want Craig to be like the others.

The music came floating out to us. The sweet air blew tantalizingly upon our upraised faces. The lanterns swayed and blinked at us. Far up, white stars tried to look both wise and glad.

"Let's dance," he said. "I believe I could out here. I really want to, if only I knew how. Teach me, will you?"

DANCING is just letting the music have its way with you. You can do that, can't you?"

"Can I? Let's see."

He could. It had its way with me, too, until I cried out to Craig that I was too tired to dance any more. I wasn't really tired. I was just frightened at the depths of my own emotion. I wanted to dance on with him like this forever, and because I knew I was wanting that, I stopped.

"I believe I can dance," he said.

"I believe you can, too."

We sat down again on the bench. I tried to move away from his hand, but could not. I let it rest softly against my arm. I never had known a touch like that. There was awe, almost reverence in it. It made me wish that I never had known any other. For the first time I wished that I never had loved any one else, that I hadn't been kissed and kissed until my lips were indifferent to kisses. I didn't want Craig to kiss me. I wouldn't have let him, even if he had tried, but I knew that he wouldn't try tonight, so I was happy.

"Tell me about you," he said. "They said your name was Lee Williams, didn't they? There were so many girls, and my head was in a whirl. You were the only one I really saw."

"Didn't you see Jetta Bruce?" I tried to bite back the words, but they forced themselves out. I was hating her for I knew she would make him see her before this night was out.

"I don't think so. I don't remember," he said.

Here was a man who did not remember Jetta Bruce! I felt my heart lifting as we walked slowly back.

JETTA was there ready to pounce upon him as soon as we entered the room. Reserve was not one of Jetta's weapons. I saw his eyes meet hers, and for the moment I had lost him. Some boy whose name I could not remember drew me away into the next dance, and I saw Jetta dancing with Craig.

For the first time in my life I knew jealousy. I did not want Craig to thrill at her nearness. I saw that Jetta was leading him outside. I was glad that he seemed a bit reluctant to go. His eyes searched the room until they found me, but Jetta had him, and the next moment they had disappeared.



Could Jetta make Craig kiss her? I was
She could, and she did. I hadn't known until
I had played at love and had been



answered a few moments later when I came upon them. Then that hearts could ache like that. Mine never had before. unhappy, but this was the first time I ever really suffered.

from sight. I stopped dancing. My feet seemed tied to leaden weights. I pleaded that it was too warm to dance. My partner, too, led the way outside.

COULD I bring myself actually to follow any man like that? The thought that Jetta might make him kiss her out there in the soft darkness brought a torture greater than any I ever had known. Could Jetta make him kiss her?

I was answered a few moments later when miserably I came upon them. She could, and she did.

I felt suddenly sick. I hadn't known until then that hearts really could ache like that. Mine never had before. I had played at love and had been unhappy. I had raged and wept, but this was the first time I had ever really suffered.

Craig had kissed Jetta and I had seen him. I tried to tell myself that there was no reason in the world why I should care. But I did care terribly.

I went back into the house and tried to dance. I saw people looking at me and realized that I must be acting wild. I was feeling wild.

It was nearly half an hour before I saw Craig again, and then he was with a group of men, on the side veranda. Steven Brent was offering him his flask. I hated Steven almost as much as I hated Jetta. Once I had thought I loved him. I don't think there is anything more deadly than a love that has turned to hate.

I wanted to snatch that flask away from Craig's hand. I never had cared when any of the other boys drank. What had come over me? Why couldn't I bear to see Craig raise that silver flask to his lips? Why did I have to stifle a cry and close my eyes? The sick feeling came back again. I didn't want him to drink. I didn't want him to do anything those other boys were doing. I wanted to keep him as he was. I had an insane desire to take his hand and run and run, until we found some place where Jetta and Steven and the whole crowd never could touch us.

CRAIG looked up and saw me. He laughed and handed back the flask, then deliberately crossed the veranda to my side.

"I was afraid you'd get away," he said, "before I could ask if you'd drive with me tomorrow."

I tried to refuse. I knew if I saw him again I couldn't fight the emotions that were making him so terribly important to me.

"Will you?" he pleaded. "I found a lake yesterday and had a canoe

shipped out there and I'm sure the weather will be perfect. Tomorrow would be Sunday. I had nothing else to do. I knew if I refused that the whole day would be unbearable to me.

"All right," I said, but I could not raise my eyes to his face. He took my address and promised to call for me at five o'clock.

"There's a tea-room out there," he said. "We'll stay to see the moon rise on the water."

I couldn't sleep that night and the next day I began to get ready early in the afternoon. I discarded five of my prettiest dresses before I could find one that suited me.

When I actually saw Craig once more I had to get used to his face all over again. He still brought me a sense of unreality and breathlessness. He simply couldn't be true.

"It was hard to wait until five o'clock," he said. "I wish I had asked you to come earlier." So he had been impatient too? I felt less ashamed of my own eagerness.

Every hour of that drive was perfect. I couldn't have imagined yesterday that just to drive and talk and sit beside any boy could ever have made me so gloriously happy. For years I had been searching feverishly for thrills, more thrills, and with each thrill risking a little more, daring a little farther, until there seemed nothing left for me to dare, that is nothing that would have thrilled me. Now all life seemed strange and new, just because Craig was sitting close to me and looking into my eyes.

It was dinner time before we reached the lake. I was sorry to find that I had been to the place before with Steven Brent. I shuddered when I remembered how reckless I had been that night.

"LET'S eat first," Craig suggested, "then we needn't come back until—" He paused and laughed down into my face, "until we want to."

I had eaten in the tea-room before, too, at the very table toward which he now was leading me. I wished that I hadn't. I wished that I could have discovered this place with him. Not only this place, but everything that ever had come to me. Yet, somehow, it seemed as if I were discovering everything new, because nothing ever had been like this before.

It wasn't just food that we ate, or a mere little red canoe that took us gliding over a silver lake, or a mere moon that rose behind the trees. It was all enchantment and I was afraid I knew why I was loving him, really loving a man for the first time in my life. The rest had been playing.

Craig didn't try to talk much as he paddled up the little lake. Mechanically I reached for my cigarettes, then checked the movement. I didn't want him to see me smoke. I never had thought anything about it before. I had smoked just as naturally as a boy, but I realized now that there must have been some element of deviltry in it.

He drew the paddle inside and let the canoe drift. It moved slowly toward the shore, and finally wedged itself between the bank and a big rock. I leaned back on the cushions and waited. Craig's profile stood out clean cut against the sky line. He was sitting with upraised head, watching for the first stars. Then he came and sat in the bottom of the canoe at my feet.

"I'd rather be here with you like this than anywhere else in the world," he said.

Usually I would have had a light reply ready for that, but

now my heart seemed to rise up into my throat and stifle me. I just sat there and trembled like a kid. His head rested gently against my knee. I wanted to run my fingers through his hair, but I held my hands tense. I wanted to, yet I didn't want to. I felt suddenly shy. The thought that I could actually feel shy made me laugh bitterly to myself.

He raised his head and drew my face down to his.

"Don't," I said, "don't kiss me."

"But why?"

"I don't know why. Just don't, that's all."

AGAIN I wanted to cry. I didn't know why I couldn't bear to let him kiss me. I was depressed and elated and sad and happy. I laughed while the tears stood in my eyes.

"You didn't want me to kiss you last night, either."

"How do you know?"

"I could feel that you didn't. Aren't you ever going to want me to?"

"I don't know."

"You are different from those other girls. You told me not to say it, but you are."

Oh, how I wished I had been! If I never had kissed any other boy I should have wanted to kiss Craig now, but the thought of those other kisses sickened me. I'd have to wait until my lips had forgotten them before I could let Craig kiss me. It never had seemed to matter before, but now it mattered terribly. I never could get one of those kisses back.

He sat like that, quietly, for a long time. Then he picked up the paddle again, and pushed the canoe out from the shore.

I still felt that new pain where I suppose my heart must be. It had been there ever since I had first seen him, and now it was hurting me terribly, even though it was strangely sweet. I knew if I had acted like this with any other boy he would have called me a dumb-bell or a flat tire. I couldn't help it. I didn't want to talk. I just wanted to sit near him and look at the stars.

Next night there was a swimming party at the country club. I bought a new black satin bathing suit because I thought Craig might be there. When I found that he really was there I didn't want to put it on. Jetta dared me to wear it and I had some satisfaction watching the green fire in her eyes when she

saw how daring it was and how well it fitted me.

"My Gosh, Lee!" she said. "That's going some, even for you."

I wished as I flung a white cape over my shoulders and walked along the veranda toward the pool that my suit was not quite so daring. I saw both Craig and Steven standing among the bathers on the stone wall that surrounded the pool. I flung off my cape, ran out upon the diving board, and plunged into the water. Steven was standing at the rail when I scrambled up the side.

"GLORIOUS, Lee!" he cried. "I'd almost forgotten how lovely you are. Come, let's dive again, together."

I jerked my hand away from his and shook the water from my face. Craig, too, was walking toward me, and I met the steady look in his deep, dark eyes.

"They're going to dance in the moonlight," he said. "Don't go in the pool again."

Then I saw that every other bathing suit was dry, but I wasn't going to dance in my bathing [Continued on page 86]

CHILLY WOO:
You say "no kiss-
ee" but something
holds me here
TEMPTING
LOTUS FLOWER:
Silly! Perhaps
that's your cue



With Practical
Demonstrations
by Charles Delaney
and
Gertrude Olmstead
M.G.M.

KISSES All Over The MAP



SEÑORITA: Do you like to
have me flirt with you?
SEÑOR: Yes, Señorita! I
like your cheek!



B. F.: What's the dif
between a skirt and a kiss?
G. F.: Skirts get shorter;
kisses are as long as ever



GRETCHEN: Finish your kiss, Hans
HANS: I'm afraid we'll get in Dutch



BABY BUNTING: Isn't that a funny kiss?
DADDY: No, all nice Eskimos are nosy

FUN from



Charley Chase
and
Elois Marion
M-G-M

ICE MAN: If you're willing to ride in that you're no social climber
YOUNG THING: Oh, I never bother with that sort of truck



CAGEY: Say are you my keeper?
FLIGHT HAT: Nope! I'm just trying to find you a keeper but no one seems to like wild women for pets

Yola D'Avril says,
"No, I'm not getting
airish since I joined the
flying corps. I've only
found out the sky's the
limit."



NEW DIRECTOR
Why can't you dance
on that table?
LADY LONG-LEGS
Because it's so small
that if we took a single
step we'd kick-off

PR
How
proa
OSV
heav
exped
kick

the FILMS



Alice White
First National

PRUDISH JANE:
How dare you approach me Oswald?

OSWALD: Good heavens, Jane, I didn't expect to get such a kick out of trying to steal a kiss

Karl Dane
and
Charlotte
Green and
M-G-M



Tod Browning
and Ballet Girls
M-G-M

WOULD-BE SHEIK: How about a date little Quakers?
ONE OF THE CHORINES: Cut the comedy! We're "earth-quakers" and you're due for a shock if you start anything

VOICE FROM THE CLOCK: Say it's midnight and you should be starting for home

FLAPPER CINDERELLA: Now don't be a Cuckoo Clock! The party's just beginning and no girl wants her fun "on tick"



Marion Davies
and Larry Grey
M-G-M

HE: Hey blondie, your old man wants you
SHE: Tell him to come here. I'm no walking doll!



Galloping Dominoes



WHIPPERSNAPPER: *Hooray! That good looking jockey is winning again*
POLKA-DOT: *He may be only a jockey—but he gives you a run for your money*

QUEEN OF DICE: *Say Scotchy, in all my checkered career I never saw anyone shoot African billiards with a cue*

WEE DROP OF SCOTCH: *Then I must be the first "square-shooter" you've seen! That's certainly a feather in my cap*



Make *this* your winter of supreme loveliness through PRINCESS PAT

MAKE-UP AND
SKIN CARE ARE
SO IMPORTANT

WINTER . . . cold, nipping winds, pastimes that take you in and out of doors . . . zestful, brimful days of shopping, of dances, of pleasure, but so hard upon your skin . . . so disastrous to the very beauty upon which your social success and keenest enjoyment depends.

And winter brings your beauty to closest inspection . . . places you under the brilliant lights of the ball room . . . the contacts of your bridge game . . . all the countless hours of indoor pleasures. Yet notice how different are the complexions you see—some beautifully soft and velvety, some roughened and hardly smoothed to a semblance of beauty. Just chance? Not likely, for the smart, fashionable woman of today leaves nothing to chance.

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Just the soothing caress of Princess Pat Powder helps wonderfully. Its famous Almond Base of course protects against winter's winds and cold. Not a bit like the usual powders of starch base. Instead of harshness—when the skin is drawn with cold—Princess Pat Almond Base Powder gives smoothness and pliancy. It protects the pores. And when you go out doors—go from hot to cold—there is not the same shock to your skin.

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You might not care to purchase all Princess Pat preparations in full size, at one time, to make a complete test—to see how much better it is to use all beauty aids of one make—beauty aids especially prepared to help one another.

But it is so easy to clip the coupon below and send for the beautiful Princess Pat Week End Set. Almost a month's supply—enough to prove be-



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yond question that through Princess Pat you may make *this* your "winter of supreme loveliness." Too, you will receive the most stunning book of real beauty information between covers—information which is scientific—which does tell you how to care for your skin—how to use make up so that no one can tell but that your beauty is *absolutely natural*.

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Week
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Set—



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Street.....

City and State.....

MARTHA MADISON

Writes to One Girl
On a Subject
of Interest to All Girls

LOVE'S Intolerance



IS LOVE a cheat? Janet thinks it is. And therein lies a story. But first, I want to tell you what I know about the girl, Janet herself.

For two years I have called Janet one of "my girls." That is to say for the past two years Janet has come to me from time to time for whatever advice or bucking-up she felt she needed. I helped her plan the dress she wore at her sister's wedding. I showed her that her obscure job as filing clerk was quite as vital to her firm as the more glamorous duties of the boss's private secretary. Together we framed the graceful little note to Edwin, her fiancé, that brought him flying to her after a senseless quarrel in the early days of their romance. And from Janet I have learned much about young people. Many times we have talked about girls and boys and love and marriage. I have thought of her as one of those sensible, adorable and typically modern girls of our acquaintance.

And now, to my distress, I find that Janet is merely a squirming young soul who is bitter and rebellious because she's suddenly discovered that all little girls aren't made of "sugar and spice and everything nice," and that her Edwin is certainly made of "snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails" and wild oats!

She's broken her engagement to Edwin, declared war on the whole male sex, and libelled ecstatic love as a miserable delusion. And why? Because Edwin has confessed that, once upon a time, before he met Janet, he had an affair; in fact he had led away from the straight and narrow not once, but twice!

"Well now," cries Janet, "I can never trust him again. I was a fool that I was, believing that there were still a few decent, self-respecting men left in the world and that my Edwin was one of them. Oh, why couldn't he have let me go on in blissful ignorance? You know how I adored Ed, Mrs. Madison. Why, I could hardly talk about him—and

us—without crying; it was all so beautiful and sacred!

"But today, instead of star-dust there's soot, and a terrible ache in my heart where a song once was. Even if I should take Ed back, it wouldn't be like the beautiful fairy tale it was; it would be nothing but a horrid suspicious game.

"It doesn't seem to help any because I know that those things happened before we met. All I can see is the weakness in him, the tendency to wildness.

"In a way, I suppose it's my fault for having asked, but I wanted to know everything about Ed before we were married. At first he evaded me, but at last he blurted out the terrible truth.

"When he finished, something inside me seemed to snap. I was cold as ice all over. I threw my ring at him, and told him what a weak miserable creature I thought he was. We had a terrible scene. He was hurt, then angry, and finally he said that if I was that narrow-minded he didn't want to marry me. Of course, when I realized that it was really the end of everything between us, I got panic-stricken and cried. Ed simply can't stand seeing me cry, so the next minute I was in his arms. But it's not the same.

"**N**OW, we're 'friendly enemies.' Ed still has the ring and there's little or no talk about marriage because I'm afraid to talk about it. I've always said that one thing I wouldn't stand from a husband was infidelity.

"Are all men like that, Mrs. Madison? Isn't there such a thing as honor or chivalry or decency in them? Oh, I know you'll tell me to forgive him; you're always talking forgiveness. But you've got to give me some awfully good reasons why I should.

As ever, your friend,
Janet."

I'm answering your letter in the magazine this time, Janet, because I want it to be far reaching. [Continued on page 134]

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My Most Precious Beauty Secret



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A GLORIOUS warm tub! That doesn't sound like much of a beauty secret, does it? You'll probably say, "Why, of course, everybody knows about that—about Cleanliness being next to Godliness—and all that."

But the sort of tub I mean is a heavenly holiday for the nerves that recreates one—spirits away the droop of weariness and gives back the fresh vivid loveliness of a springtime morning. It relaxes every tired muscle, loosens up all the tight kinks in one's worried mind and sends one out, renewed and refreshed, with sparkling eyes and tons of energy.

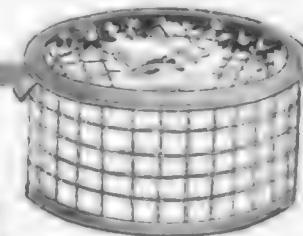
When I come in off the set, exhausted and nervous after trying scenes, I go at once to my bathroom, fill the tub with hot water, drop in a handful of bath crystals, scented with my favorite perfume, and lie in the tub until I am thoroughly refreshed.

I follow this with a cold shower, and then with a brisk rub of toilet water, top it with dusting powder and I am a rejuvenated person.

In the morning before going out on the set, I always take a cold plunge.

Before going to bed, I take just a hot tub. At least once a week I have a massage with cold cream, preceded by a warm, cleansing bath.

Billie Dove



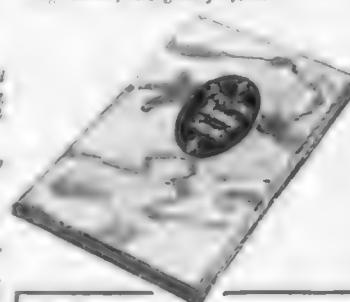
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CHERAMY

PARIS - NEW YORK

It's Always Up to the Woman

[Continued from page 55]

men believe it or not the point is that the women give them the "high sign."

This "high sign" may be clothed in the most intriguing subtlety, yet it is always definitely recognizable. One woman, seeking to inform an attractive man that she wants him to involve himself in her romantic life, uses the oldest but most reliable means—uses it, of course, with a personal touch that brings new intrigue to its antiquity. She lets the man know how "misunderstood" she is at home. She adroitly confesses her belief that everybody has a right to happiness.

ANOTHER woman, taking advantage of the frankness of the age, states that the old-fashioned concept of love and marriage is a hoax. She doesn't believe that we were intended to love, honor, and obey one man only. When a woman is romantically interested in a man she sees no harm in cultivating that interest. This type takes care to preach her views only to the men she desires to invite to pursue her. Preaching it to any others is a waste of time!

Naturally there is another side to this picture. And it is the reverse side that, like the exception, proves the rule. There is the woman who definitely lets a man know where he gets off, and thus effectually bars the way to any possible clandestine affair.

The truth is that the great majority of men put women on a pedestal. We like to do it. But now and then a man goes too far with the idea.

Here is a concrete example of what I mean. Jimmy McGee, my buddy in France, was a strong and violent chap. Jimmy was in love with a girl back home, and when he heard that lots of other soldiers' girls were marrying fellows who stayed at home, Jimmy used to fly off the handle. He believed all this happened because the stay-at-homes got fresh with the girls and dared to make love to them. He was positive that his girl, Mary, was too wonderful, and too much in love with him ever to look at another chap.

We returned to America. Jimmy mar-

ried Mary. Some time later I bumped into him in Boston. He knocked me for a loop by saying he was divorced. It was a long sad story, but here are the facts. Jimmy finally discovered that Mary was to blame for the fellows getting fresh with her. He had done his best not to believe it but positive proof came into his hands.

You see Jimmy McGee had to have the wool torn from his eyes. He thought that it was up to the men, but he learned the truth when it was too late!

I've given the man's idea of the problem, so now let's see what two honest women have to say on the subject.

Kathryn recently read a rather intimate novel of love translated from the French. I asked her what she thought of it.

"It is a most absorbing story. Wonderfully done. And so convincing that it reads like a record from human life instead of fiction. In the very first place it starts as in real life, the girl making the advances," she said.

"We men have always claimed that the woman does the proposing. She wants to think the man asks her to be his wife," I said. "but we men aren't so dumb. We know all the time that the woman is asking us to marry her. Do you admit it?"

"I said the girl makes the advances in real life and I stick to it," she replied.

Now, Martha, the second honest woman, said a few things which add still more weight to all the proof I have gleaned from my knowledge of man, and his attitude towards woman.

Martha says that several attractive young married women in her set have recently discovered and admitted that a man's attitude toward a woman is up to the woman. And here's how:

"This applies only to a group who by some strange trick of Fate still find themselves happily married. You know as well as I do that a happily married woman loses her sex appeal. One of these girls, complaining that she no longer rated any attention from attractive men at the parties, happened to read this in a story. It sounded

logical to her, and it is logical enough to be dead right! If a girl is obviously happy with her husband what man is going to waste time on her?

"Well, Helen told another girl what she read. The second girl checked up the situation, and decided that if she wanted any attention at the parties, and no woman wants to be without admirers even if she adores her husband, she'd have to put out a little 'come-on' stuff for the men, and stop being crazy about her husband in public.

"So she proved indirectly that a man won't start anything unless he's given some encouragement."

"Say, look here, Martha, I wish you'd write that out and sign it," I said.

"Fat chance of my signing any such statement! I've got too many women relatives. They'd tar and feather me for turning traitor to my own sex. However, promise not to use my right name and I'll tell you one more thing that sort of proves your point."

"Shoot," I said.

"You've heard women speak of some men as being 'very safe' haven't you? For instance you've heard wives prating about their husbands being safe where other women are concerned?"

"Certainly. I've heard a lot of talk about 'safe men!' In fact, between you and me, and the broadcasting stations, I'm called the safest man in the Manor."

"WELL, we'll laugh that off," Martha said, "and get down to the proof of the pudding. It's really all a joke about one man being safe and a hundred being dangerous, if that's the right word. The truth is that a man is always as safe as a woman wants him to be. I know it. I've experimented!" she declared.

"Thanks, Martha," I said. "for those kind words. You've given me the key to the situation. It's always up to the woman because a man is always as safe as she wants him to be. That's been my argument right along. I hope I can make the rest of your sex see it that way."

Learn About Folly from Her

[Continued from page 49]

front of the Casino and sigh over the shallowness of their lives in contrast to the life of this elfin creature who was the toast of the town.

Columns were written of her beauty and charm. Top-hatted young men used to clot around the stage doors just to get a flashing glimpse of her as she dashed out to her waiting carriage.

THOSE were short, sweet and glorious years until the inevitable day of reckoning came. And then what terrible despair?

A mother with her child cast off by a family with millions just to drift. It was then that Evelyn Nesbit learned of the mockery behind Broadway's expansive smile. She could not cash in on those subtle flatteries. She contracted another unfortunate marriage and was adrift again, seeking this job and that to butter over the lean days.

She became a trembling white-faced and feverishly bright-eyed wreck. Twice in the depths of poignant despair she tried suicide

only to be resuscitated and again face the black despair that was hers. But after a battle and bodily recuperation at Atlantic City, she won her fight and set off for a new joust with Broadway.

I dropped down into her club the other evening after the theater. I had read that the night before her former husband Harry Thaw had been there on the rampage which she had accepted with resignation and the observation: "I have seen him that way many times."

The drums rolled to a climactic stop and out stepped Evelyn, doubtless the most talked of woman of America in her time. Strangely enough, aided by cosmetics and lights, time had shown little of its ravages. She was nimble and girlish. She sang, not brilliantly, but surprisingly sweetly. Her toes twinkled in a dance. All, of course, to the usual applause.

And Evelyn drifted about from table to table, greeting this friend and that. To me, who as a newspaperman, has followed the

story of her life since the night when the crack of the pistol that killed Stanford White was heard around the world, it was extremely interesting.

Yet I left haunted by the melancholy and hopeless expression that will doubtless be Evelyn Nesbit Thaw's as long as she lives. It is something indefinable and yet at times it seems to scream a sort of accusing imprecation.

I WALKED across town in a halo of retrospection. Here, I reflected, is a girl whose story is known to the world. It should stand as an entablature of grief warning all young girls to forsake the prim-rose path, and yet I frankly doubt if it has turned one single straying girl back toward respectability.

Evelyn Thaw is not to blame and she has paid the piper just as thousands of other girls will pay the piper. For we will always have Evelyn Nesbit Thaws so long as we have a negligent humanity.

It took 2 years to perfect the Improved Kotex—*now ready*



24 months of experiment in our laboratories and the cooperation of 27 women doctors and 83 nurses were required that we might offer you the two exclusive new features

TWO years of experiment, of suggestion and revision; hundreds of tests; and now—Improved Kotex, the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

The new form-fitting shape

You will find the new pad scientifically rounded and tapered at the corners, by a special and exclusive process, developed in the Kotex laboratories. It now fits snugly, securely and in conformity to the demands of fashion.

Any gown, however close-fitting, however delicate of fabric, may be worn without self-consciousness. The Improved Kotex, exclusive in design, unique in cut, does not mar slim, smooth lines.

Fastidious women are assured a degree of composure and peace-of-mind never before possible.

Fluffier than ever . . . to end chafing

Exclusive methods have been worked out in our laboratories to make the absorbent filler

1 Kotex is now form-fitting, non-detectable. Corners are scientifically rounded and tapered to fit. Any gown, however clinging and filmy, may be worn without self-consciousness, without altering the smooth, modish silhouette.

2 A way has been found to make the soft filler even more downy . . . the gauze wrapping softer . . . unpleasant chafing and binding are ended.

even softer. The result means gentler, more delicate protection to sensitive skin, and an end to the discomforts of chafing, binding and similar irritation.

Yet the remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which fills Kotex and which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities. It is 5 times more absorbent than cotton. It discards like

tissue—you simply follow directions in each box; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

27 women doctors, 83 nurses cooperated enthusiastically

During the past two years 27 women doctors, 83 nurses in leading hospitals, in City Health Departments, in Welfare Departments, were consulted. Six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas.

Each detail was supervised by scientists who know your problems not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view. Their enthusiastic approval is the most important endorsement of the Improved Kotex.

Nothing else is like Kotex

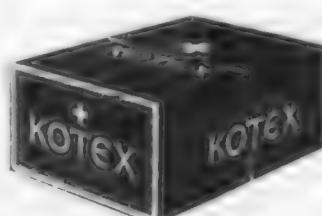
You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . it comes in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

"Ask for them by name"

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A Complexion That Will Not Rub Off

FACE Powder complexions often prove embarrassing. They constantly rub off, soil clothing, and leave your skin in a streaked, spotted condition. "Touching Up" must be continually resorted to if you hope to maintain even a resemblance of their original appearance.



More women have found a better and more staple method of beautifying. They give to their skin and complexion a radiant, bewitching, appearance that will not rub off, nor show signs of perspiration. An alluring, pearly appearance, so subtle, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected and still with an effect that is more beautiful than you could secure any other way.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream opens a new pathway to beauty. It exerts an antiseptic and astringent action that will prove beneficial in correcting blemishes, wrinkles, flabbiness, excess oiliness, freckles, redness and muddy complexions. Where permanent blemishes mar your appearance, you will find they are effectively concealed. Commence its use today and know the joy of a new, lasting beauty that will always reflect an enchanting touch of youthful freshness. Made in white, flesh and rachel.

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The Enchanted Kiss

[Continued from page 76]

suit with Craig, or with any other boy tonight. "I'd rather swim," I replied a little curtly, and plunged again into the water.

That was unlike the old Lee, for usually I was the center of every daring plan. A swimming party, distorted into a dance, would have given the old Lee some approach to a thrill. But now I hated the thought

I SAT alone on the edge of the pool shivering in my wet bathing suit, and watched them as they danced. The orchestra was inside, in the dance hall, where it belonged. These dancers belonged in there, too, if it was dancing they wanted. I watched the white silhouettes against the dark fringe of the trees. I hated them for being out there dancing, when they should have been splashing healthily in the pool. I hated them for the shrill, hysterical laughter which should have been only merry. I hated it all because of Craig.

Steven Brent pulled me from the edge of the pool and tried to make me dance. I was about to refuse him when I saw Jetta leading Craig away into the moonlit grove.

Then I flung back my head and laughed. "All right," I said to Steven, "I'll dance."

I danced so madly and recklessly that I soon had him crying. "Enough, Lee, enough!"

I darted from him toward the pavilion. The crowd followed, laughing, panting, shouting. I was again leading the pack. I was running away from the memory of Craig out there somewhere in the fields with Jetta Bruce. Jetta in her red slip of a bathing suit! Jetta who always got her man!

Steven boosted me on top one of the tables and I stood there with the drops of water gleaming on my flesh like silver stars.

Steven filled a glass and held it up to me. I raised it to my lips. "Here's to madness!" I cried. Steven was lifting me down. I felt his kisses on my arms and shoulders. I reached for the cigarette he had laid on the table. It was lighted and I puffed the smoke into his face.

Then I glanced up and saw Craig. He was standing near the doorway looking at me with stricken eyes. So he had not stayed with Jetta, after all! I felt the reckless smile freeze on my lips. The glass I held crashed to the table, the cigarette fell from my lips. I pushed Steven's arms away from my shoulders, and when he tried to hold me I struck him a fierce blow across his face. "Don't touch me!" I screamed, and ran out to the edge of the pool.

I plunged into the water. I felt as if I wanted to bury myself at the very bottom of it, and never come up again.

Craig had seen the old Lee, the Lee who was wilder and more reckless than the siren, Jetta, from whom he had run away. I had expected her to lure him out there into the fields, but he had come back to me. And what had he found? Not the starry-eyed girl who had dreamed beautiful dreams with him, not the girl who had loved him so much she couldn't bear his kisses, but this other Lee that I hated.

I knew that Craig remembered it next day when he passed me with a cool nod. I knew he still remembered it nights later at the Athenian dance. He seemed to be entering recklessly into the wild gaiety. He was with a crowd of boys who had been drinking hard. He spent most of the evening with Jetta.

The ache in my heart grew unbearable. There was no sweetness in it now. I knew what I had lost. He was seeing this life with disillusioned eyes, and he was seeing me as part of it. For just one night the

woman who lived and loved deep down in me had been able to show herself to him.

If Craig never had looked upon the girl in me that I hated I know I could have forgotten her. She had come back for just that one desperate moment, because I thought Jetta had stolen the man I loved, but I could have killed her, I know I could if Craig never had looked upon her face. But now that he had seen the wild reckless Lee I couldn't forget her. It would be no use to try.

Craig, too, must have been saying "What's the use?" His laugh was shrill and the light in his eyes as he danced with Jetta was wild and hard. The life I hated was getting him, and I couldn't pull him back from it.

The evening was nearly over before Craig came to me, his dark eyes unsmiling. We tried to dance, but bungled miserably.

"I can't," he said. "The music doesn't mean anything. Let's go outside."

I was trembling again. Why could he always make me feel like that? He led me to the very bench where we had sat the first night. There was no moon this time.

His hand gripped my arm roughly and I remembered the gentle awe of his touch that first night. He had come to me then as a boy, with clear eyes and a clean mind, exploring my world. Seven days had blurred his eyes and sullied his mind. And I, if only he never had seen the creature in me that I despised, could have saved him. But he had seen her! He had seen her!

"You'll kiss me now," he demanded. There was no tenderness in his tone, none of the reverent pleading of that night on the lake.

"No!" I cried out, and the ache in my heart seemed to be nearly killing me. "I won't kiss you. You are hurting me terribly."

"If you can kiss Steven Brent, and every other man you can kiss me."

"I cannot. I will not. If you kiss me now I'll want to die."

SOMETHING in my voice sobered him. His hand dropped from my arm. He bent forward and tried in the dim light to look into my face.

"Oh, my God!" he cried, "I was near to loving you that night on the lake. I thought you were different. I was ready to worship you. You seemed to me the girl I'd always dreamed about. You still seem different. I don't know why, but you do. Tell me you are different. You must be. That wasn't you. It couldn't have been."

"There wasn't any me until you came," I said.

"But I saw you. It was horrible."

"I hate her as much as you do," I half sobbed. "Oh, I couldn't make you understand, or believe me in a million years. But I don't think all that has really touched me deep down. It's just been playing. I saw you go across the fields with Jetta and I couldn't bear it. The girl in me that I hate came back for just that minute. But I do hate her, I tell you I do! I wanted to be able to forget her. I didn't want you to kiss me, until I could."

"You'll never be able to forget her until I do kiss you," Craig said. "I'm going to kiss every other kiss away. Like this, and this and this! They're gone, aren't they, Lee? You'll never think of them again!"

Then I knew that I never really had been kissed before. Craig's kiss burned down through my lips, through my heart, into my very soul. Every other memory was wiped out. Everything else had been but a cheap seeking for thrills, but this was the thrill of life. It was Life, itself. It was Love!

I Couldn't Help Loving You Tonight!



He Didn't Know Why—but She Told Him the Secret!

MARRIED six years—yet he fell in love with her all over again that night! And he was not her only admirer! All evening long—at dinner and during the dance that followed—she was greeted on every side with—"How stunning!" "How lovely!" "How perfectly grand!" "I've never seen you look so wonderful before!" "Where did you get that beautiful marcel?" There was no end to enthusiastic compliments. Even men could not restrain themselves and swarmed about her as though she were a debutante.

It made him just a little jealous—and naturally so—but he was sensible enough to realize that some new and unusual touch of beauty had brought to her an added charm, a fresher loveliness, a charming individuality. He was mystified, yet delighted with the lightning-like increase of her popularity.

They taxied home, but the ride was like a dream to him. He could only sit and look at her with a new found admiration and a sense of freshly kindled love. She sensed his mystification and the thrill of her secret merely served to give an added sparkle to her eyes and bring richer color to her cheeks.

"Helen," he said, when they reached home, "I don't know what it was that did it, but you were more beautiful tonight than ever before. I simply fell in love with you all over again. You were won-

derful—exquisite—none could resist your charm. It made me a bit jealous the way men flocked around you."

"Jim, you're just a big silly boy who doesn't understand such things," she said. "Come here and I'll show you the secret. I know you will be surprised, because I could hardly believe it myself." She took him into her boudoir and from a drawer in her dressing table removed a small interesting looking little device.

"Here is the secret. A friend told me that a French hairdresser had recently brought to America a means by which any woman could, in her own boudoir, marcel wave her hair in her own individual style as well as any professional hairdresser. I liked the idea particularly because the Marcelwaver, as this is called, is always ready for use. I got my Marcelwaver this afternoon and determined to use it on my hair for tonight's party. You know the result. Why Jim, it's wonderful—and really, it cost so little! It's marvelous to think that every woman can have one."

Now any woman or girl can have a perfectly marcelled head of hair—always. Marcelwaver will provide a wave in keeping with your own individual type—as perfectly as any professional could possibly do—in fifteen minutes or less. All this is accomplished in the privacy of your own

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boudoir on a single minute's notice—and at a cost of less than two cents for each marcel.

Marcelwaver is the invention of a famous French hairdresser—Mlle. Renee Duval—and has been used in the world famous beauty salons of Paris. More than 1,000 American women tried and tested it before it was offered to you. Every single one of these women insisted upon keeping their Marcelwaver—it gave such perfect results—saved so much money—provided such a marvelous new convenience.

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You'll want a copy of Mlle. Renee Duval's now famous book, "How to Marcel Wave Your Own Hair." This book is FREE and postpaid if you will send only your name and address on the coupon below. It tells you the secret of a perfect marcel wave in fifteen minutes at a cost of less than two cents.

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You can so easily have Lovely, Beautiful Eyes

YES, that are fathomless pools of dancing light so eloquently reflecting romance . . . the wonderful gift of Winx!

Without the slightest hint of artificiality, this marvelous liquid lash dressing weaves its spell of enchantment. It makes you appear smarter and utterly fascinating. Deftly it makes the eyes seem larger and more expressive — by framing them in a shadowy fringe of soft, luxuriant, curling lashes.

A moment before your mirror, and behold! You have captured the elusive beauty that women seek. Just cover the lashes with Winx, using the dainty, little plume. Then, with a soft brush, flick the top lashes upward and the lower lashes downward. Winx is steadfast. It is lasting. It cannot run. It is safe! It's waterproof! Just pat cold cream on the lashes . . . then gently remove it with a moistened cloth. Winx comes off with the cream.

Be sure to insist upon Winx, the originator of the mode that is sweeping the world of fashion. As only Winx can give to lashes the soft texture and beauty demanded by smart women. Your choice of black or brown — 75c complete. At all toilet goods counters. At all drug stores.



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WINX

The Original Waterproof Liquid Lash Dressing
You can obtain wonderful Winx in cake form or cream, in light or dark shades, wherever the waterproof Winx is sold!

The Man in the Next Room

[Continued from page 52]

he began to speak again in a stronger voice. "Cora, if only someone else could see her for me and talk with her."

"What then?" I asked.

"If she said no this time, I'd promise to cut all this out even if it killed me."

I grew dizzy at the thought of it. I knew that I was the one to do this for him, for who could plead for him as I could? At the same time, I knew that she would say no, and that my whole hope of his love lay in his promise; but how, with my jealousy and hatred of her, could I do it? Nevertheless I spoke

"I'll see her, tonight."

"You?" he exclaimed. "But, Cora, it would be an ordeal for you."

"Not so great as your sickness is to me, and this waiting, waiting, waiting. You trust me, Ted, to do my best for you?"

He looked into my eyes; there were tears in his.

"I trust you," he said. Then suddenly he took me in his arms and kissed me. "Gosh," he said, "how sweet you are, Cora. What a pal!"

In that kiss lay all the reward for my effort, the promise that if Lita said no, he would turn to me. My heart grew lighter.

SHE lived in a hotel in the West Forties, a place full of her own kind. The narrow corridors were gay with people coming and going, doors opening and shutting, laughter, and radio music, and ukuleles, and banjos.

At her door, I paused, my heart throbbing painfully, my cheeks hot. Then I heard a heartless young voice singing within and I froze. I knocked.

"Come in," she said.

I opened the door. The room glittered and sparkled with electric lights; there were bright draperies; there was a phonograph . . . And sitting before the mirror of a dressing table was Lita, rouging her lips. So this was the woman who, according to Ted, "needed a friend"; this was the woman who had almost destroyed him. At the top of her voice she was singing, "I'm not that kind of a baby!" I felt strong again. But I envied her too. She had pouting lips, violet eyes, golden hair and she was such a beautifully white young creature

"May I see you a few moments?" I asked.

"Oh, of course," she said. "Take a chair."

I sat down. "I've come on a curious errand," I began, "from a man who loves you and whom you once loved."

Her manner changed immediately. She came gracefully and sat near me, looking into my face with interest, and there was a candor and music in her voice which were fresh and delightful. I knew then her power.

"Oh, tell me about it. Who is he?"

"Let me say first," I went on, "that because of his hopeless love for you, he has not been able to succeed at his work for months and I fear for his sanity."

"Oh," she said, "you mean Ted Bellamy. I saw him a moment last night. Yes, I guess the poor kid's had a bad case on me."

I felt suddenly inferior to her. To Lita, the Ted whom I adored and looked up to as my man of men, was only a poor kid!

"Have you no feeling for him?" I asked.

She stared at me.

"Why, you're in love with him," she cried, "and yet you come here to get me to love him. That's brickly! You know, I wish I could love like that. But I tire of men. And I'm so built I must get a kick out of life. Honestly, when things stop being sensational and red-hot, I'm

dead and gone. I'm not a bad sort, but I'm simply on the missing list when things quiet down. Ted gave me an awful kick for a while; and I think for a moment or two I might have married him. As it is," she went on, "if he's down and out and needs any money, or any other help, I'd be awfully glad—" She waved her hand.

The curious thing was that I knew that she meant it. Like so many actors, she was generous, open-handed, careless of money, easily excited, play-acting with life, and altogether fascinating and bewildering.

I rose then.

"It's no?" I asked

"Give him my love," she said, "and say it's no." She suddenly, unexpectedly put her arm around me. "You darling, he's yours. Don't worry any more about it."

I left in a daze. And then suddenly, in spite of everything, I had a curious sense of exultation and victory. "You darling, he's yours," she had said. "Don't worry any more about it." Lita was out of his life, and already that kiss he had given me showed he cared for me. I would adore him and love him even more than before.

It seemed the happiest night of my life. As I crossed the Square, under the summer stars, I looked up at my two windows, and knew that only the floor-lamp burned, for the room showed dim. Ted was doubtless sitting beside the lamp, waiting for me, as he said he would. Ah, my dear one! He seemed mine now. I hurried up the stoop, past Madame Merkle, and ran up the stairs. At my door, I paused. The message I carried was for him a tragic one. I must be grave about it, though my heart pounded with a joy I could not stifle.

I opened the door softly. There he sat, watching and waiting. He rose slowly, gazing at me. I stood and looked at him. We were silent.

Then, to my horror, he gave a dreadful groan, and catching first at a chair and then a table, slumped slowly from the room. I rushed up to him.

With a sudden strong movement he pushed me aside, so that I almost fell, and terror seized me. Then he slumped to his room, and fell on to the bed. In the darkness I tried to take his hand.

"What is it? Tell me, tell me, Ted," I begged him.

He groaned again. "Get—get—a doctor."

I flew on the wings of fear down to Madame. She was alarmed and hurried to the telephone. Yes, she knew a doctor. I dashed upstairs again, and into Ted's room. He was flinging about on the bed, thrashing and groaning. I managed to feel his forehead and it was burning hot.

My whole heart and soul went out to him. I can truly say that in that moment I forgot myself and lived only for him. Why had I not pleaded harder with Lita?

It seemed ages and ages before the doctor arrived. Madame hovered about, went downstairs and up, shaking her head and weeping. And I sat in the dark, my heart broken, trying to hold his hand, to speak to him.

AND then the doctor came. We had to hold Ted down, while the doctor examined him, took his pulse and his temperature.

I could stand it no longer. "Will he die?" I asked.

"Maybe not," he said quietly. "But he's in pretty bad condition. Some strong emotion has done this, some violent shock or prolonged strain. It may be brain fever."

The words wrung my heart. Brain fever!

BILLY BURCH

Captain of N. Y. American Hockey team, writes:

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Billy Burch



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He was dying before my eyes. I wanted to scream but I held on to myself while the doctor injected something into Ted's arm. In a few minutes, Ted had quieted.

Then the doctor took me aside and questioned me. I told him the whole story.

"So she doesn't love him," he said. "Well, that's too bad. Some men get this way."

I thought I had known many hours of despair before, but now I saw that I had never really despaired. The true thing came to me; the utterly hopeless, heart-breaking, blank that death means. Ah, that poisonous woman! How I hated and loathed her for lightly and laughingly trampling down men, and still she seemed to think herself not a bad sort. Such were the worst sort.

LOOKING on him lying there in the dim light, his face moving this way and that, his light hair disheveled, his slender hands clutching at the bed clothes, broke my heart and I sobbed my despairing love.

Then at about one in the morning he grew delirious and began to cry out for Lita. It was agony to pin him down, to force the medicine between his teeth. At the end of the struggle I felt that I was sick myself. I could barely stir.

And then I realized how stupid the doctor was. There was only one thing to be done.

I quailed and shrank before it. When I had gone to Lita, I had hoped in my heart of hearts that she would say no; but now in my heart of hearts I knew that she must be made to say yes. I felt it in my bones. She would get a kick out of this. She liked to be generous and reckless. Well this would be spectacular enough! There might be headlines in the newspapers; she might get something that way too. I knew that this time I could strike through her armor, that I had new strength born of love and despair.

Madame had gone outside. I was alone with him. I leaned over him and kissed his lips, his moving lips, and my tears fell on his face. I could not help it.

Then, half blind, I groped out and down the stairs, to the telephone. When at last I got the number of Lita's room, I spoke quietly, but I know there was a death-like finality in my voice.

"I saw you tonight about Mr. Bellamy," I said.

Her voice was quick. "Yes! What?"

"He is dying because you said no."

"Dying?" she echoed.

"He took to his bed and has high fever and delirium. It is probably brain fever."

She said nothing. But I seemed to feel her, as if she leaned suddenly upon me.

"You know what I mean," I went on. "You can save him."

"How?"

"Come down here and promise to marry him."

She was silent again until I said. "Will you?"

There was something quite lovely and sincere about her voice as she said, "I suppose that it can't do much harm and I can always get a divorce. Yes, I'll do it."

I gave her the address and hung up. I felt as if I had imposed a death-sentence upon myself; and now I must mount the scaffold, and kneel, and feel the knife dividing my life in half. I climbed the stairs heavily, my feet weighed down, my brain numb. I went in and sat beside him.

My only comfort was, that this was one way in which I could give my all to him,

and prove my love. Already he was hers!

It seemed that hours passed though it was barely forty minutes before the street bell sounded through the house. It pierced through me like the final blow. I rose to my feet.

I heard Lita's soft laughter and Madame's heavy steps on the stairs as they came up together. Then I turned up the light, straightened my hair, smoothed my clothes and set my face. I was ready. I gave a last look at Ted. Already his face seemed more peaceful, as if he knew she was coming.

Lita looked adorable in a light blue wrap and a gay soft hat. She nodded to me and turned to Ted.

He opened his eyes and looked at her. My heart was in my hand at that moment, fluttering like a bird. He looked at her calmly. He raised himself painfully to his elbows, still looking at her. Then he said gravely,

"Oh, it's you, Lita."

The room was silent. It seemed as if time stood still. A sudden mad impulse came to me to leap at Lita, jostle her aside, and cry, "No, no, he's mine! He's mine!" I clenched my hands, my teeth, and shut my eyes.

Lita was speaking.

"Yes," she said, "I'm going to marry you, Ted."

"Marry me?" he said.

"Yes, Ted."

"Cora did this for me," I heard him murmur.

At those words, it was as if the knife had descended on me. I read my doom in them . . . But Ted was smiling at Lita.

"You needn't bother, Lita," he said. "I'm all right."

We were all still. At first I didn't understand. Then a wild something seemed to leap in my heart. My soul stood naked before the miracle of my life. For he was looking at me, and whispering:

"Cora, Cora, come here."

I stumbled to him, dazed. His arms were held out to me, those arms that were my home, my haven, my all of life, and with a wild sob I sank into them. He drew me close saying, "Cora, you darling! My own! My own!"

Our lips met. I was stroking his face, babbling, kissing him, laughing and crying. I hardly noticed Lita congratulating us, and calling me a brick, and telling him he was lucky, and at last going out, laughing with Madame.

His sickness was over as suddenly as that. He told me that he had really tried to renounce Lita, as he had promised, and that it had nearly done away with him. But all he needed was to see Lita again. Her willingness to have him showed him in a flash that he no longer wanted her. The thought of it disgusted him. For all these months his love for me had been quietly growing, and it had needed only this last stab to push Lita aside and come wholly to me.

It makes me think how Abraham was asked by the Lord to sacrifice his dearly beloved son, and not until the lad was bound and his neck bared for the knife, did the voice of the Lord give Abraham his son again.

And here I sit beside my floor-lamp, in my old room, at Washington Square, with the lamps glittering up Fifth Avenue, and Ted resting on the couch, while I write this.

Do opposites attract? Could a man with a vagabond heart be happy engaged to a woman with the soul of a homing pigeon? Happy enough, that is, to resist the appeal of a girl who, like himself, was possessed of the spirit of the wanderlust? You'll see what happened to one such man when you read his story "Gypsy Mates" in April SMART SET

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You Men Are No Mystery to Me

[Continued from page 39]

interest in them. When I was twenty, men were far more of a mystery to me than they probably are to any girl of sixteen today. I have made all the usual mistakes that a girl makes in the love-game and a few individual ones to boot. But it was through my mistakes that I gradually learned about men and got at the root of their psychology.

LIKE you, dear reader, if you are feminine, I used to lie awake nights wondering what a man "meant" by this or that. It was years before I discovered that a man never means anything. A woman may mean twice as much as she says, but a man usually says twice as much as he means.

Like you, I made the fatal mistake of calling a man up or dropping him a clever, subtle or explanatory note, on the day after a quarrel or after a particularly tender and beautiful evening. I had not learned then that no man wants sentimental champagne on the morning after the night before, and that woman's game is a waiting game. Like you, I tried to keep love at high tide all the time and was miserable if a man showed a healthy appetite for his dinner or seemed more interested in a football game than he was in me. But now I know that love ebbs and flows and that when the tide is out, the only thing for a woman to do is to let a man alone, and wait for it to come in again.

But the very worst mistake I ever made was to show jealousy. And I only made that mistake once! Jealousy flatters a man too much, at the same time that it makes him feel the chafing of the ties that bind. Jealousy wakes him out of love's sweet dream like a telegram at midnight. Jealousy is an admission of an inferiority complex. Every jealous word that falls from a woman's lips, every jealous flash from her eyes is a nail in the coffin of a man's love.

Another mistake that I made, in common with most girls, was the fatal one of trying always to be peppy, scintillating, witty. So bright! "Pep," as it is called today, is a sort of nervous hysteria which makes a girl go on like a phonograph, or a radio, or a canary bird, until you feel that you'll scream if she doesn't shut up. I had not learned then, that silence is as valuable as radium, and that poise is the first requisite of "IT." How a Marathon Talker does bore the average man! And as for wit, the girl who lets fly its arrows had better look sharp that they don't hit a man's vanity. Most women cut their throats with their own tongues, sooner or later. Why can't a woman just be still?

STILL another mistake, that you and I and all of us have made at some time or other, is that of trying to be perfectly frank with a man. This is positively fatal. A woman's yearning to tell all about herself, to let a man see behind the scenes of her mind, to show her hand, is her weakest point. It isn't what a man knows about a woman that interests him; it's what he doesn't know and is trying to find out. A fascinating woman is known by the mysterious velvety silence that covers her like a becoming lace veil.

Oh yes, I have made all these mistakes and a lot of others, that I can't recall just at this moment. But the "copy" I got out of them has been almost worth the tears and regrets they caused me. There is nothing so consoling as to be able to pick up the lemons you have shaken down on your head, and "start a lemonade stand." A philosopher, as Elbert Hubbard said, is one

who can sit in the grand stand and watch himself go by.

Fortunately, however, I have not had to gather all my information regarding masculine psychology from personal experience. Most of it has been delivered right at my door, gratis. Men as well as women have always made me their confidante in their love-affairs as well as in their domestic troubles. I am so intensely interested in them, and so ready to listen, that I suppose I unconsciously draw them out. I sometimes think that I should have been a schatzen. I am always so anxious to help a love-affair along and to see a marriage turn out happily. But it has been a long time since I learned never to give advice. Sympathy, help, philosophy? Yes, but never advice! I tried it, once or twice, with tragic results.

I saw a brilliant and attractive woman making a fool of herself over a man ten years her junior, who appeared to be not the least in love with her. On the other hand, there was a man her own age, successful, handsome and to me all things desirable, who was in love with her. I advised her to stop losing her beauty sleep over the young scamp and marry the man who wanted her. She did. Two years later, I met them. The man was a nervous wreck, and the woman was nagging the life out of him. Even his business was going to pieces. You see, while he looked "all things desirable" to me, he did not look that way to the woman who married him. Five years later, they were separated, and I met the woman in New York. She was entering a popular restaurant, and the "young scamp," now a settled and successful man, was with her. You see there must have been some real bond of affinity between them after all. You never can tell "from the outside looking in."

THEN there was the case of Jack and Mary. They were two of the best looking and most charming young things I have ever known. Jack was handsome, cultured and making lots of money. He had one of the cleanest and most wholesome characters I have met amongst the young men of today. Moreover, he was genuinely and intensely in love with Mary. But Jack was a tyrant and an Othello. He had old-fashioned notions about a wife's duty, and a husband's royal rights as boss of the house. Mary was not only pretty but simply bursting with what Elinor Glyn calls "IT." She had attained some success as a writer, and was making an income of four or five figures. She was a flirt to her finger tips. And, every time she glanced at another man, Jack suffered the tortures of the Inquisition. Of course they quarreled.

Both were utterly miserable, and each came to me for advice. If I had said what was in my heart, I should have told them, "For the love of Heaven and all the angels, forget each other! You are both too selfish and temperamental for words. You are about as well suited to each other as a leopard and a hyena. Neither of you would be happy with anything but a door-mat or a saint. You are well out of it and Lady Luck is with you!"

But I knew better. I restrained myself and said nothing. Nor would I lift my hand to help them do what I thought was the most terrible thing they could do. I would not help them wreck their lives by marrying each other.

Two years have passed since then, and they are married. I don't know how they got together, nor what miracle has hap-

pened, but up to date, they are one of the happiest married couples extant. Mary, apparently has forgotten how to flirt and Jack has relinquished his idea of being Big-Chief-Bully-His-Wife. I guess that love was really the miracle. Don't you? Love is always a miracle, if there is enough of it, between two people.

I HAVE said that I began the study of the Unfair Sex in my cradle, but that was only in a desultory and amateurish way. I was not a "born vamp" or anything like that. I probably was not even born with more than the usual amount of "IT"—only enough to give me a working knowledge of men.

But, it was not until I had been writing for over a year on a New York Sunday paper, that I graduated from the amateur class, took up the subject scientifically, and "turned professional." I can remember the time, the place and the incident quite distinctly.

My job on the paper was that of filling it with "human nature" stuff: editorials on women and love, bits of verse, fashion articles, interviews, anecdotes—anything and everything to lighten up a dull or heavy page. Fine general practice but anything but "specializing." Alas, in order to be a specialist, it is not sufficient to know a little about a lot of things. You've got to know everything about something. And what did I know about anything, more than the average layman?

My editor, a most personable young man, used to take me out to dinner or tea, once or twice a week, to "talk over the work." He could make love like a lamb-pie, flatter you like a milliner's mirror, and inspire you to go back and write the whole Sunday paper, while he went off and played Kelly-pool all afternoon. He was a genius, with the soul of an adventurer, and the wavering fancies of a Sentimental Tommy. Still, if I could have got him—

One day he was called to Philadelphia quite suddenly. There was a girl in Philadelphia! On the third day after his departure, the Assistant Sunday Editor received a telegram. It read:

"For God's sake flirt with Helen Rowland and keep copy up to standard until I get back. (Signed) Mack."

But when he did get back and I handed him a bunch of copy, he glanced over it, put his head in his hands and groaned.

"I knew it!" he said. "I shouldn't have left this office! Not a sparkle in the whole string of nonsense! All about women. Women. WOMEN! Isn't there anything funny about a man? Most of this woman-stuff is synthetic, anyhow. All the jokes have been done over and over again: old-maid jokes, mother-in-law jokes, suffragette stuff, moron stuff, wife stuff! Women have been the eternal human joke, ever since Eve discovered fig-leaves! But men! Say," and he looked up with a great light dawning in his eyes, "why don't you specialize on men?"

AND thus I found my specialty! And "turned professional." The beautiful, adventurous Sentimental Tommy lies under the roses in Guadalajara now but I am still carrying out his orders, and specializing on the same old subject.

But I would not take a lot for my one year's experience in that office. There is no place like a big business office for collecting first-hand data on the genus homo. There is nothing like working with, for and amongst men, to give you an inside line on their little weaknesses as well as their big faults and virtues. The only other way to acquire a good working knowledge of men is to marry one of them and then it's too late. Why eat toadstools, in order to discover whether or not they are mushrooms?

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office may not offer a girl the most liberal salary in the world, but it certainly affords her the most liberal education. After she has observed a few men around the office, listened to their conversation, their pet stories, their confidences, their troubles; framed their alibis for them: fibbed to their wives or to other women over the telephone for them; stood for their gourmets; advised them in their love-affairs; selected their Christmas presents for them; told the impudent caller that they were "in conference," when they were really in the next room having a quiet game of rummy; found the letters they mislaid and the things they lost; taken the blame for their mistakes; heard all about their domestic problems and how their wives "misunderstand" them, flattered them, cheered them, advised them, scolded them, and dosed them with pepsin, ammonia and bicarbonate of soda—well, after a few years of that, the job of being a wife, guardian and valet to just one man looks like one long holiday!

THUS, in the one year I spent in a big newspaper office, where I was the only girl amongst twenty men, I gathered enough material for copy to last me for a long time. I was called "the Daughter of the Regiment" and those men came to me for help and advice on everything, from the choice of their cravats to how to make up with their wives after a quarrel, or how to escape from a foolish love-affair. That office was a gold mine!

If I were a young girl, in love with a man, I think I should first try to get a job as his private secretary. In the first place, there is no relation between a man and a woman, which brings them so close together, and puts them so much on the same wire as that of employer and secretary. Playing together for a few hours every evening does not bring two people half so much "en rapport" as working together all day, with a lot of mutual problems and interests and troubles.

A man comes to depend on his private secretary for everything. From being a luxury, she soon comes to be a necessity. From being merely a part of the office ensemble, she soon becomes leading lady, stage director, scene shifter and property man, to say nothing of prompter, alibi, solace and censor. And she gets such a "line" on him! She discovers all his little idiosyncrasies, weaknesses, virtues, charms and failings.

She discovers whether he is the kind of husband who would bring home his salary every week and hand it to her, or the kind who would expect her to make chicken croquettes out of left-over veal. Whether he is the kind who would bully the cook and expect his wife to get up and turn on the radiator, or the kind who would go down and take in the ice and put the coffee on the stove. If any business girl makes a foolish marriage, she has only herself to blame.

AND yet all that you learn about men in a business office only makes you like them more and understand them better. When you once discover what really guileless, helpless children they are at heart, you may lose all your awe of them, but you can't help having a sort of warm, motherly feeling around your heart for them. They are so irresponsible. And lovable!

There are other places and environments, however, in which to study men in the raw and natural state. There is the camping party. There is nothing like a camping party for bringing out all the savage or the angel in a man, all the brute, the selfishness, the romance or the saintliness in his make-up. Until you have watched him pack a grip, stake a tent, mend a tire, swing a hammock, meet an emergency, clean a fish, or loll around calmly letting the women wait on him, you don't know the raw material

in any man. You don't need to experiment with any "trial marriage," after a rainy week in camp with a finicky man, a lazy man or an impatient man. You've had all the "trials" you'll be able to stand for a long time.

Still another good laboratory for the most profitable study of woman's life, is the country house week-end party. If you happen to envy any of your friends their wedded bliss, buy a country house and invite those women to bring their husbands down for the week-end. You'll learn about men from them!

When I bought an old-fashioned rambling house facing on Long Island Sound, I thought I was spending a lot of money foolishly. But "Helen's Folly," as I called it, has been a one hundred per cent investment. The chance it has given me for a close-up view of every type and variety of husband has paid a lot more than the interest on the mortgage. There is everything about that place and the way I run it, to make a man happy: the best swimming on the north shore, no set breakfast hour, plenty of big piazzas, open fires, and not a chair in the house that a man can't put his feet on, nor a floor across which he can't trail his wet sandy feet, when he comes up from the beach. Liberty Hall, with all the comforts of home. And yet—and yet—

Well, there was George. Until Edith and George spent a week at "Helen's Folly," I had always envied Edith and thought George a perfect dear; so gay, so exuberant and good-natured and such good company. Now, I know why Edith's smile is so cryptic and forced, when you tell her what a lucky woman she is to have captured George.

IF I had known what a human cyclone George was, I should have taken out tornado insurance before inviting him to the house. George is the kind of man who can just pass through a room and leave it looking like Miami after the cyclone—the kind who throws his clothes all over the floor, pulls all the chairs out of place, doubles up the sofa cushions and beats them with his fist, scatters ashes and newspapers all over the house, leaves his wet bathing suit in a lump on the rug, throws burning matches into the waste-paper basket, keeps all the women in the house busy hunting for his things, mending rips in his bathing suit and sewing buttons on his plus fours; leaves the bathtub full of sand, and the bathroom looking like the Johnstown flood, turns over the tea-wagon, breaks the ice-pick, sings like a bobolink in his bath no matter who wants to sleep, drives golf balls through the windows, and goes off to the city with the garage keys in his pocket. Exuberant! Why shouldn't he be? George is the kind that lets his wife and everybody else do his worrying for him.

Then there was Helpless Harold, who was always hurting his finger or turning his ankle or eating something that gave him a headache, and could never bring up a log for the fire or turn on the garden hose or put a tire on the car. And there was Jim who seemed a plu-perfect husband, until I discovered that he had a habit of reading the whole newspaper aloud at the breakfast table, and quoting from Bartlett on the slightest provocation. And Bob who had to have a special diet and always looked at his food suspiciously as though you were trying to poison him.

Why go on? A week-end house party is a higher education in the science of man, especially of husbands.

But, of course, no woman has matriculated in the School of Experience, until she has been married at least once. No woman knows all about men, until she has had to share a breakfast table, a newspaper, a bathroom and a dollar bill with one of them, for a few years. These are the acid

tests, which bring out all the hidden complexes of the masculine nature.

A woman who has been through the Armageddon of one marriage and knows one man in all his variations, possesses a skeleton key to the natures, habits and general inhibitions of all men. Men are no mystery to a woman, after she has seen one of them with his face covered with shaving lather, dosed him with calomel or hot lemonade, soaked his feet in mustard water, pulled the plaster off his back, rubbed the tonic on the thin place in his hair, found the things he hides from himself, poured oil on his wounded vanity and jacked up his courage. Every normal wife is a mother to the six-foot human being whom she permits to treat her like a baby. That's why most women marry—in order to get something to mother and worry about.

YES, I am married. That's why most of the people I meet are either surprised or disappointed. I can always see it in their eyes. I am neither the scintillating cynic, the siren, nor the hard-boiled spinster they had pictured from my writings. I believe that love is the overture, the theme, the plot, the climax and the refrain that runs all through a woman's life. There are plenty of other things in life for a woman, these days—but there is nothing else quite so important, so vital to her happiness, as love and marriage. Not trial marriage, nor "companionate marriage," nor part-time marriage but just the good old-fashioned kind of marriage "that mother used to make."

What do they need of "trial marriage," these frank young men and women, who study together, work together and play together, and can learn so very, very much about each other before they marry?

That is why I am filled with a great wonder, when I see the girls of today, with all the cards in their hands, deliberately throwing away their trumps and giving men all the big tricks in the game. Don't they know that men have never changed since Adam? Don't they know that the same primitive impulses rule men today as yesterday? That man is instinctively a hunter and that when the game turns and rushes him, his only impulse is to flee?

Don't they see that men are getting a little more bored with love and a little more indifferent to women every day? Don't they see that with love so easy, kisses so plentiful and commonplace, and women so eager and accessible, all the glamour and excitement and piquancy are going out of the game for men?

WOMEN may talk glibly of the "thousand and one interests" in the modern woman's life but after all there is only one interest at the center of her being, and that is love. Then, for the love of heaven, let us get wise to ourselves and begin studying men all over again. Let us realize that all this modern free-and-easy, kiss-as-kiss-can, love-'em-and-leave-'em stuff is the bunk. That sex-appeal is only a means and not an end. That men do not fall in love through their eyes, but through their imaginations. That men are as good as a woman insists they shall be and as bad as she will let them be. That, in short, love is woman's Big Game, and that her life is a success or a failure, according to whether she wins it or loses it, and to win at Love, a woman must understand men. The most profitable study of womankind is Man.

When a millionaire is looking for a he-man secretary and the millionaire's daughter is looking for romance—something is likely to come of it. If you don't believe "it pays to advertise," read "The Prince Who Wanted a Blonde" in April SMART SET

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Merely buy a package of Linit from your GROCER and follow the suggestions given here.

The Most Precious Thing in the World

[Continued from page 70]

if her lover won or lost. It was as if she almost shrugged her shoulders, as if she thought, 'Men slay for me; my love brings them to birth and to death.'

"And then I met her. She was still in costume, and came toward me quietly, with a cat-like tread. Closer, she seemed more beautiful than before. I spoke to her about the duel scene.

"It seemed to me," I said, "that you didn't care whether your lover was killed or not. Is that the way you are?"

"Oh," she said, "that was only acting."

"One must be everything."

"One must be everything! What a woman! I was appalled, when I looked at her. For the first time, the past of a woman concerned me. I felt a twinge of agony, thinking of the men she had loved and perhaps wrecked, a pathway strewn with broken lives. And yet at all cost she had to be mine, come what would.

"It was then that an accident happened, sealing my fate. We were descending the narrow winding stairs, she behind me, when she reached too far forward to pick up the end of her long scarf. She tripped and fell. I caught her in my arms, and held her for a throbbing moment. In that moment, she lay perfectly still, looking up at me. Her eyes were wide open and depthless in their simplicity. It was enough. We were silent until we reached her dressing-room bungalow. She turned, and it seemed to me that her face was pale. Mine, I am sure, was death-pale.

"May I take you home?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Again our eyes met, and then she turned and left me.

"I waited, aware that for the first time in my life I was in the grip of something superior to myself. Was she? Possibly. For in that moment of embrace, with our eyes gazing into each other's, weeks of wooing were telescoped into a moment. We were, I felt sure, suddenly revealed to each other.

"Love? I must dash through this thing, I assured myself, until I was weary and spent, until I was exhausted and glad to go.

"She met me; I drove her home; I lingered in her rocky garden, which sloped below the house, among the orange-blossoms and the roses. The evening flushed in the west. Shadows lengthened. We did not talk. We had everything to say to each other, and could say nothing.

"You had best stay for dinner," she breathed.

"Are you alone?"

"I will see to it. It is important that you stay."

"What had she told me in those words? Or what hadn't she told me? That she too was overcome, as I was overcome. That Fate had thrown us together to taste a sudden miracle and be cast apart again.

"AGAIN, through all that meal, while we sat alone in the low-ceilinged intimate dining room, we said nothing. We were both waiting. And then at last the sudden chill of California nights came on; the maid shut the doors and windows; a fire blazed on the great hearth. There we sat, close together.

"It's as if," I began, "this had always been."

"Or never been," she added softly, "and never could be." She suddenly turned toward me, her eyes shining. "Are you just another man?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" I asked, my heart pounding without reason.

"Because," she said slowly, and with great difficulty, "I have no use for men."

"I stared at her. 'No use for men, you Senna X—the love-star?'

"She smiled sadly. 'Although you may not believe it,' she said, 'because of my press agent and the parts I play, I have never loved but once, and I left that man without being his.'

"Why?" I asked.

"He would not marry me."

"The blow to me was overwhelming. 'You mean,' I gasped, 'that marriage is the only way for you?'

"Why not?" she replied. "I am a woman. I care only for love, and it must be great love. And great love means giving everything. It is marriage. It comes once, and I have saved myself for it: to be another's forever and he mine. I am jealous. Jealous as death. I must possess and be possessed. Otherwise I must be free. It is no men, or one man. Deep and enduring. He would be happy with me, and I with him."

"But you are a hundred women in one," I went on savagely. "You could never be constant."

"For him," she smiled indulgently at me, "I would be one hundred and one women. I would act every part he desired, and also give him that which no one else has seen, the one woman, myself! But you?" she went on. "Are you just another man? A butterfly, and I another flower?"

"I am against marriage," I said. "So are you. We would wreck our two lives if we married. Your career would go on the rocks of domestic life and your devotion to me, and I, I would lose the breath of life, my freedom."

"She rose wearily. "Yes," she said. "I was deceived."

"I rose also. But at the outer door, I turned to see her eyes, with their depthless simplicity wide open, looking into mine.

"I left her but the havoc had begun. For three days I was unnerved, incapable of pleasure or employment. And then I decided to make a second assault. I could stand it no longer. I called her on the phone.

"Surely if she loved me so, she must give in to me. Was that not true of all women? Such was the refrain I hummed to myself, to keep myself strong and sure. But when she met me at the door, I saw that the havoc had begun with her, too. She was pale and her eyes larger than ever. Tears sprang to her eyes when she saw me, and her hand in mine gave me a moment's tender caress. Then we were in the car, flying seaward.

"There was mist on the sea, mist in the air, as we sat side by side in the shelter of a sand-dune. We were alone with sea and sky, and the cry of gulls.

"Martin," she said, "you look ill."

"And you are pale," I said.

"I am sure now," she said simply.

"Of what? You give in?"

"No," she went on. "I am sure that we have found the great love and must marry. There can be nothing else."

"I pleaded with her," he went on, "I stormed. I raged. I demanded. I told her we had to have each other. I told her we could not marry. Which of us was the stronger? She was as determined as I.

"My beloved one," she said, "my only one. Go to New York and learn to know yourself as I know you. In a week I will follow. And then it shall be marriage, or parting—either way, forever."

"In New York I drank desperately, to nerve myself for the final combat. I must

break her down, I kept thinking; I must bend her will to mine. Anything else was folly and insanity. I knew my nature. I thought I knew hers. Well enough for her to say she had never loved; but think of the leading men, one after the other, with whom she had played at love in the movies

"She was in the grip of an infatuation, perhaps new to her, but none the less one that could not last for long. A nature such as hers could never settle down; it was too many-sided, it needed too much of the variety and adventure of life. But give her up, I could not. My suffering was too great

"And so I decided, brutally, perhaps a little drunkenly—for I was not in my right mind, Doctor—I decided to use the one sure weapon which has always worked. Senna told me she was jealous as death. I would use her jealousy against her. I would play another woman against her, and so crush her into submission. Her jealousy would make her stoop and surrender.

"IT WAS a madman's plan, and I was mad in the way in which I carried it out. I invited Senna down to my father's house on Long Island, and at the same time had other guests. Among them Lorrie G., the musical comedy actress. She loved me, in her way, a light way, and was glad to play with me. I avoided talking intimately with Senna, and soon let her see that I was going about with Lorrie. At first she seemed only to shrug her shoulders and to pass it off as a trifle. As for myself, I bungled the part; my heart was so heavy, my mind so confused, that I made a sorry sort of philanderer. Lorrie thought I was sick, and kept urging me to drink another cocktail. But no cocktail could help me. It was more as if I were committing a murder. I was trying my best," he paused and shuddered violently, "to murder the most precious thing in the world.

"And then I staged a climax. As Senna came up to her room that night, she found Lorrie and me embracing in a corner. She stood perfectly still; then turned, and entered her room. I did not see her in the morning. But there was a note.

"Martin,

"If you have done this on purpose, then you are unworthy of a great love. If not, then you do not love me. You have forfeited my love and shall never see me again. Remember, I do not give in.

Senna."

"The blow that I aimed at her, struck me. I returned to the city, the phantom of a man. I could not sleep, I was in a daze most of the time, food was distasteful to me. And my heart had violent spells of pain."

He paused again, and sighed, mopping his forehead.

"Three weeks," he went on. "I am almost gone. I am here, in a strong body, but inside there is nothing. I am broken. What cure can there be for that?" he asked.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"She?" he shivered, and shut his eyes. "I may have destroyed her, for all I know. She is in a sanatorium near New York."

"Have you tried to see her?"

"Yes," he shook his head wearily. "She is unyielding and merciless."

"And even now you are against marriage?"

"Madness," he muttered.

"How is the pain in your heart?"

"I can hardly stand it," he whispered.

I leaned over and put a hand on his arm.

"You don't want to be chained," I said. "but look at yourself. Are you free or possessed? Aren't you in chains now?" I

paused, then went on. "Martin, if she will still have you, will you marry her?"

He stared at me, his mouth opened, his cheeks turned white. Some terrible emotion wrenched his body, and suddenly he said, "Yes."

OUR car went up the winding drive among the placid trees and the lawns about the sanatorium. I found Senna X—in a little bungalow, which she had by herself. She came out. I had never before seen her, except in pictures; and she was as beautiful as I had imagined her to be. Only now, she was devastated; weak and worn, hardly able to walk.

"Martin, has given in," I told her.

"Too late," she said with a bitter smile.

"But he was mad, or as good as mad. Surely you know that?"

"I only know," she said "that I gave him what I had never given any man before, a great love, and he betrayed it."

"Tell me," I asked, "do you still love him?"

"Yes," she said.

Suddenly an inspiration came to me. "Do you dream about him?" I said.

"I dreamed three nights ago," she said "that Martin stood before me, pale as death, and said, 'We have both tried all the medicines in the pharmacopoeia, and we know that there is only one medicine to cure us.'"

"Obey your dream," I said.

Suddenly she was in my arms, sobbing, as simple and direct in the action as a child. And I beckoned toward a distant window. Martin came stumbling over the grass. He knelt at her feet.

Her arms, about his neck, drew his face close. She kissed his eyes, then his lips.

"Darling," she whispered.

"My wife," he said.

WHICH endeth the tale, happily enough. Yes, they married, and spend their time almost equally in Hollywood and New York, except when they are off flying about the earth. They seem devoted to each other, and Martin, so far as I can see, does not feel the chafe of his chains. He never, in fact, wants to let her out of his sight. This case I think, shows clearly that it is dangerous for a man to set himself against the great things of life. Great love, and even marriage cannot be sidestepped, but, with most men and women, is a part of their fate. Martin's refusal of these things only led to disaster and his nervous breakdown as well as Senna's.

This case again illustrates how much beside medicine the doctor needs to administer. In fact, Martin had tried heart-specialists without avail. The pain in his heart was merely a symptom of his refusal to love, and there was no cure for him until he had surrendered his will to his fate.

Such is another of my fascinating cases. All I need to do is to thumb over my index cards, and I catch one glimpse after another of the secret places of the human heart, the heights of love and joy, the snarls and labyrinths of human nature. I see, even now, another story I may tell you another time, namely one that somewhat parallels the present story, but concerns a woman, who also refused marriage, though her motive was exactly opposite. It was because of her great love that she hurt the man and herself. But now, enough! So, again, dear reader, "Au revoir."

ISN'T it amazing how much beside medicine "The Family Doctor" has to know? I'll tell you in an early issue of SMART SET how I saved the woman who tried to be heroic enough to give up the man she loved and almost died in the attempt



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Oh, What a Legacy!

[Continued from page 59]

coffee she feels better and by the time we're out on the Boston Post Road she's all set up and back to work on the dreams again.

Five days later, after five one-night hotel stands that don't seem like much of a vacation to old troupers, we roll into New Edinburgh, with a fair coating of dust and mud, and considerably road-wiser than when we started.

This New Edinburgh is quite a hamlet compared to those we have passed through since breakfast. It has several brick buildings and a paved street and there are seventeen or eighteen splendidly mustached adults and three dogs in full view as we drive up. I halt beside one of the former.

"Say, Jack," I accost him courteously. "I'm looking for a brace of barristers named MacKenty and MacDouglas. Where would I be likely to find them?"

With an effort he withdraws his fascinated eyes from Stella's lip-stick operations and focuses on me. "Good day," he replies in a voice that sounds like he has been taught to speak by a Boston aunt and a Heilan' uncle. "MacKenty an' MacDouglas? Well, th' one Mac ha' gone feeshin'; th' other wud be at this meenute home to his tea."

"Jamie, my boy," he hollers over to a thirty year old youth standin' across the street, "run along up wi' you to MacDouglas's house an' say there's a feller heur wants to see him."

MacDouglas, all out of breath, arrives in a few minutes and you would know him for a lawyer in a diving suit. "How are you?" he opens cautiously.

"Fine!" I come right back. "Mr. MacDouglas, I am Mr. Henry V. Perish of New York and this is my wife, better known as Stella Splendid. You wrote us regarding the estate of her uncle, Mr. MacAngus."

"Oh, yes, yes," he warms up. "The old MacAngus farm. Yes, yes."

"How do we get there," Stella inquires. "We are going right out to look it over."

"Well," he says, "you'll surely be comin' back here to spend the night."

"We may," she admits. "We may come back to the hotel, or we may get one of the gardeners or game-keepers to put us up in his cottage."

He hastily puts a hand over his mouth. "If you come back," he advises, "take the advice of an old resident and don't go to the hotel. Just come along up to my house and we'll make you real comfortable."

"Thanks," I answer quick before she can speak. "Thanks, Mr. MacDouglas. Now how do we get out to the er . . . 'estate'?" And he tells me.

As soon as we get away from the town we enter another one of those forests of Christmas trees that had been so plentiful all along the way only this one lasts for miles and miles.

"Now, sweetheart," I says, "prepare yourself. We will soon be there." And I keep my eyes peeled for a "school-ous" which MacDouglas has said we'll pass and opposite which there is supposed to be a road. The road looks like a cow path, but out of the corner of my eye I glimpse a sign Cameron Brook School so I start up this cow path.

"I'm sure you have made a mistake," says Stella.

"Not me, sister," I tell her, guiding our mechanical mare around a rock. "In his own words, which you heard, he told me to take the road opposite this school house and to keep right on to the end of it. There, he says, is three gates, and the right hand one is ours."

He apparently knew his geography. About a mile later we are confronted by the very gates, the same being to provide ways through fences of the kind Abe Lincoln made famous, and clinching the question is a sign, "Angus MacAngus," in straggly hand-painted letters. Stella, who, after all, has two good eyes, sits there beside me with a growing chip on both shoulders as I drive in.

Honest, in spite of myself I feel sorry for the girl at that moment. I don't even have the heart to deliver the carefully prepared I-told-you-so's I have ready. The mansion is a gray, unpainted shack, standing on a bare hillside, the most deserted, friendless looking place in the world. Back of it is a barn about seven times as big as it is, and I immediately catch sight of the hog-pen and chicken house.

"Well, Stella," I says, "here we are."

"Are you sure?" she asks in a dangerous voice.

I nod. "Want to go in? I have the key."

"I want to go back and do murder," she storms. "I've been deceived. Oh, that shyster!"

SHE is moodily tapping one restless foot on the floorboards. "Stella," I address her, "did it ever occur to you that there might be anything phony about this proposition?"

"What do you mean?" she says suspiciously.

"Just what I say. What do you suppose became of all of Uncle's jack? It don't look like there's much of it around here."

She gazes at the house with new interest as her brain and the idea go into a huddle.

"Maybe he was a miser," I suggest dramatically. "Maybe he hid it, or buried it!" In answer to which I see a bright light in her eyes. If Stella hears a thing that she wants to believe, she's as good as sold on it before it's half out of your mouth.

"Now listen, baby," I grab my advantage, "what we want to do is stay right here on the ground, see, and follow up our clew for ourselves. We don't want to go back to that New Edinburgh. That's where he wants us to be. Remember how hard he tried to get us not to come up here."

Stella's all steamed up. She opens the door and starts to climb out. "Where are you goin'?" I ask.

"To find that money, Stupid," is her frank response. "I suppose you'd sit here all night and do nothing."

"All right," I acquiesce. "Go on in. I'll be looking around out here for signs of heavy digging." And we part.

Somehow that camp outfit seems different out here than it did on the seventh floor of the sport goods store. I empty it all out of the car and lay it around on the grass. Then I start the fight. In spite of stubborn opposition I unscramble it and set it up piece by piece, tent, bed, hair mattress and blankets, gasoline stove, camp stools, folding table, lantern, everything. I dump the groceries, stagger over to the brook for a canvas bucket of water and am attempting to work the combination of the stove when I hear Stella's voice calling for me in the distance.

Her look of suspicion changes to one of eagerness as I arrive. "Did you find it?" she asks. I realize she thinks I have been digging and I guess I look it.

"No," I answer. "Did you?"

She shakes her head. "I hunted everywhere," she says, "until it got too dark."

"And no money?"

"Not yet," she says. "Gee, but I'm hungry enough to eat hard tack."

"All right," I chirp. "Let's eat."

"Where?"

"Come," I tell her.

"What did you do?" she asks as I start across the field. "Find the mansion?"

My answer is a look of doubt. She has adopted her 'try-and-make-me-believe-it' air.

"Honey," I says, "I didn't say anything to you about it before because I didn't like to cast aspirin at any of these people from so far away, but from the first I have suspected a plot and made my plans to help meet it. Now I have brought along an outfit in which we can live right here on the ground in defiance of all their attempts to force us to do otherwise. It isn't exactly as comfortable as I'd like you to have, but it will enable us to get the inside on the baffling problem, 'Where is Uncle MacAngus's money?', and Stella, old girl, it may make us rich!"

She looks at the tent with wide-open eyes.

"IT'S no good," I suggest. "Come on. I'll pull it down and we'll go back to the hotel."

"You'll do no such thing," is her loud response. "This will be more comfortable than you will ever find in a hotel up here. What are you so anxious to go back to the town for, anyway? I should think you'd be glad to stay and help me out, but no you're always trying to be a drawback."

"Didn't I think to bring the tent?" I remind her.

That stops her for awhile and I resume my struggles with the stove while she sits down at the table and goes to work on the facial part of her fortune.

"When do we eat?" she breaks out suddenly in the chorus girl's college yell.

"Soon, I hope," I stutter, gouging at a can of beans. And in not too long a time I am able to set before her a chow on which I kind of pride myself and which draws but few grumbles.

Afterwards she writes post-cards by the light of the lamp while I wash the dishes in the semi-darkness, and finally, with everything done, we go to bed.

It seems like I have been asleep for all of seven minutes when I feel a violent jerk as my thoroughly refreshed partner springs out of bed and it is morning.

"Whee!" she sirens, stretching her arms and smiling like she was three feet from the footlights. "Ain't this great! Think of sleeping right out here in the park!"

"Yes. Think of it," I growl. "And while you're thinking be still and let me practice."

But no! She prances to the door of the tent, pulls aside the curtain and gazes out. "Oooooo! Look!" she yelps. "What's that? A river?"

"No, you poor cluck, it's a sandstorm," I fling at her.

She is too full of good spirits to notice. "I'm going swimming," she announces and grabs a towel and that flimsy blue dressing gown of hers.

"If you love me," I murmur, "don't come back, at least not for a time," and prepare to resume my interrupted slumbers. Then I wake up wide.

"Hello," I hear her carol. "Want to go swimming?"

AT THAT I rise with alarm and peek around the corner. With Stella in this state and accustomed as she is to public appearances she would cheerfully ask Calvin himself to join her in a plunge. To my relief the customer proves to be only a little country girl about eighteen years old, standing there holding a basket in one hand and a milk can in the other.

"Well, I w'u'd," says the girl, "but I never c'u'd. I ought to be gettin' back to the hoose." Then she remembers her speech.

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Stella looks at her like she's speaking Choctaw or Yiddish. "And you have to go around and sell these things whenever anybody comes here, is that the idea?" she asks.

"Oh, no," says the girl, blushing. "It's just a bit present-like. Just for a bit of a gift."

AT LAST my prodigy sparks. "Well I'll be Miss America," she emits. "Ain't that wonderful. Dearie, excuse me for being such a blonde, but I come from a place where something for nothing has been erased from the books for years. Listen, honey, put down your groceries and come along. We'll go off where the boys can't see us and splash."

At breakfast, after her new found friend, whose name turns out to be Jennie, has departed kind of breathless from this demonstration of what a girl's freedom ought to be, Stella can talk of nothing else.

"The poor kid," she says. "Here she is, stuck in this joint a thousand miles from Broadway, and her act is to get up about the time a reasonable person is going to bed and then cook and wash and sew and make herself generally useful until it's too dark to see, when she has to hit the hay to save kerosene. 'My God,' I says, 'do you like it?' 'Not very good,' she admits. 'Why don't you get out, then?' I ask. 'Well, you see,' she says, 'I'm in love,' and she blushes! Can you beat that? 'What would you like to do?' I ask her. 'I would like for Tom to settle down so I cud marry him,' she announces. 'Only I wud like for him to be something else than a farmer, because I don't want to work so hard all my life.'

"Did she say anything about Uncle MacAngus?" I put in.

"Oh, good night, I forgot all about him," she mourns. "I was going to ask her if she knew where he hid his money."

So after breakfast she starts off again for the house, her mind filled with thoughts of lucre and Jennie, while I tackle the dishes.

"Yoo-hoo," says a determined female voice.

"Holy Smoke!" I think, "Another one!" and poke my head out.

It is a regular battleship of a woman, tall and portly, the kind that makes you instinctively want to duck. "Good day," she says, with the accent that seems to be a habit around here. "Mr.—er?"

"Perish," I supply. "Henry V. Perish." "Mr. Perish," she goes on. "Is your wife in?"

"No," I regret. "She's not. She's gone up to the mansion for awhile."

"She's the inheritor of the farm is she no?" queries the old dame.

"Yes," I admit. "They say it's all hers."

"That's what that lawyer told me when I telly-phoned," she says. "Well, tell her I'll give six hundred for it, and not a cent more."

THIS seems to be an offer. "Six hundred grand?" I ask, anxious to get it straight.

"I don't know what you mean, young man," she snaps, "but I mean six hundred dollars. I guess I'd better go up and tell her myself. Good day." And she turns on her heel. "By the way," she adds after she has gone about ten feet, "in case I miss her, you might also tell your wife that she's not to be takin' my Jennie in the brook again and underminin' her constitution with the cold water."

"I'll repeat it word for word," I assure her with a serious face. So this is Jennie's mother! Oh, boy! I see where Jennie gets the constitution that Stella endangered. And

six hundred berries is considered a good offer for the place! Won't that be fine news for the kid!

"Henry," I think, "if you are going fishing you better get to it quick, because this is liable to be our last day in the great open spaces."

So in I climb to the long rubber boots. I strap the basket around my shoulder, snatch rod, reel and the rest and make for the brook. Honest, I have a thrill at that moment. If I never go fishing again I at least have been, once. I wade right out to the middle of it and start putting this rod together. When I come to a place that looks good I attempt to imitate the lad who taught me all I know about the game that afternoon on the seventh floor, and I take a swish in the air that neatly hooks a tree. I untangle and try again, with no better results. "The thing for me to do," I decide, "is to go some place away from here where the foliage is less intrusive."

So I splash on, looking for a rock, where I can sit down to fish and then as I round a bend it seems that the whole male population of Cameron Brook has become seized with the identical idea, because there on the boulder that I would have used is a young guy, his chin in his hands and his elbows on his knees, looking moodily into the water.

He looks up. "Good day," he says, "have you been fishin'?" he asks.

"No, only wading," I answer sadly.

"I wud like for to try one o' them things sometime," he says, jerking his head at my pole.

Without a word I hand it over. He flips the fly on the water and a minute later there is a vicious snap. After a brief, decisive struggle he hauls out a big, flopping member of the finny tribe. I watch in a daze.

"Boy," I tell him, "you are a wonder. I have been trying to do just that for hours."

"Aw, it's nothin'." he comes back. "This he-yur is what was old man MacAngus's favorite pool. They fair ask to take the hook in this one."

"What's that?" I ejaculate. "Was old man MacAngus a fisherman?"

"Was he just! He would sooner fish nor eat," he tells me. "This he-yur is the poorest farm and the finest fishin' place in Candu County." Then he heaves another one of them terrible sighs and adds, "That's why I come over to have a last look at it."

I SYMPATHIZE, glad to hear the place is good for something. "Then you are going away?" I ask.

"No, but one of the two of them is sure to buy it," he tells me, "and then they won't let me come on it unless I turn farmer."

"The two of who?" I ask. "Pardon my ignorance, but I'm a stranger around here."

"Oh, my mother or Jennie MacCloud's mother," he says dejectedly. "They both want to get it, thinking that because I want to marry Jennie I'll tak' and farm it for them, and they mean to see that I do no fishin'. They think fishin' is shiftless. Well, I don't care if it is. It's what I want to do."

"Discovered," I announce. "You must be Tom."

"Yes, that's my name," he admits. "I tried for to buy the place myself, I did, but it's no use. I'll never be able to offer what they will. I couldn't give cash, nor even a down payment."

"And what was you going to do with it?" I inquire.

"I would get sportsmen to come and pay me for showing them the good pools," he confides.

"Oh! So he's not so dumb. Here's one guy has an idea for making money off the place. "Would they do that, including paying you?" I ask, thinking hard.

"Wouldn't they just!" he enthuses. "Man, the place is famous. The sportsmen would

fall all over themselves to come up here. I'd make a mint o' money, an' I cud marry Jennie an' everything wud be wunnerful!"

"A mint!" I spout, but somehow I have grown cautious about these Cameron Brook mints. "Just what would that amount to in cash?"

"Well," he says, "I got it a' figured out. Say in the season I cud get a hunnerd fishermen at five dollars a day. That'd be five hunnerd. Then I'd rent the pasture an' sell the hay standin', that'd be another hunnerd. Then in the fall I'd maybe tak' a few pairties after moose; in the winter I'd run a few trap lines. I think I cud get a billet for to be a deputy game warden an' a deputy fire warden an' a deputy fish warden, an' the first thing you know, especially if I had more nor a hunnerd fishermen, I'd be makin' ower a thousand dollars a ye-ur! Man, think o' it! That's wealth!"

"Boy," I says, "I like you, and I myself wouldn't take your money or any of these people's around here. If you can make a thousand dollars being a guide on this brook I'm all for you. I don't want the job. I'll take my recreation otherwise, and in the big town. Now listen, it seems like the brook is needed for your happiness and I'm going to see what I can do for you. I can't promise nothing, but you come with me while we look up my little playmate, Stella, and I get in some of my fine work. First, however, I want you to give me the low-down. Was Uncle MacAngus wealthy?"

He breaks into a loud laugh. "He had the shirt on his back, a fishin' pole and this brook," he says. "I would say he was the wealthiest man alive, but if it's money you're talkin' about, he hadn't a cent. They had to sell his old cow to bury him." Having rung down the curtain on that question we set off.

THERE seems to be a commotion outside the house as we draw near. Stella is there, with fire in her eye, and Jennie, and Jennie's mother and another old war-horse that I take to be Tom's ditto. All are talking like twelve o'clock whistles and I note with pride that Stella's voice sounds well above the rest, which shows that a dressing-room training does some good. "Shut up, shut up, shut up," she is hollering.

As soon as she sees me she comes running over. "Where have you been?" she demands angrily. "I have been looking everywhere for you."

"Hunting in the brook," I assure her. "What's the matter?"

"The place is overrun with maniacs trying to buy it, and for what?" she announces.

"And are you tempted to sell it?"

"I'm too much of a lady to tell you what I'm tempted to do with it," she answers.

"Now baby," I caution her, "don't let your feelings get the better of you. The thing is, what we have done is to make a mistake."

"Then why didn't you find it out and whisper it to me before this?" she blazes.

"I had to come up and look it over," I defend myself. "Stella, this place is a gold mine, but it's got to be handled right, and the right way is certainly not to sell it for six hundred and fifteen dollars. Now have you ever heard," I ask her, "what happened to the town of Lankerberry, California, where real estate increased in value one thousand per cent in ten years? At that rate all we have to do is to hold on to Uncle's farm for ten years and it will be worth six hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. Think of it! Six hundred and fifteen thousand dollars."

"You wouldn't want to sell when you could do that with it, would you?" I query.

"I should say not," she yelps. "Are you trying to suggest that I am a half-wit?"

"No, baby, no," I soothe her. "Now I want you to meet our caretaker, who will stay on the property and see that nobody gets

SHE KNOWS

*the secret
of being
POPULAR*

**in spite of a tendency
towards drab, lifeless hair**



You are almost sure to see her, no matter where you go. Find the most attractive group of men—and, sure enough, there is Helen—bright, youthful, glorious, with sparkling eyes and radiant hair that the girls all envy. I can hardly make myself believe she's the same drab, little school teacher I used to know . . .

* * *

OFTEN the difference between plainness and popularity lies in some slight, unaccented feature. A complexion, flawless perhaps—yet not properly rouged; a style of coiffure that is unkind to profile; or, so frequently the hair itself is plain and drab and lifeless.

What a pity! For your face may be as pretty as a picture—but if your hair is dull—a shadowy gloom will dim its loveliness like an ill chosen picture frame!

And, how easy it is to be guilty of this neglect! These modern days we live so fast and play so hard that Nature, unaided, often fails to combat Time's dulling touch. Dullness creeps in—lustre fades—in spite of ordinary shampooing.

Fortunately there's a special shampoo—Golden Glint. It was created especially to combat dullness—to add new life, new lustre—or prevent hair fading! "The shampoo-plus" it's often called—for it does more than cleanse. In one shampooing dullness flees—those youthful lights return.

Rich copious lather—faintly fragrant—removes the film that hides the nat-

ural color of your hair. Two lathers and your hair is clean, gloriously immaculate.

You rinse—remove all trace of soap and your hair will be shades lighter.

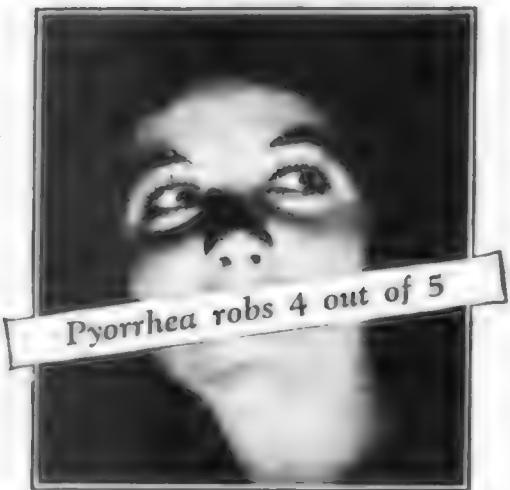
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in to run down its value and cut into our profits. He will work for no salary and if he will pay the taxes for us he can live on the place and do what he likes as long as he wants to."

"Wull you put that in writin'?" says the canny Scot.

"Sure," I says. "Can you take care of Jennie under those conditions?"

"Can I just!" he bursts out all full of excitement. "Maybe in five or six ye-yours we'll even have a bit of an old autymobile to ride to church on Sundays in! Oh man, ma fortune's made."

"So you see," I says to Stella, "this arrangement fixes up your little friend and everything. "Jennie," I holler. "Come over here like a good girl."

She approaches with halting steps, the two females tagging along behind and standing goggle-eyed as I place her hand in Tom's. "The place," I announce in my best the-

atrial manner, "is no longer on the market. My associate and I have decided to retain it in our organization. Mr. Tom will act as house manager and will furnish details upon request."

Leaving them all speechless I turn to the spouse. "Come, Stella," I says. "Let's go home. Listen, kid, do you remember the subway, and that little restaurant around on Forty-fifth street where you could get the spaghetti, and how swell it was to ride up Riverside Drive with the top down after rehearsal on a summer night, and what was the color of Izzy Schwartz's pay checks? Let's get back to the town of towns. It's a long ride and I'm for getting started."

For once she has nothing to say, but as we draw near the car I hear a mumble and bend down my head.

"Six hundred and fifteen thousand dollars!" murmurs Stella. "One hundred berries a day interest."

Pure Reason, I Call It

[Continued from page 18]

been imported from Scotland by another member and we had borrowed him.

"Here's a real dog for you," Asher said, introducing Bob. "If you don't believe it, just watch him when the birds begin to swing in."

THE case had not been overstated. As soon as we wriggled into the blind Bob followed us and hunkered down, quiet and grave and workmanlike in his air. Presently a small flock of black ducks appeared, flying high. As we squatted low in our hiding-place, hoping they would drop within range, Asher, from his own covert in the scrub-oaks, spoke in a sharp whisper.

"Look at Bob," he said.

I looked. The dog had flattened himself against the board-floor of the blind, making himself small. Only his tense eyes moved; they were blazing back in his skull like amber flames.

The flock circled, circled again, then slowed, hovered, set their wings. My companion straightened to fire. For my part, I kept my eye on Bob and counted myself well repaid, for as the gunner brought his gun-barrel up, Bob was up on his hind legs, his neck craned. The shots cracked, one-two and in that same flash of time Bob burst out of the blind and splashed into the water. All need for concealment being past, he was attending to business. A duck fell, spattering against the pond and before it had kicked its dying kick, the dog had it in his mouth and was bringing it in.

Half a dozen times during the next hour the dog repeated this performance. If a hit bird spiraled down instead of dropping almost straight, Bob would practically be under it, waiting, when it struck. I had never seen such a perfect exhibition of the art of retrieving. With words and pats on his head, we praised Bob and he wagged his tail in acknowledgment and grinned as a pleased dog will, showing all his teeth.

Just at sundown—quitting time, by law, for shooting at migratory wild fowl—a pair of black ducks sped over the low hill directly behind us and streaked away in straight lines, one close behind the other, towards the farther side of the partly frozen-over pond. My fellow gunner didn't see them but I did. I threw up and fired twice. The leading bird smacked down hard and Bob went out and brought it back.

"I got that second bird, too," I said to the game-keeper.

"Did you?" he asked. "I didn't see. I was watching the first one."

"Yes," I said, "I'm sure I did. I snapped

on him when he was a good way off and he slanted down over there among those bushes that are sticking up through the ice."

Dusk was settling down. In the shadows against and under the opposite shore projecting clumps of dead herbage looked like ducks and, at that distance a wounded duck, unless it fluttered about, might very well look like a clump of herbage. It was nearly dark already beneath the tree-line. In a minute or two more it would be quite dark.

"I guess there's no hope of finding that bird," I said regretfully. "We'll have to come back and look for him in the morning."

"Wait a minute," Asher said doubtfully. "Maybe I can get Bob interested."

In his hip boots he waded ten feet out into the pond. In his hand he carried a stick which he had picked up. "Here Bob," he commanded, and obediently Bob followed him. He waved the stick before the dog's nose, spat on it and threw it from him as far as he could send it towards the place where I had been pointing.

"Fetch," he ordered. "Fetch, Bob."

The big black dog swam away. He reached the spot where the stick floated, hesitated, nuzzled at it, rejected it, looked back at us, and then swam straight on past it and we heard his paws breaking the thin ice beyond. Then we heard him give an eager whine, then a sharp exultant bark. More ice splintered, and then, after a little, out of the murk came the returning animal, with a crippled drake between his jaws.

That was all there was to it, except that on the way to camp I stopped by a butcher shop in Smithtown and bought a whole beefsteak for Bob's supper.

IT WAS the remembered lesson of his early training which had sent him after the cudgel. But it was something else—a higher power, a pure reasoning force, I claim, which must have governed him when he touched it with his muzzle.

To himself that dog must have said:

"Throwing sticks for fun is all well enough, but in winter time with ducks flying and ice in the water, nobody except a fool is going to throw a stick for me to fetch back. Now, this friend of mine is no fool. It's up to me to investigate this matter further. I've been given the direction so I'll just go and look the place over."

So he pushed on and to his sense of smell the wind almost at once brought the reek of a duck. The rest was merely routine.

Does a smart dog reason? I'll say he does.

market.
retain
ill act
details

Spoiled

[Continued from page 29]

"You've got your degree in engineering, almost, haven't you?" I demanded. "You think you can make a go of it, don't you?"

"All I know is that I've got to try it, honey. Lots of good engineers think I'm a fool to try. Everything'll have to break in my favor. And Fendley, I'll have to go down there to live; camp on the job, away back there in the swamps. You've seen lumber camps. This will be a thousand times worse—impossible for you."

"Women have gone with their men into far worse places," I told him. "Besides, I've had a thought."

"You mean," asked Garth in a scared voice, "that you'd go down there with me, shoulder to shoulder, to help? Oh, Fendley!"

GETTING married was much less formal than either of us anticipated. We whirled into a little settlement and slid twenty-seven feet to the sign I remembered: "Justice of the Peace."

The justice was chewing tobacco, and he wore a dusty, faded slouch hat that he did not remove at any stage of the proceedings. He spat with accuracy when we asked if he were the justice; and his only concern was to collect "Ten Dollars. Cash."

I felt disappointed as we came out and began to ride away. Married we might be but I felt just as I had before. The sun was shining, exactly as it had been shining.

I should have felt exalted. The biggest thing in all my life had just happened to me and there was no kick to it. I felt cheated! I should have felt uplifted and there should have been a radiant light or something come over Garth's face as he looked at me and murmured, "My wife!" I'd have crowned him if he had, but still I missed something!

Garth evidently felt the same way, for he sought refuge in practicalities. "We'll have a hard pull of it at first, honey," he told me. "We've nothing on earth but ourselves, that swamp tract and maybe a thousand dollars or so."

I turned to him then. "Garth," I asked slowly, "is the swamp proposition really the best thing for us to tackle?"

I glanced at him. "Oh, I know you think you can drain it and make a lot of money—if you can persuade the state highway commission to run a short-cut through it and if the railroad will establish a station, and half a hundred other if's. Chances are you're right. But what's the use of gambling when there's a certainty, another way?"

"I do not understand, Fendley," he told me. "You promised before we went to the Justice of the Peace."

I WAS afraid he had misunderstood. "No, Garth," I corrected softly. "I wasn't promising. I didn't know you thought I was. Never mind that, though, Honey. Listen just a minute," and I lifted my face to his in appeal. "We're young, Garth. If we spend our youth down there in the muck and the sweat, we can't buy it back again no matter what we make. A million dollars wouldn't repay us for the rose light and the music we should have had. Garth, if we needed to, I'd crawl on my knees with you. But we don't."

"I do not understand," Garth insisted. "I—understood that you were promising."

"Oh, Garth! Daddy needs you, really needs you. With all the details that need his attention. I've heard him wish a hundred times that he had a son or someone he could trust. He needs you, Garth!"

"You mean, of course," Garth inter-

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rupted gently, too gently, "that your father would find that sort of job for me. No! Thanks! No lap-dogging for mine!"

"Garth!"

"That's what it really amounts to. You've sugar-coated it; but what you mean is that your father would find some soft snap for me because I married his daughter! My real job would be to be your husband. No, thank you! We tackle the swamp reclamation!"

"HASN'T a wife a right to a preference, Garth?" It was my turn to speak with ominous quiet.

"All the right in the world! But no person that walks the face of the earth, Fendley, can ask me to give up my self-respect! You promised!"

"I did nothing of the sort!" I said. "I tried to tell you what I proposed; but you were so busy with high-sounding nothings that now you say I promised. And I did not say I would. I didn't! I didn't! I did not do it!" I had to hurry, for I knew I was going to start weeping like a little cry-baby in a minute.

Garth paused to gain control over his voice. "Tell me," he asked, "did we or did we not say something about women who went into camps with their men? Answer me!"

"You don't have to yell at me, Garth Redfern! Yes we did. But—!"

"But nothing! Whether we put it into actual words or not, you knew that I thought you were promising. And I can't see the difference between welshing on that sort of promise and any other sort of welshing—!"

For a moment it seemed to me that nothing but striking him would make me feel right again, and then quiet came to me.

"I suppose," I said, "that I will have to take things like that, now that I'm married to you. But I'd give five years of my life to wipe out completely these past two hours and what we did in them!"

"I would give twice as much to give you your wish!" Garth answered bitterly.

Afterwards I wondered how much of those wild flashes at each other we would have loosed if either of us could have dreamed of the unexpected granting of our wish that waited for us, on my side porch. Garth's speech was our last communication until we dismounted in front of my house to announce our marriage to my parents.

Dad was on the side porch with Judge Parrish, and from long, cool glasses with mint in them they were sipping something that they tried to pretend was iced tea. "Howdy, honey," Dad said. "Howdy, Garth," and "Howdy, young folks," said old Judge Parrish. "Lookin' mighty pretty, Fendley, honey. What devilmint you two young 'uns been up to now?"

"We have been riding out Rose Point way," began Garth, eager to get it over with. "We were present at a wedding out there."

HE EXPECTED some surprise; but we both were unprepared for the effect upon old Judge Parrish. "Wedding, did you say, Garth?" he demanded in concern. "Anybody we know? Were they married by the Justice of the Peace? Garth, can you find those people he married? Quick?"

"I reckon I could, Judge," Garth said.

"Then notify them, right away! You mustn't tell it; but there has been trouble out there. Grand Jury's acted on it. They better get married again—that is, they better get married."

Garth's brow clouded. "What do you mean, Sir?" he asked.

"Nothing, son, except that 'Justice of the Peace' out there ain't no justice at all. He's old man Cameron's son-in-law. The old man was justice, but he died last

month, you know. This bully just stepped in and started bein' justice without askin' anybody. Been doin' anything there was a fee in, even marryin' folks, just like he owned th' office. Grand Jury just indicted him for it. Th' sheriff's got a warrant for him right now. So I reckon you better let that couple know."

"But Judge!" I protested, "what will those people do that he pretended to marry?"

"Oh, th' law takes care o' them," assured Judge Parrish. "Soon's they live together and acknowledge each other to the world at large as husband and wife they're married, legal and bindin'. Common law, you know. Though I dunno as I'd like to have somebody I cared for to be married like that."

"But Judge," I insisted, "suppose they haven't lived together and haven't told anybody? What about that couple we saw that thought they were getting married this afternoon?"

"They ain't no more married," pronounced the Judge, "than chickens. Not in this State. 'S why I wanted Garth t' notify them."

When we had left them, Garth paused a moment, standing below me on the steps. "I don't know whether to believe Judge Parrish or not," he said. "He may have found out, or he may suspect, and be teasing us. But if he is telling the truth—" for a moment the bitter feeling of our quarrel flashed through, "you've got your wish!"

His hot, angry eyes sought mine. "You said back yonder you wished we hadn't married. Well, this impossible coincidence has given you what you asked for! And you needn't worry about me bothering you again. I won't!"

"You're right there!" I told him. "I'll see that you don't!"

I GATHERED the rest of this from various sources. Some of it I saw. Some I was told, and some I merely surmised.

A mule, Garth learned in the swamp, may sometimes be the unmistakable mark of aristocracy. Ance Brown taught him.

Ance was seventeen, going on eighteen, and he came from the red-clay hill country. All his life Garth had heard that there were sections of the South where people lived in unbelievable poverty and unbelievable ignorance; whole counties that did not have even a railroad; people who regarded being able to read and write as the acme of learning. He never quite believed it until Ance Brown asked for a job in the swamps.

Ance was not talkative. It was months before Garth got the whole story. It seems that Ance, being seventeen, had become a man grown, old a-plenty to be married and settled in life. There was a girl, Lindy Wethers, "perty as a picture," according to Ance and not at all averse to settling down. But high ambition seized them.

In their section, except for the plutocrats of unbelievable wealth who owned their own farms, everyone was a share-cropper, received supplies and provisions from the landlord through planting and harvest time, and when the cotton was sold got part of the proceeds for their pay. And share-croppers were divided into two distinct classes, the low and the high, the aristocracy and hoi polloi, those who owned a mule, and those who did not.

Nor was a mule a mere social distinction. Without a mule, the share of the cropper would be two and a half bales of the five bales produced; with a mule, it would be at least three bales. Also, one could ride on Sunday to the crossroads church, like a gentleman.

Ance Brown's high-falutin' ideas did not meet with entire approbation. Gray, tobacco-smeared beards waved in high censure. Nobody ever heard of a young couple

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owning a mule until the third child at the earliest; and then only if there came the rare concurrence of a good crop year and high prices. And for a young couple to want to have a honeymoon and a mule at the same time!

Garth, too, was having his troubles. He had expected his thousand-to-one shot in the swamps to be heartbreaking, laborious slavery and he was not disappointed. His theory of draining the swamp land to make plantation land of it was perhaps sound; but the accomplishment was more difficult than anything he could have imagined six months before. And those months had well-nigh broken him: physically and financially.

His money was almost gone: into mules that caught the glanders and died in spite of all that Ance Brown could do to save them, into gasoline tractors that the negro helpers had pretty well transformed into junk, and into sad experience for himself. At no time was there assurance that he would pull through; at all times there was doubt.

I DID not help. I did not try to. The other young people of our crowd went down constantly to see what he was doing; and, after a while, I saw no reason why I should not accompany them. I did not say the things that would irritate him, but I looked them at him and I could see that he was conscious of the mud caked knee-high on his boots and of his coatless, unshaved assistants, cheeks distended with "eatin' tobacco."

Goaded beyond restraint he made the only reply he could think of. Janie Meadows was one person I could not stand—did he think I did not remember telling him that?—and he began, whenever I was down, to devote himself unmistakably to Janie.

He should have foreseen my answer; and he should have known better than to play with fire. Some horses you can whip; but there are those who can only be coaxed. I said never a word, but the next time I went down to the swamp the other seat in my expensive car was occupied by Denby Allison, and I seldom went again without him. Worse, that was but a small part of Denby's and my intimacy and I took care that it should be no secret from Garth.

The reclamation, too, was giving Garth plenty to think about. From dad I learned that he had approached the mortgagees in the futile hope of raising money by increasing the mortgage, only to be informed promptly, unexpectedly and unambiguously that not only did they refuse to lend more, but they heartily disapproved of what he already was doing with the mortgaged property. So far, their attorneys had advised them, they could not interfere, but if he wanted to know what he might expect from them he could read the terms of his mortgage. Also he had better make every payment promptly. Good day.

They say Martin Griggs, ex-regular army sergeant, ex-dirt track auto racer, ex-bar tender, and poker player extraordinary, grunted when Garth put it up to the men. "Hell! We'll stick," he said.

And stick they did, with a loyalty no pay could have bought.

THE derrick by the galvanized iron office uprooted its stake from the soft mud and Martin dived for it, took a half-hitch around his body as the rope yanked him over the rough ground, and with himself as a peg between two trees held the derrick from falling on their two good tractors until aid arrived. "Know I was a fool," he said, "but tractors're expensive."

One of the mules developed hydrophobia from a hound's bite and ran amuck in the corral, biting and kicking at the other mules and at the re-opened wound in his own leg.



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Ance Brown grabbed a pick handle and fought back that horrible death until Garth could reach his 30-30. "Naw, he wa'n't go'ner bite me," he explained in embarrassment. "He didn't have nothin' but teeth 'n' feet. Didn't I have a pick-handle?"

Our impasse, however, did not close. It did not quite break into open hostility. Perhaps it would have been better for both of us if it had. Most of the time we were overly polite and that's a bad sign.

Once Garth remonstrated with me. He was accustomed, he told me, to the casual necking, but some things—he did not name them—were too much. He had taken the occasion when the crowd had come down for a moonlight party; and he muttered vehemently to me just before the others joined us. I had no chance to reply, then.

He should have known I'd be right back down to have it out with him the next day. I found him in the galvanized iron office.

"I hoped I'd find you alone," I began. "What did you mean by what you said to me last night?"

"Just what I said!" he said bluntly. "I think it's a disgrace, the way you've been acting with Denby Allison."

I wasted no energy in denials or in useless references to his generous hospitality to Janie Meadows. "What business is that of yours?" I declared war without further formalities.

"None," he admitted. "I'd say the same thing to any other girl I saw making a fool of herself."

"In a pig's eye, you would!" I told him angrily, without politeness. "I don't know where you got the idea you could boss me. I'm down here to straighten you out on that!"

"Then you've wasted a trip," Garth answered with equal heat. "I'll admit without argument that what you do does not concern me in the slightest degree. The trouble with you is that you've got a guilty conscience."

That flew all over me. "Look here, Garth," I told him, as steadily as I could. "You and I never could hit it off together. We don't even think in the same language. Our standards are entirely different, in the things that count, in the fundamentals!"

Garth accepted my gage of war. "I quite agree with you!" he told me hotly. "Those things we disagreed over might have seemed like details, but nothing on earth could have been more important to me. Our standards are different. Fundamentally!"

THE shadows were lengthening from the tops of the trees, and the late afternoon sun gleamed like a flame when Garth saw me again. His face lighted up, then fell as he saw I had a companion in the car: a girl with the lankness of fifteen or sixteen, calico-dressed, obviously from the country, a girl at sight of whom Ance Brown dropped the reins of the horse at the derrick and, forgetting that the conventions of his hill country prohibited men-folks from showing emotion over their women in public, started toward us at a rush. Then he remembered and slowed down. They shook hands with the one up-and-down limp pumping of their native red-clay hills, but their faces seemed to have caught a bit of the sun's glow.

"I found her," I told Garth, "walking in the dust of the road. Ance sent for her. They're going to be married, the end of the week."

Garth could only stare, upset by the unusual turn of events. "Won't you come into the office while you wait?" he asked.

I sank into a chair, eyes straight before me. Coming into direct contact with Ance and Lindy had disturbed me. "There's poverty for you!" I burst out at last. "Think of those two attempting to marry, underpaid as he is!"

"I'm paying him all I can, Fendley," Garth said with a good deal of warmth, "more, really, than his job demands!"

"I'm going to take her home with me and arrange a real wedding for them instead of this makeshift."

"How do you know that is what they want, Fendley? Maybe they would prefer arranging their own affairs."

The innuendo did not pass over my head. "Why don't you come out and say what you mean?" I asked him. "You mean I'm butting into their business!"

"I did not say that, Fendley."

"LET'S have this thing out, Garth! You've interfered with me, criticising what I've said, criticising what I've done. They're none of your affairs!"

"You're repeating yourself. And rest assured, I won't ever interfere again!"

"Again—I'll see to it that you don't!" I wanted only to hurt him as he was hurting me. I turned to the doorway, and a sure way came to me. "You've done more than you think today," I told him, and my resolution hardened.

"Do you know why I drove down here? Denby Allison asked me to marry him last night. He begged me not to answer offhand, to think it over at least a day. I wanted little fool that I was, to come down here and see you once more before I made up my mind—to make sure whether I cared for you or not. I owe you thanks! I know, now!" I blinked to keep the angry tears from my eyes. "I'd rather, if you don't mind, that you'd keep his engagement to me secret for a few weeks."

From Garth's face I saw that he knew I meant what I was saying. White to the lips, he bowed. "I shall," he said quietly, and followed me to the door.

The rays of the setting sun streamed across the rough work shacks and the trees behind them. Ance and Lindy stood by the derrick, their eyes holding one another. The big work horse stood, fetlock deep in the mud near by, waiting.

One moment there was quiet; the next, without warning, pandemonium! The swamp was full of giant horse flies, and one must have stung the big work horse. The animal reared. The reins with which he had been tethered parted like wet paper. Startled at suddenly finding himself free, he bolted in fright into one of the guy ropes of the derrick. The anchoring stake pulled from the mud, and the sharp point stabbed the frightened animal.

Dimly, through the disaster, my mind was taking time out to marvel at the sheer, incredible power hidden in this tamed domestic animal that they used every day, the undreamed-of capabilities for destruction they treated so contemptibly. At the impact of the heavy, powerful body another of the guy ropes broke like a child's toy. The heavy tower swayed once, no more, and swooped downward like a striking snake.

Ance Brown saw and sprang. With one sweep of his arm somehow he got Lindy from beneath the tower into safety. The impact sent him back, and he lunged, futilely, to escape. For the thousandth part of a second I thought he had made it as he slipped in the mud. And then the tower flashed down, squarely across him.

Big Martin Griggs, ex-soldier, ex-racing driver, was first to reach him. "Get a jack!" he snapped as the others came up. "No! Damn it! That big one—the house jack! And crowbars! Quick!"

TO ME it seemed hours that they fought to lift that crushing weight from Ance's chest, though they were straining like men gone insane. The sweat poured from their faces, and the cords of exertion stood out in their necks. With the soft mud beneath

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him there was a slight chance. Gently they laid him on a blanket.

It did not take a physician to see that the boy was badly hurt. There was a gray look on his face, and from his lips oozed a froth of blood. Martin Griggs, who had seen many men die, shook his head.

I put my arm around the thin girl from the hills. She was calmer, apparently, than I. I could hear my breath coming in gasping sobs. "Where's a doctor?" I heard myself demanding, over and over. "Why doesn't somebody telephone for a doctor?"

"No telephone," somebody answered. "Not for miles. Best take him to the doctor. Quicker, that way."

"Then put him in my car. It has all the speed you can use. I'll get him there."

Big Martin Griggs looked at my face and my trembling hands. "I'll drive," he said quietly. "I'm more used to it. I can use all the speed it's got. Here, you," he said almost roughly to the girl from the hills. "You get in with him. You hold him; don't let that car jolt him. Hear me?"

The girl's face was pale beneath the outdoor tan and her eyes looked like twin jagged holes. "Yes sir," she said steadily. "Just hurry!"

Quiet-eyed, without another word, Martin Griggs went at the work he knew. One glance to make sure the hurt lad was as comfortable as he could be made, and the motor roared into life.

Of a sudden, everything was as quiet as a church, yet with an unwholesome, tomb-like stillness. I shivered in spite of myself, hot as it was, and my teeth chattered against one another. I staggered as I walked, and Garth helped me to a chair.

The little office was quiet, too, with a stillness that hurt, a stillness that hung on when every nerve shrieked for something to rout it.

AND then, of a sudden, I knew. Life isn't measured in years, or in hours. It's measured within the mind and that scene at the derrick, where that slim, awkward girl from the hill country had gone down into the depths, had made me know.

"Garth!" I said and stopped, shocked at the harshness of my own voice. "I—I've been a fool.

"It took something like—like—that—" I jerked my head toward the derrick where those other two had stood, "to make me see what I was doing. I do see, now."

Garth was on his feet. Gently, protectingly his arms went about me. "I saw too," he said, his voice shaken. "It made me see, too.

"It wasn't you, Fendley. Not you but we! We've both been petty children, using high-sounding important words to make what we were fighting over seem worth while enough to fight about."

"Oh, Garth!" I said, "I'll go anywhere you want me to. Here in the swamps, to the end of the earth, anywhere you decide!"

With his arms tight about me Garth shook his head, and his lips brushed tenderly against my hair.

"No, Fendley," he said quietly. "Not I. Not you. Ever, again. From now on, always 'we'!"

HOW do you treat your daughter when she does foolish things? Like a child, who doesn't know any better? Like a criminal? Or like a friend with whom you can discuss life and the business of living it? Whether you have a daughter or not you will be interested in what John S. Sumner, of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, has to say about his daughter in April SMART SET



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Crucible of Youth

[Continued from page 62]

his as if to warm it. For a long time he sat tensely on the very edge of his chair, scarcely daring to breathe.

Presently she withdrew her hand and with it began to grope blindly, until she finally found the wicker corner of the settee.

"Paul!" she breathed. "Paul, let's go in and dance some more."

Paul was puzzled, even startled. Then suddenly he remembered the wicker settee on the porch at the Country Club, and saw the connection. He nodded sagely to himself, smiled indulgently, and felt like a nice old doctor.

"There, there, that's all right," he told her soothingly.

"Paul, you can be—such a gentleman—when you want to . . . Vivian, you just must—tell me what he has to say about me! . . . That light across the butterfly he painted on my slicker—like a street-light—queer, isn't it? . . . And he's such a clown! Why, he burnt his wrist in Chem trying to help me, the poor dear . . ."

Paul leaned forward, watching her but soon her lips ceased moving. She sighed and turning unexpectedly, she snuggled down on her side with a little sleepy bird noise and soon was breathing the deep, rhythmic breaths of a healthy girl who is sound asleep.

PAUL pulled the chair gently away from the settee until it faced the window. Stretching himself out comfortably in it, he leaned back and reflected.

Thus he would sit all night, a steel-nerved, sleepless Sphinx; watchful and wide-eyed through all the still dim hours when the rest of the world slept. Dawn would find him unwearied, not even yawning. He would plunge into the day with his usual briskness and energy, scornful of such a confession of weakness as mere sleep. A night-owl! A man of iron—ah! that was it—a man of—

It was the bright sunshine that awakened him. With sleep-drugged eyes he stared foolishly ahead of him, stretched and yawned.

"Yo-hum!" exclaimed the night-owl, the man of iron. Then he noted with surprise that a light spread covered him, and that a pillow was under his head. His eyes popped open and he sprang to his feet trailing the spread after him. Doris was gone!

Instantly he was wide awake. He stood gaping and astounded while through his mind raced visions of abductions, wild ambulances in the night, and even a low black hearse along toward the end.

There was a noise outside the door and Doris breezed in.

"Oh, so you finally came to, did you, old sleepy-head? The doctor said he thought you were in a cataleptic trance."

Her merry eyes belied the faint purple half-moons beneath them.

Paul was trying to look gruff when a mile-deep yawn spoiled the effort. "Yeah, I guess I did doze off a little towards morning," he admitted manfully.

"Dozed off? Whew! If you call that dozing I'd hate to be near when you were sound asleep! You'd never come out of it, I'm afraid.

"I've been out doing some telephoning," she went on. "All of the girls went home in different machines, thinking I was along somewhere. And as I was to spend the night with some sorority sisters, maybe we can get out of this foolishness without starting a scandal."

"Oh, gosh!" A gloomy pause. "Yes, I guess that was a dumb dodo trick of mine to haul you way out here insteada takin' you home. I wouldn't'a done it if I hadn't been in such a hurry, so excited, y'know. And

why, say—I told the doc you were my sister."

"So I noticed," she said. "He knew that one was a whopper from the first. The doctor has got his eye on you about something. Paul. You better watch your step."

"Aw, I don't care if he has. But what'll you tell your folks?"

"Why, the truth, of course, if they ask me, which I'm hoping they won't. The doctor says he knows who my father is, so everything is all fixed with him. Let's go!"

Crestfallen, hungry and unwashed, Paul followed Doris out and got in the machine. The doctor came to the door to see them off. Just before engaging the clutch Paul turned and on a sudden impulse called "Good-by, doc!"

The doctor squinted at the sedan, then looked for a long instant at the driver.

"Wait a minute!" he said. "I forgot to give you a bill." He whirled and vanished into the office.

"Bill?" said Doris curiously. "He told me there wasn't any bill."

"Aw, he's just dizzy, that's all that's wrong with him," Paul said, but he slipped the gears into neutral and took his foot from the clutch.

After waiting a minute or two he snapped off the ignition. "No use wastin' gas," he said. The thought of gasoline brought back Gordon and with that—he laughed.

"What's the joke?" Doris asked.

"I just thought of something awful funny," he said.

A heavy, authoritative hand reached through the window from the rear and grabbed Paul by the scruff of his neck.

"What th—" he sputtered, trying to turn his head.

"Shut up and get out of that machine!" rumbled a deep voice.

Paul opened the door and was unceremoniously jerked out. He straightened up to find himself facing a deputy sheriff, the Woodston marshal, and the doctor.

"What's the big idea?" Paul inquired indignantly.

The deputy sheriff looked him over and turned to the doctor.

"So this is the kid who ran you down and turned out his lights and beat it, eh doc?"

"That's him," declared the other grimly.

Again the deputy eyed Paul, laughing unpleasantly to himself. Suddenly he struck the boy brutally on the mouth.

Paul landed sprawling ten feet away. For a moment he lay very still, then unsteadily arose, his face ashen, his eyes steely slits, bright red blood pulsing from his crushed upper lip.

The deputy roared with laughter. He was a huge barrel of a man, with a dirty stubble of red beard on his jaws.

DORIS had jumped out of the machine and was clinging like a frightened child to the doctor's shoulder.

"Get this girl away from here. Put her on that traction car that's coming," exclaimed the doctor and the marshal pulled Doris out to the corner in spite of her protests.

Paul stood rigidly, his hands at his sides. The deputy advanced on him deliberately. He stopped an arm's length away and extended his thumb and crooked forefinger to tweak the boy's nose.

Paul lashed out once with a rapier-like arm, every ounce of his hundred and thirty pounds behind it. The deputy drew back rubbing his stubbly jaw as a gorilla might finger an annoying mosquito bite.

"Well, now, sonny, don't get mad about

it," he drawled. He came closer and raised his hand as if to clasp Paul by the shoulder.

Instinctively the boy sprang into an attitude of defense, his legs spread apart. As he did so, the deputy made an upward motion with his hand to attract Paul's attention then, with a quick swing of his heavy, blunt-toed boot, kicked the boy.

Paul sagged as if every nerve in his body had been severed. With a low moan he crumpled in the dust.

"Say, Kelly," put in the doctor uneasily, "don't kick him again; he's had enough for right now."

"Oh, I didn't want to hurt 'im, any," growled Kelly, the deputy sheriff. "Just thought I'd teach 'im a little respect for the law. Didn't mean to do that," he said as the marshal came up, a deep red scratch across his cheek.

"Some wild-cat!" he exclaimed, casting a look of thankfulness after the departing traction car. Then he noticed the inert body by the side of the road. "What's the matter, Kelly? What did you hit him again for?"

"Why, he got frisky—started to grab a monkey wrench out of the car. I only done my duty." Kelly looked heavily at the doctor.

PAUL stirred feebly and groaned. In a minute he twisted to his side and sat up, holding his stomach. After helping him into the back seat of the sedan the marshal crowded in front with the other two men and drove the car through the town to the combination mayor's and marshal's office and lock-up.

Paul had to be supported to get from the car to a chair inside. He sat limply, mopping off his upper lip with his handkerchief.

"Can I call up my father?" the boy asked.

"Shut up!" Kelly bellowed.

"I don't see why he can't," protested the marshal, "he isn't even under arrest yet."

Paul struggled to his feet and hobbled painfully across the room to the telephone, where he put in a call to his home. As he waited, knees weakly quivering, he smiled wanly to himself as he guessed this was one time when he was glad his parents didn't go to church on Sundays. Finally he heard his father's gruff "Hello!" in the receiver. Never had it been so welcome.

"Hello, Dad, this is Paul. I'm out at Woodston and I'm in a lot of trouble. Can you come out right away?"

"Oh, Lord!" Pause. "What kind of trouble are you in?"

"I can't explain over the telephone. Dad," his voice quavered, "they're gonna put me in jail!"

"Jail, huh? Serves you right if you've been on some crazy party. Well, I'll try and get out after a while." He hung up.

Paul turned and faced his captors with a broken, all-gone feeling.

"Are you going to swear out a warrant, Dr. Davidson?" asked the marshal.

"I haven't decided yet. I'd like to railroad the cowardly pup!"

"Let's wait till his father gets here," suggested the marshal.

AS PAUL sat there tragic-eyed, all the little sins of his two years of wild adolescence gathered about and stood smirking at him. He saw himself for an instant in his true light, a pitiful misled child cowering in silly collegiate clothes on a chair in a marshal's office. He saw the tall gray walls of the boys' reformatory. But those sins of his seemed to him such little sins just then.

A dust-streaked taxi-cab drew up in front with a wild shrieking of brakes. Mr. Benton leaped out, thrust a bill into the gloved hand of the driver and plunged into the office.



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He faced the three men as if they were an angry stockholders' committee. "What seems to be the trouble?" he asked cordially.

"Plenty of trouble!" snapped Kelly. "This boy ran down a man and nearly killed him."

Mr. Benton turned worried eyes on his white-faced son for a moment, but he was cool and poised when he faced the others again. "Where is this man?"

"Right there." Kelly pointed at Dr. Davidson.

"Well," said Mr. Benton, "you seem to be pretty well recovered."

"It happened in February of last year," explained the doctor. "The papers were full of it. If I want to, I can send that boy—"

"Last year?" Mr. Benton said incredulously. "Why, surely man, you don't mean to say you're going to press any charges against him for some little accident that happened more than a year ago?" His tone subtly conveyed that such a person would be an absolute fool.

Paul felt a queer tingle of pride as he watched his father, but there was no feeling of love, no son-to-father respect in his attitude.

"Well, well," began Mr. Benton familiarly, taking the doctor good-naturedly by the arm. "Let's see, your name's—?"

"Davidson."

"Mine's Benton, Mr. Davidson. Now, I can understand how you feel about this." He slapped the other man pleasantly on the back in true Rotarian style, all the while gently edging him towards a door that opened into a little hallway. "But maybe after we understand each other a little better—" he was saying as they went out.

FOR some little time Mr. Benton's voice rumbled on behind the door. There were back-slappings and hearty mutual understandings as they re-entered the room, Mr. Benton screwing the top back on his fountain pen.

The doctor turned to Kelly and the marshal. "I've decided to let this drop," he said. "It was such a long time ago and it really was awfully icy on the streets that night."

When the boy and his father got into the big blue sedan, Mr. Benton said, "that cost me a pretty piece of change."

"How in the devil did it happen and why didn't you say something about it at the time?" he demanded.

"Well, you see it was awful icy and snowin' to beat the dickens, and I couldn't hardly see through the windshield at all. This dumb bat jumps out real sudden from behind two parked machines and I guess I bumped him a little with one fender. He sat down in the snow and I stopped to see if he was hurt, but he got right up and started brushin' the snow offa his coat, so I saw there wasn't anything wrong with him and I drove on. He was drunk, anyway."

"Then it served him right!" Mr. Benton declared.

"That's what I say!" agreed Paul.

IT WAS a different Paul who swung up the wide front approach of East High School to begin his senior year. The lines of his face and body were more settled; he carried himself with a more mature air. Along his jaw and upper lip was a faint shadow, for he had been shaving since the middle of the summer. He had a self-confident look in his eyes that was irritating to anyone over twenty-five.

He nodded right and left to old classmates. When he encountered an intimate he pounded him on the back, yelled in his ear and danced about. "Hi, Art! Howza kid?" Not such a bad guy after all. And Edna! "You're lookin' fine, you little home-wrecker!"

At last what his eyes had been searching for—a golden head of bobbed curls sur-

mounting a semi-transparent pink slicker with a gorgeous butterfly done in colored ink on the back. Two soft little hands in his own, drawing him away from the crowd.

"Glad to be back, honey?"

"Oh, Paul, you mustn't call me that. Yes, I am glad to be back, and I'm sorry I've only got till February."

"Say, that's right! You do graduate a half-year before I do. Won'tcha be real dumb this semester so that we can graduate together?"

TWILIGHT. The comfortable quiet of a good residence street in a thriving middle-western city. Lights in front windows. Substantial brick houses. Before most of them a machine, usually a closed car of one of the better makes.

Doris and Paul walked slowly, talking in the low-toned, disjointed manner of boy and girl when they are too happy at being together to remain silent.

"Got a letter from Win today."

"Yeah?"

"He's engaged."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah' yourself, silly."

"Oh, well now, I didn't mean to say that twice. I was just thinkin'."

"Yeah?"

"Aw, Doris, have a heart!"

She laughed softly. "Yes, Win is engaged to a Los Angeles girl he'd been writing to for a couple of years. Well, I hope she's good to him. Oh, but he was dull sometimes!"

"You like the fast workers, huh?"

"Be careful!"

"Oh, well now, I didn't mean—"

"Yes, after you've said it you don't mean it. That's the way you boys do. You say just anything and then think if you apologize for it a girl should forgive you!"

"And the way you girls do is raise the dickens and bawl a fellow out; then give him one little kiss and a fellow oughta forget it ever happened!"

Doris giggled. "I'm glad we understand each other."

"Yes, after you've bawled me out I don't even get—" His voice trailed off into the twilight.

It happened they were just half-way through a block, equidistant from each street-light, and the branches overhead made a pleasant quiet darkness.

Paul halted. Suddenly he took Doris by the shoulders and drew her to him. Her pink slicker with the butterfly on it made comfortable little rustling noises.

"You darling!" he cried softly.

"Oh, Paul, I think there's someone coming," Doris said. She hastily drew back, her cheeks a pink that put her slicker to shame.

A GIRL approached from behind and started to pass, glancing curiously at them.

"Why hello, Vivian," Doris said.

"Oh, it's you is it, Doris?" Vivian slowed down and joined them. "You two were pretty nearly invisible. I didn't see who it was."

Vivian linked arms with Doris and an understanding smile passed between them. The three young people walked on slowly dreamily, without speaking. It was a cool, hazy, Indian summer night, a night for memories. Vivian chuckled to herself.

"Tell us the joke," suggested Doris.

"I'll bet I remember something you don't," Vivian said. "Something that happened right here a long, long time ago."

"What was it?"

"Think real hard," insisted Vivian. The girls seemed to have forgotten Paul's existence. "Don't you remember," she continued, "that night when an old open Ford piled full of farmer boys stopped and asked us something about what street to take?"

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"Oh, yes!" Doris said. "I remember now. That funny old wreck they drove, and that big broad-shouldered boy who was so serious and said he was lost, and that horrid little smart-aleck who stood up and said something fresh."

"But do you remember that poor little wretched-looking kid with the yellow hair, who sat in the back seat and stared at you with his mouth hanging wide open?"

"Yes, he seemed to be in sort of a daze, the little silly. I've never quite forgotten that night, somehow. Country boys are so comical and so green! Don't you think so?" Her golden laugh tinkled out merrily and she turned to Paul, who had fallen half a pace behind.

Paul stole a glance at the butterfly on the back of her slicker, the butterfly with "E. H. S." beneath it in fancy capitals. He flashed a queer smile upward, as if he had a secret joke with the street lights. Then he looked with wonder and exultation at the dainty face of the girl he had taken in his arms and kissed only a moment ago.

"Yeah," he said, "that musta been funny."

THAT winter Paul became really interested in the prospects of college. It was understood at home that he was, of course, to continue into higher education, the choice of where he was to go and what he was to specialize in to rest with him.

The two nearby colleges, Brighton U and Abbot, eclipsed the others in the matter of choice for Paul. He wanted to go away from home to college, yet not too far away.

Brighton U was his favorite. It was co-educational and notoriously wide open. Sons of wealthy men travelled across the continent to enjoy the license of Brighton U. The college was rich and it virtually controlled the small town where it was located and continued to flourish more wildly each year. The Brighton U boys were so collegiate they nearly stopped traffic. At dances one could always pick them out as the best dressed, the loudest mouthed, and by far the most intoxicated. Paul fairly adored them.

Abbott, on the other hand, was a quiet man's college rich in time-mellowed traditions, but totally lacking in the deeper, fuller sides of college life, such as sorority house scandals and drunken debauches. The Abbott boys were good sports and had a basket-ball team on its way to the national championship, but that was outweighed by the shameful fact that fully three-fourths of the student body were in a recognizable condition on New Year's Eve. They bore their stigma of disgrace manfully, and it was whispered that an Abbott man laid out cold two Brighton enthusiasts who tried to pin a W. C. T. U. ribbon on him.

STAN WALKER was an Abbott man. Paul met him at a rather dull sorority dance the night before New Year's. They drifted into the library of the big residence where the dance was being held and fell to talking. Walker gave Paul a folder full of pictures of Abbott: quiet paths through beech groves, fine old buildings covered with ivy. Paul couldn't help liking Walker even if he had refused to drink more than he could hold and still be a gentleman.

"By the way, Benton," Walker said and Paul liked that surname address, "are you the fellow who draws that 'School House Sights' strip in the East High Searchlight?"

Paul nodded rather modestly.

"Why don't you try the News with some of your work? They use a half-page of high school material every once in a while. That last one of yours was pretty clever, I'll admit—where Larry, the Lounge-Lizard is trapped on the roof of a burning building and has to jump off, but his wide trousers act as parachutes and he sails slowly down without hurting himself."

"Didja like that?" grinned Paul. "I

thought of that one morning comin' to school. It was awful windy and my collegiate trousers were floppin' around like sheets on a clothes-line. I just happened to think it might make a funny picture. I mean, if I'd zaggerate it all up, y'know."

He couldn't understand why Walker laughed so heartily, then arose and slapped him fraternally on the back reeling off some sorta dizzy poem about "O, wad some power the giftie gie us," and dumb junk like that.

ROLF BARCLAY was a Brighton man. Paul met him at a dripping wet mixed gathering in the ballroom of the Fort Mayes hotel one night. They wandered out into a little anteroom and fell to talking. Paul couldn't help being fascinated by Barclay even if the other did continually display that indulgent attitude of the college man for the high school boy. To Paul's mind, and a typically high school mind it was, Barclay was the final embodiment of all the desirable qualities attainable on this earth. He was sleekly handsome, had won his Varsity letter, belonged to a fraternity whose very name was a synonym for wealth and recklessness, drank like a thirsty fish, dressed in a style that defied description, and kept a card-system on the co-eds.

Perhaps he saw in Paul the makings of a rare collegian. At any rate, he condescended from his aloofness with a geniality that warmed Paul's heart.

"Listen, Benton! How would you like to get an invite to a party that really had a kick to it? Not one of these tame affairs where the general public is admitted, but a li'l informal gathering that would make the Chicago Fire look like a wet match."

"Would I like to?" grinned Paul. "Try me and see!"

"Fine! And now look here, kid. You take this card I'm giving you and don't let anybody know you've got it. The card will get you in—the address is on the back. This orgy is due to be flung precisely one week from tonight. Don't come earlier than eight o'clock because we've got to drive all the way in from school after supper that evening. If you should have the misfortune to be accosted by any annoying individual who seems to be suffering from an inquisition, ever hear 'at word before—complex, tell them you're a Beta Gamma Tau pledge and that you know Rolf Barclay."

"YOU don't mean to tell me you're going anywhere tonight, after all those dances last week?" exclaimed Mrs. Benton, noticing Paul's significantly elaborate toilette as he sat down to supper.

"I'm just goin' to a little party," Paul said.

"I don't think you are, young man," put in Mr. Benton. "You've been out entirely too many nights lately. This is one time you're going to stay in."

"What?" cried Paul, leaping to his feet. "Well, I guess I'm not gonna stay in! I guess Rolf Barclay invited me! I guess—"

"I don't care who invited you! I never heard of this Rolf Barclay before and that's all the more reason you can't go."

"Can't go? I am too goin'!"

"Young man, I won't have you neglecting your studies to be running around! You're going to study every one of your lessons thoroughly before you set foot outside of this house!"

Paul resumed his seat quietly. "Sure, I'll study," he said, and began to eat.

"You bet you'll study!" rumbled Mr. Benton uneasily. "The very idea of a boy like you chasing out every night without studying his lessons first. Why—"

After dinner Paul slumped in his desk chair, thinking. It was an hour until he need start for the party—the party that

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Rolf Barclay had said would make the Chicago Fire look like a wet match. Well, let 'er rip. He, Paul, was ready for anything. Just then, sitting at his desk in his quiet room, he was utterly unable to conceive of anything which the human mind could devise that would daunt him in the least. He was gonna show these college men he wasn't such a baby as they thought he was!

He stared moodily into the littered shelves and crammed pigeon-holes of the desk. His eyes gradually took cognizance of the unsightly condition. Soon his thoughts had drifted from the red-hot party to the desk. Gosh, what a mess! Betcha there was old stuff fifty years old down under those piles. He glanced at his watch. Might as well clean out his desk while he was waiting.

HE REACHED over and lifted a great heap of papers out on the let-down lid which served as the writing surface of the desk. Pulling the waste basket to the side of his chair, he began to toss the papers into it one by one, giving each a brief inspection before discarding it.

As he neared the bottom of the pile he suddenly stopped. He picked up a sheet of pink stationery folded out flat and written closely in black ink on all four pages. It seemed to be a letter in the flourishing, not-quite-formed handwriting of his earlier years.

Why, it was that letter he had written to Ruth Sherwood back when he had first come to the city! No wonder she had never answered it!

Ruth would be married by now. All the best country girls marry too young. Ruth, a sweet little brown-eyed fairy. Sick babies. Dishes to wash. The muddy clump, clump of a tired young farmer across the clean kitchen floor. Ruth, playing "Wink Em." Giggling.

The four sheets of closely written pink stationery crumpled. The desk chair creaked. Then came a fast procession as in a hasheesh smoker's dream, where time and space have no values.

Stiff new long pants. A smelly pool room. A heavy-set dreamer walking and crudely philosophizing on an elm-shaded sidewalk. An unfolding vista of molten unrecognized emotions. The society of girls. An awakening manliness. Revulsions, and shattered small boy dreams. Shy clumsy kisses.

Then a crash; a change. New scenery, new characters, new lighting effects upon the stage of life. No longer the quiet hum of blazing fields and shade-steeped groves, but a jazz orchestra blaring—why, it was Limehouse Blues!

Oh, all a turmoil; and high school! Four years of it come June. Four years—from short pants and shyness to this. How? And why? Four years. Fifteen to nineteen. Four years of what?

Mrs. Arnold Benton, carrying an armload of clean clothes, walked into her son's room in the semi-darkness. She stooped, tugged open the dresser drawer, and carefully laid them away. She glanced toward the bed.

"Why Paul, you're not sick, are you, honey? Paul! Answer me!" She hurried over and sat down on the edge, slipping her arm under his pajama-clad shoulders. "What's the trouble, dear? Just don't feel good? Mother's so sorry. Too bad you have to miss that nice party you were going to this evening, isn't it? Why Paul, you must be sick! You're—you're—crying!"

PAUL'S face was flushed with happy sociability as he dined and chatted at the Bulen home. He responded to their refinement and culture as a withered geranium responds to water.

At first Paul had felt all the abhorrence of the typical adolescent sheik when Doris

mentioned that her parents would like to meet him.

But after one evening with the Bulens Paul's attitude changed. Every good quality that was in him struggled free from the welter of his every day life and rose to the surface of his consciousness. He learned courtesy. He learned table manners.

And at last Paul discovered the English language. For some time he had been finding the high school idioms and stunted vocabulary quite inefficient for expressing the things he discussed with Mr. Bulen, but he brought himself up with a decisive jerk one evening while listening raptly to the smooth flow of the man's speech.

How well he talked! thought Paul. You could hear it for a whole evening and never become weary. At the same time he realized that the garbled grammar of the high school jabber did jar on one's ears. So, for the first time in his life, he began to take some care with his speech. "G's" began to appear on his participial endings. He lost his contempt for "have", "of" and kindred words.

"**I** TELL you," Paul was saying, "these big magazines don't even look at a fellow's picture unless it's got some famous name signed to it. I'll bet if I'd sign my name James Montgomery Flagg, why—" He halted to bite into a buttered roll.

Mr. Bulen laughed good-naturedly. "No, son, you're all wrong there. If you were to sign the name 'James Montgomery Flagg' to a drawing you'd not only be spoiling all your chances, but you'd be running the risk of involving yourself in a lot of unpleasantness. To my mind nobody on earth could imitate those quick curves and strong strokes of Mr. Flagg's magazine illustrations. What you'd better do is develop a style that will make the name Paul Benton have a distinctive meaning too."

"Did you ever try any of the magazines with your work, son?" he asked with interest.

"Well, no," said Paul. "But I've got a comic strip, Larry, the Lounge-Lizard, and as soon as I get a few more characters worked up, and learn to word those balloons simply enough to put some snappy patter across without taking up the whole picture, why then I think I'll send it to King Feature Syndicate. They're the ones that handle that 'Freddie, the Sheik' strip. I like that and mine's kind of on the same order."

"You've certainly got high hopes!" Mr. Bulen said. "Why don't you get acquainted with John McNunnally on the News? He's the sort of man who helps young fellows to get somewhere with the public. I admire the man greatly and you couldn't help liking him. I'll take you around there one of these afternoons—if you care to go, that is."

"You bet I'd care to go!" Paul said gratefully. "I've heard of McNunnally. It was him that put that story-writing nut out at East on the map. I'd be tickled to death to meet him!"

DORIS and Paul were sitting on the davenport. Mr. and Mrs. Bulen had just retired. The dim glow of the shaded piano lamp diluted the darkness without dispelling it.

Paul looked at Doris; speculated upon the burnished gold in her bobbed curls; estimated the number of inches his arm would have to travel to slip around her small shoulders. He wondered.

Doris sat quietly with her hands folded in her lap, a faint half-smile on her lips, her eyes fixed dreamily on space.

Paul continued to regard her evenly. He was thinking of the evening they had walked along quiet First Avenue—Doris's pink slicker rustling—the butterfly inked on the

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back—the wide white circle of a street
light— "Yeah, that musta been funny."

He believed that Doris would be glad if
he slipped his arm around her, stroked her
hair. A wave of warm realization swept
over him. Doris, his dream-girl, was
waiting.

He shifted his eyes and looked intently
at the floor. His jaw hardened. He jerked
his head up decisively and cleared his throat.

"Doris," he said, "let's play the piano."

Without a word or a change in expres-
sion she went over to the instrument and
began to play softly. Paul followed her
over and stood behind her staring, not at
the music, but at the curve of her shoulder.

Doris did not raise her eyes from the
keyboard. Her playing, usually flawless,
was a trifle jerky. Twice she missed a
high note with a fumbling finger. Her full
pink lips had tightened into a thin, nervous
line. The music stopped.

Paul shifted uneasily and stood erect.
"Well, guess I better be going," he said.

THEY went into the front hall. Doris
helped him on with his topcoat and
handed him his hat. Not a word was
spoken. They stood beneath the hall light,
face to face. There was an awkward pause.
Then their eyes met. The tension snapped.

"What's the matter with us, anyway?"
Paul asked.

Doris took a step backward and stood
looking at him. "I don't know," she said,
"unless it's that we like each other too
well."

Paul returned her level gaze. "Would
you have let me—back there on the daven-
port?"

Her eyes dropped suddenly, she colored;
then she raised her head. "Yes. Paul. I be-
lieve I might have then, but not now. Or
ever—that is—unless— Paul, may I ask
you a question?"

He nodded, keeping his gaze upon her.
"Why didn't you?"

The boy's face took on a perplexed look.
He shifted his eyes from hers and stared
at the wall. "Oh, I can't say exactly," he
began. "I suppose I'm pretty much of a
bad egg. At least I've chased around. But
Doris, if I did, it would—oh, it would make
you just like all the rest of 'em. I want
to, sure I want to. I'm not denying that—
but I'm not going to start in that way
with you, Doris, even if I did forget my-
self and kiss you once. You're clean and
sweet and different and that's why I like
you, so I'm going to keep you that way
and keep on liking you."

THE girl looked at him wide-eyed, quite
taken aback. Then she smiled a wry little
smile and leaned wearily against the wall.
"So that's it, is it? After you've been
through the mill you talk like that—but
not until. Well, maybe going through the
mill was a good thing for you, Paul. At
least it's taught you what not to do to be
decent."

"Aw, razzberries!" he grinned, suddenly
reverting to a small boy, "I'm not nearly
as tough as everybody thinks I am. I
guess it's what a fellow is that makes him
a bad egg, not just the things he does.
Well anyway, Doris, let's forget this darn
necking stuff and be friends instead and see
how we like it. What say?"

"I certainly will, Paul! I'm glad things
turned out as they did tonight."

"So am I! Well, it's getting late. I've
got to beat it." He went to the door,
opened it, turned back. He extended his
hand to Doris. She took it. They shook
hands heartily, laughing a little.

"Good night, pal!"

THE beautiful big blue sedan pulled up
in the dusk and stopped before the
double house. Paul snapped off the ignition,

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I'm
Well!

yanked on the hand brake and leaped lightly out. Whistling, he bounced up the steps and into the house. He tossed his hat at the hat-rack, missed it, let it lie, and romped into the front room.

"Hooray!" he shouted, diving into the davenport beside his father.

"What are you so happy about?" asked Mr. Benton.

"Why, I've been down to the News office. Mr. Bulen took me in and introduced me to John McNunnally and a whole lot of newspaper fellows. Gee, it sure is swell around a newspaper office. So much going on. Everybody running around in their shirt sleeves n'everything!"

"McNunnally, did you say?" inquired Mr. Benton. "I've heard of him. What did Bulen take you in there for?"

"I wanted to go in, that's what. Mr. Bulen said that McNunnally would be the very man to help me with my cartooning. Well, after I'd met all these fellows around the office, why McNunnally—gosh, I like him!—talked with me a while.

"ALL of a sudden he handed me a big printed advertisement about collegiate shoes. He said, 'Head that over and draw a picture to go with it. Something you think will sell shoes.' Well, I took the ad and went out in the next room. There were drawing boards and all sorts of dandy stuff to work with there. I don't know why I did it, but I just sat right down and drew the first picture that came into my head after I read the ad over. I drew a real collegiate sheik with a hot-looking pair of shoes on. I made lines running out from the toes like they were shining, y'know, and a couple of girls clapping their hands and acting dizzy and happy the way girls do. This fellow was doing the Charleston in those shoes, and I made him yelling, 'Hot dawg! Latest thing out!' and he had a dumb grin all over his face.

"Well, I looked it over carefully and added a few little details like one of the girls having a book under her arm. That made me think about school, so just for craziness I drew in the whole background like East High. I drew it just as if the fellow and the girls were standing right there on the front steps the way we do at noon. Well, McNunnally came in and looked real surprised and said, 'You still here?' and I said, 'Sure, here's the picture all finished.' He took the picture and the ad and walked away staring at 'em, but not sayin' anything to me.

"I FOOLED around a little longer and then started to go back through the city room to the front stairs. I was just leaving when McNunnally came up and grabbed me by the arm, 'Come here a minute,' he said, so I went with him. He took me in an office where there were two old fellows looking over my picture of the sheik.

"One of 'em said, 'Young man, do you want to try working around the illustrating room here? After you'd learned your H's and Q's you might get a good job.'

"I said, 'Why, yes, as soon as I've finished college.'

"Then he said, 'Well, even at that you can be doing some odds and ends of work for us, can't you?'

"I saw what he meant then, so I got real agreeable and tickled to death. Dad, I'm going to start in with the News. Just gradually, y'know, and learn it from the

ground up and work into an illustrator's job and maybe later a big-time cartoonist!

"Well, they got to looking over my picture again and the oldest man made some dizzy remark about 'It takes youth to really express youth. Old folks can't do it.' Pretty soon they were staring at me real curious. This same man said, 'Kid, where did you get that idea? Did you ever see a picture like that anywhere else?'

"NOW, this may sound funny, but right then I got fighting mad, with those old fellows looking at me as if I was a freak or n'infant prodigy or something! What I can draw pictures a whole lot better than most high school kids? There's a lot more things I can't do half as well as the average guy. Suppose I did draw something a little past my age? That's nothing to get so excited about.

"But of course I didn't want to come right out and cuss those men that were going to give me a swell job, so I acted kind of hurt and said, 'Why, I just happened to think of it, and I can do a whole lot better after I've learned something about the ad business.'

"That went over big. By the time I left there you'd have thought I was James Montgomery Flagg, or Raphael, or somebody." Paul leaned back in the davenport, his face flushed and his eyes happy.

"Well, that's pretty good!" exclaimed his father. "I never expected that a son of mine would wind up drawing funny pictures for a living, but if you've got a chance to make something of yourself that way, why, go to it. I want you to be what you want to be, as long's it's reasonable—and I've seen too many talented fellows, tied down to commercialism, become half-way-men or failures. But don't you think you're getting your mind made up mighty early about your career? You're pretty young yet, remember."

"What do you mean 'young'?" Paul said. "Why, I'll be nineteen in two weeks!"

FOR a moment Mr. Benton puffed deeply on his cigar. "Well, there's something in that, too," he said. "I believe you're older right now than I was when I was married, and I'll candidly admit you're a darned sight smarter. When I see boys like you and that Meredith fellow you had in here the other night I can't help harking back to the days when I was your age. What ninnies we would be compared to you cocksure kids nowadays! I sometimes wonder how many hundreds of years old you'll be by the time you're forty!"

"I think you're shovelling it mighty high, Dad," Paul said. "Folks oughtn't to kick if we're smarter and harder-boiled than we ought to be. I'd like to know whose fault it is, anyway! And I don't think it hurts a fellow much to go through the mill young. At least it teaches him what not to do to be decent."

Mr. Benton shook his head helplessly. "Oh, Lord!" he sighed, "what a philosophy—What not to do to be decent! Well, as long's the result's the same I'm not so sure the getting there matters a whole lot. Say now, about the college question, what's the tuition at this wonderful Brighton U you were so enthusiastic about a while back? Maybe we can manage it, somehow."

"Brighton U?" Paul said scornfully. "That bunch of scummy brats? Say, Dad, snap out of it! I'm going to Abbott!"

WOULD you think that the gods were kind—if at seventeen they took you from a convent, left you to run a tropic plantation single-handed, plunged you, a defenseless girl, into the very heart of a rebellion and led you through intrigue and seeming disaster straight to the arms of a dashing lover? You'll realize how kind they really were to me when you read the true story of my "Rebel Romance" in April SMART SET

Flapper Mothers

[Continued from page 31]

where the mother is active socially and in her church. She didn't like the way her girls dressed, she explained, nor their familiarity with young men. She objected, though unavailingly, to their cigarette smoking, and she suspected that they were beginning to drink.

"See here," I said, "the cure is in your own hands. You pay for the dresses you complain of; you furnish the spending money with which they buy their cigarettes and make-up; you permit the associates you disapprove of to come to your home. Put your foot down. The girls will have to yield; they're dependent on you for everything."

"That sounds very simple," she replied. "Though I know I am right, whenever the girls start to argue with me they soon have me convinced, for the time being, that my ideas are old-fashioned. They point out that all their girl friends are doing the things I complain of, and it isn't reasonable to think that I am right and all other parents wrong."

IT HAS reached the point where the average parent, if you force the question, will admit without hesitancy that he or she is actually afraid to make an unyielding stand against the demands of their children. I have been given all sorts of reasons. Chief of them seemed to be the fear that the child would revolt, perhaps leave home, and then all parental influence would be gone. Some confessed to uncertainty as to what is right and a disinclination to seem to be unreasonable. Many admitted that they gave in against their own convictions rather than undergo incessant wrangling in their homes. A great many freely admitted that they didn't want people to think they were cranks or behind the times.

That's the way it goes. One girl points out to her parents that it's perfectly all right for her to do this thing or that, because Mary, her nice girl friend, is allowed to do it; and at the very moment probably Mary is answering the protests of her own parents with the effective argument that the first girl is permitted to do the very things to which they object. Thus it becomes an endless social chain, each modern girl doing things because other modern girls are doing them; each modern parent ducking responsibility because other modern parents are ducking!

IN THE hulabaloo about the revolt of youth attention has focussed in particular upon "the modern girl." Sex discrimination has nothing whatever to do with it. Nobody thinks the modern girl is worse than the modern boy, nor that he is entitled to privileges denied her. But he hasn't sprung into the limelight by a cyclonic change in his ways. He may start his indiscretions sooner nowadays and go a little further but he does pretty much the same old things in the same old way. In the face of the modern attitude his escapades naturally gain even less attention than they did in the days when he was expected to sow a few wild oats.

But the modern girl has changed spectacularly. She brags about it herself. And while the change has been so amazing that we couldn't help but take notice, it has also been so rapid that a great many of us have lost track of just how sweeping it has been. In fact it doesn't strike home how much ground the modern girl has traversed until one measures her appearance, her actions, her ideas and her outspoken opinions with those of the typical girl of yesterday.

"Don't spoil the party"

.. someone called when I sat down at the piano



I WAS about to enter the room when I overheard Bill saying:

"It'll seem like old times to have Dan with us again!"

"You'd better lock the piano!" came the laughing rejoinder.

"Nonsense! He won't have the nerve to play after that shabby trick we pulled."

How well I knew what they were talking about! At the last party I had attended I had sat down at the piano and in my usual "chop-stick" fashion, started playing.

Before long, however, I had noticed an unusual stillness. I turned around and saw —the room was empty!

Burning with shame and humiliation I had determined to turn the tables. At last, tonight, the moment had come.

Turning to Bill I said, "Hope you've had the piano tuned, old boy, I feel just in the mood . . ."

For a moment no one spoke. Then some one called.

"For heaven's sake, don't spoil the party!"

That was my cue. Instead of replying I sat down at the piano and struck the first bars of "Sundown." And how! Easily, smoothly, with all the verve and expression I had always longed for.

I Fool My Friends

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The guests gasped with amazement. Fascinated, scarcely believing their ears, they drew nearer. When I finished there was loud applause. Time and again, when I would have stopped playing, they eagerly insisted on "Just one more, please!"

Before letting me

—a moment later they got the surprise of their lives!



go home that night, Bill demanded, "How did you do it?"

"Why, I just took advantage of a new way to learn music!"

"What! Didn't you take lessons from a teacher?"

"No! I taught myself! When that trick opened my eyes last year, I sent to the U. S. School of Music for a Free Demonstration Lesson. It was so easy that I decided to take the course. It's great! There wasn't any expensive private teacher to pay, and I was able to study in my spare time, just a few minutes a day. Yet, almost before I knew it, I could play anything—ballads, rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz!"

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A friend of mine, a police official, sums it up neatly.

"If a few years ago," he said, "any woman had appeared on a bathing beach or on the city streets or at a public function of any sort dressed for the occasion like the average girl of today, her face made up and acting as many of them do, openly smoking, flirting, petting, talking loosely, she'd certainly have been suppressed by the first policeman who saw her, if she was lucky enough to escape actual arrest."

HERE was one outstanding flaw in this. He alluded only to the modern girl. What about modern parents? If girls have changed so have they. Where are all the old-fashioned fathers who used to insist that their children be home and in bed at a decent hour, who along about ten-thirty used to start fixing fires or closing windows as a gentle hint to the daughter's beau that it was time to say good night, who insisted on knowing where their daughters went on their outings and with whom? And where are all the old-fashioned mothers who conducted themselves with such vigilant propriety in order that the example they set would be above reproach, who were ceaselessly guarding their daughters from every evil and who were so tireless in exalting modesty and chastity above all feminine virtues?

When Judge Katzenbach said that many modern mothers devote more time to face lifting than to soul lifting he was not indulging in a mere figure of speech. The mature women of today have gone mad on the subject of "beauty culture" in all its ramifications, including form reducing, facial manipulations, extreme dressing, as well as the alteration of the features Nature gave them.

With bodily appearance exalted to place of chief importance by so many modern mothers is it any wonder that so many modern girls relegate the soul to second place, if they do not actually, in the light of their preternatural wisdom, sneer at the obsolete idea that they have any souls at all!

A cultured, attractive widow, under forty, who looked almost as young as her daughter of eighteen, had brought the girl to me privately in the hope that I might help to unsnarl a tangle that enmeshed her. The mother had discovered that the girl was involved in a desperate love affair with a man well past forty, a man whose reputation about town was not one to instill confidence in a parent. He had been taking the girl to studio parties of the sort that gained Greenwich Village its hectic fame.

The girl countered with a surprising defense. Her mother, she declared bitterly, was making this fuss chiefly because she was jealous of her. This mature admirer had originally paid attention to the mother and that was how the girl had met him. Even the parties complained of were exactly the same sort of parties in the selfsame studios to which he formerly had taken the mother.

The case is exceptional only in its details. Many boys and girls who have gotten into trouble have said to me that the things they had been doing were the things their parents had been doing right along. Boys who drink, and girls, too, for that matter, point to fathers and mothers without possibility of contradiction. Girls who indulge in all sorts of frivolity, have said they were only doing things their own mothers or the mothers of girl friends were doing.

Draw this to the attention of such parents and almost invariably they make the same defense, that things harmful and improper for immature youth are not necessarily unfit for parents, that age brings with it certain privileges denied to youth.

They overlook the important thing that sets all this at naught, that children of to-

day are not the children of yesterday who were taught from the cradle up to let father or mother do the thinking for them on matters of this sort. Today when modern boys and girls are told something that runs counter to their own desires there must be reason behind it to make it stick. And this is nothing against modern youth, but a lot, against the myopic parent who fails to take it into account.

This matter of the modern girl and the modern mother being in competition with each other is one of the social phenomena of this whirligig age. It springs from the fact, no doubt, that where youth used to emulate age either because it respected age or because it envied the latter's privileges, nowadays it's the other way about, age imitates youth in many ways, none more desperate than that in which the modern woman is trying to simulate the appearance and manners of the modern girl.

I have a friend who is so imbued with the spirit of progress that anything new seems to him worth while simply because it is new. He argues that all the present day social upheaval is simply a manifestation of Nature working toward a good end. He can't explain, though, how parents have suddenly ceased to be part of the works whose function it is to see that things work out right. It's hard to believe that all the billions of parents who have gone before were entirely wrong in curtailing the liberties of their children until they reached the age of mental as well as physical self-dependence. However, he contends that I am entirely too concerned about matters that have no real significance.

"Well, what if it is hard to tell a lot of mothers from their own daughters!" he'll argue. "Is there anything wrong in a woman trying to keep young?"

"Not unless it is carried to excess, thus setting an example and furnishing an excuse for intemperate youth to do likewise," I reply.

"Nonsense," he scoffs. "Giddy clothes and paint and powder are all on the outside, superficial. These outward things bear no relation whatever to morality."

There you have the modern viewpoint that fails to see beyond its nose, that fails to take into account that not the immediate fact but its ultimate effect is the important thing.

TWO young men had been brought before me charged with grossly insulting two respectable women in one of our parks. They stood with downcast heads while the plaintiff, a girl about eighteen, described how the prisoners had accosted them without the slightest excuse and had made proposals of the most disgusting kind and refused to desist even after they were told to leave.

The defendants looked like a couple of respectable working men dressed up in their Sunday best. It turned out that they had come from a New England town for an outing in New York.

"What have you to say about this?" I said.

"Well, Judge," said one, hesitatingly, "we ain't the kind to insult respectable women. Not even if we've been drinking. But we were in town for a good time and when we saw these girls sitting there smoking cigarettes and smiling at us, dressed up the way they are, why we just naturally concluded they were fast women out for business."

I glanced at the plaintiff. She looked all that the man said. She was dressed to an extreme even for a modern flapper. Abbreviated skirt and a face made up in vivid splashes of white and scarlet. If her actions had been as tawdry and suggestive as her appearance there was ample excuse for the prisoner.

The girl did not challenge the man's story.

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"It's no crime to smoke a cigarette nowadays," said she, "nor to smile at a couple of men acting silly."

"See here," I said, "don't you realize how dangerous it is, dressed as you are and acting as you were to notice strange men, especially with another young girl alone in an isolated spot?"

"I wasn't with a girl friend," she replied. "I was with my aunt, my mother's sister. There she is."

My eyes followed her pointed finger. There sat a woman nearing middle age, yet attired like a flapper.

I WONDER if the significance of this incident is immediately clear? I do not refer to the example set by the older woman, I mean something infinitely more important. Remembering that these women in spite of their get-up were respectable, one might take it that my friend was right, that outward appearances have no relation at all to social morality. Yet actually the case shattered his reasoning to smithereens.

Whatever else one cares to read out of the affair the fact remains that the appearance of the women was interpreted as a license. It comes to precisely the same thing in the association between modern boys and girls. Indeed I believe that the downfall of many a girl might be traced to her outward appearance.

The one sure safeguard of the unsophisticated girl is her natural modesty. It protects her doubly. Within herself it is an impassable barrier at the frontier of her honor. Outwardly, its indications effectually discourage any thought of improper advances by boys or men. It is only when that outward semblance of modesty is lacking that danger begins for the girl.

I do not say that virtue is a matter of clothes or of outward appearance. The demure girl, quiet, sedate in appearance and manner, may be lacking in sufficient moral stamina to save her under strong temptation; while her florid sister whose whole get-up is provocative might prove to be a paragon of resistance when it came to the final test. Nevertheless, that girl who gives the impression of modesty will be safest in the long run.

Remember that the speedy youth of today does not stop to reason that modesty and chastity are far from being inseparable. To his mind they are twin sisters, so closely related that they are always found together. Not for him to waste time and money and opportunity on the girl he feels sure is a "flat tire," this being his designation for the girl who holds him to strict propriety. Ah no, he'll take a chance with the "live wire," who looks and acts and dresses like a real sport and who will probably keep right in step with him in his sprightly adventuring no matter where it may lead.

Pity those fatuous parents who take such frank pride in the wholesale amatory conquests of their young daughters, who aid and abet them in every way to outdo their girl friends in "popularity," who gloat over the attention their daughter receives and never stop to question what may be the real intention of the flock of admirers she has about her. If they but knew it, the "flat tire" though she is not taken out so often as their daughter is much more certain to come home unscathed.

I have before me a letter from the mother of a boy of twenty, inspired by a previous magazine article of mine. She says:

"I am in constant dread that my boy will get himself into trouble. He is just back from school and for the first time seems to realize there is an opposite sex. He is very popular with girls. They spoil him because he is good-looking and a fine dancer. He does not deny that he takes a drink. Everybody does, he says. It's

One of these is YOURS

ABSOLUTELY

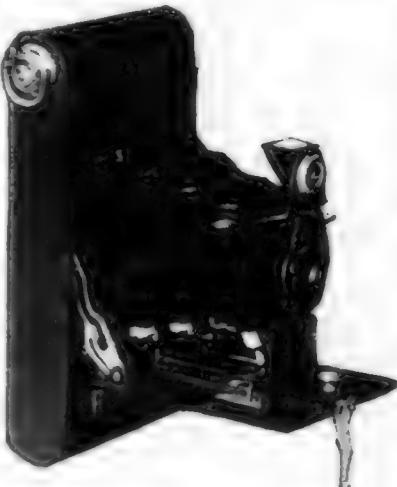
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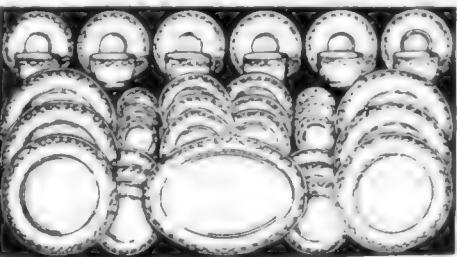
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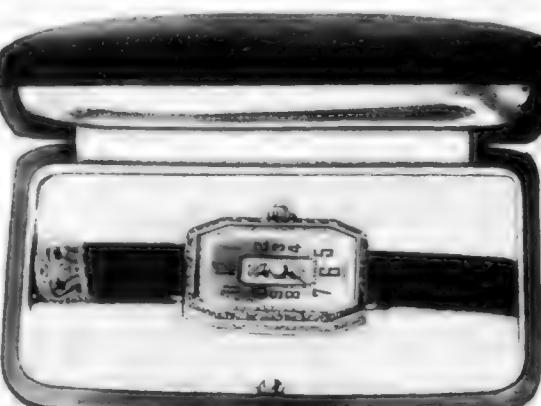
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the same about smoking and petting.

"These are not bad girls, just typically modern girls. They see no harm in their free ways. But my boy is only human, a man with a man's instincts but without a grown man's self-control.

"I shudder to think what may happen some night coming home from a dance, a bit reckless from gin, his car parked by a dark roadside, petting a girl in like mental state, a girl whose half clothed body is in his arms, whose limbs displayed freely and fully may lash him beyond endurance."

This mother was of course thinking chiefly of her son; but that does not alter the fact that the danger to the girl was even greater because, after all, the girl pays more for her indiscretions. And do not think that this was but a fond mother unduly alarmed or jealous.

ALL over the country there has been an epidemic of attacks by male escorts upon girls, varying in degree from unsuccessful attempts to actual murder of young women who died in defense of honor. Be sure, too, that for every case gaining public notice there were many others squelched for the sake of the girl's reputation. Nor is there any way of computing how many girls succumbed, not willingly perhaps, but overcome by the combination of circumstances, and who said nothing whatever about it.

Within a year several youths have been sent to prison for such attacks, one, a boy student in mid-Western university, is paying with life imprisonment. His attorneys, making a plea for mercy, declared that the youth was a victim of modern conditions for which Society was to blame, that he was less at fault than the girl herself. He went further into a direct indictment of the average modern girl. Whether she realizes it or not, he declared, the way she conducts herself with boys, particularly dressed as she usually is, constitutes a direct lash to his sex instincts.

A nice picture, that, of the modern girl. And a nice arraignment of her parents who permit and even encourage her in her excesses, if not by example then by their complacency.

I may seem to harp on the dress of the modern girl, but I believe that of all her exaggerations it is potentially the most baneful, and at the same time I know that it is the one tendency toward excess that could be easily observed and controlled by her parents.

Nine times out of ten it is the change in her style of clothes that marks the emergence of the adolescent school girl into the realm of the flapper. Her sartorial departures are not only her first step over the borderline of modesty, but they are directly the forerunner of the mental and spiritual let-down that must always precede the moral let-down.

There is a psychology of clothes. Not only do others, wrongly perhaps, make their first sub-conscious appraisal of us on our outward appearance, but there is the tremendously more important effect of one's clothes upon oneself. Who has not experienced that feeling of assurance that comes of being particularly well dressed, the apologetic mien that is inseparable from a shabby appearance?

With the progressive abbreviation of a girl's dresses there cannot fail to be a progressive abbreviation of her inherent modesty. The same unsophisticated girl who is embarrassed by what she considers the daring of her first relatively attenuated dress, is before long displaying her limbs, her bare knees, at times two thirds of her naked body, as at the beaches, without the slightest consciousness of impropriety.

This wouldn't be so dangerous if it were

a question only of her clothes, her outward appearance. That, by its revealment might invite advances; but if otherwise the girl were standing fast she might be able to repel the danger.

But what if with the lessening of her modesty on this score other reservations have been going? If little by little she has been catching up with more advanced modern girls, learning to smoke, drink, pet, discuss sex with men, and so on until not only has she acquired the full repertoire of the flapper, but sees no harm in these things whatsoever.

These very things, I have heard it argued, make for morality. Knowledge of evil is preparedness against evil, they contend. Bodily display destroys nothing but prudery. Candor on sex subjects is proof of mental purity and honesty; defiance of social conventions and traditions is an indication of the awakening spirit of independence that will finally emancipate women.

Of all the damnable nonsense that has been emitted on the subject this is the most dangerous because it is seized upon by weak parents as a balm for uneasy consciences.

The chief slacker is the parental egotist who believes that no matter what might happen to the child of another his child is in no danger. Soothed by this mental dope he permits sons and daughters to stray into temptations that would whiten the hair of a conscientious parent.

A boy and a girl who had been swept beyond their depth in the social torrent were before me trying to find a solution of their problem. The girl's father, a prosperous realtor, was utterly dazed that the thing could have happened to his daughter, and enraged at the boy for his special culpability.

"The little rat," he said, "taking advantage of the lifelong friend of his parents."

When I chided him as being the one chiefly to blame for allowing the girl entirely too much liberty, he sprang to his own defense.

"I granted her liberty," he said, "because I believe in liberty. Too much control makes youth rebel. But I took good care to guard her from the sort of men who might take advantage of her freedom. I saw to it that my girl went around only with well raised boys of her own age, sons of friends, boys we know all about. I couldn't foresee, could I, that this little rat would betray my confidence?"

Like many other parents, he imagined that by fending off older men of uncertain morals, potential roués, that thus all danger would be averted.

It is only the excesses of today that are wrong, just as the inverse excesses of yesterday were absurd and obnoxious, helping greatly to pave the way for "the revolt." If moderation is desirable for youth, it is no less desirable for parents.

A HIGHLY excited mother came to me for assistance. She was a woman of the ultra old-fashioned type, and obviously fixed in her belief that everything new in the social activities of youth was harmful.

Her daughters, one eighteen, one about twenty, she explained, had been frequenting unsavory road-houses and night clubs with improper men; attended dances and parties of the worst sort; smoked, drank and petted outrageously. And now, to her horror, she had learned positively that not only had both girls lapsed from virtue, but that one of them would soon have to pay the penalty of unwed maternity.

"I'm afraid you're too late," I told her. "And I can't understand how a woman of your type could allow her daughters so much liberty."

"Don't charge me with that," she said indignantly. "If ever a parent was watchful I was. The girls conspired to deceive

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me. They fixed lying alibis for each other. When they were out running wild I believed they were at proper places, church affairs and the like, or staying over night with girl friends. Judge, no parent was ever more strict than I."

There was the trouble. She had been entirely too strict.

This woman, seeing young girls running to extremes, had come to discern danger in practically every amusement that appeals to youth. It had become a phobia with her. Dancing except with other girls was improper, the unchaperoned attention of young men was dangerous, modern dressing was shameless, and so on ad infinitum.

SO THE girls, tractable at first, finally abandoned their efforts to have good times at home with congenial friends. But youth must have diversion, so the girls were forced to lying and hypocrisy to secure it. Sympathizing girl friends, and even the parents of the latter, helped with alibis and loaned them dresses to take the place of the unattractive, out-of-date clothes their mother supplied.

And then, when they were entirely beyond her control, this mother sought a way to control them. That is the way with a great many parents, especially those who err on the side of complacency. By the time they awaken to their mistake it is usually too late.

A friend of mine, a rich bachelor, has a favorite niece, the child of an only sister who lives in Philadelphia. With much satisfaction he explained to me that he had arranged for Julia, the niece, to come and live with him for at least six months while she developed her singing voice, which had possibilities.

Three months later he came to me. He was uneasy. Julia, it seemed, had gotten in with a rather fast younger set. It wasn't, her uncle explained, that she did anything definitely indiscreet, but she was beginning to palliate actions which she once had censured severely. His responsibility was beginning to disturb him. He wondered if at the end of the six months it wouldn't be better to send her home to her parents.

"Don't wait," was my advice. "Write immediately and put it frankly up to them."

Two days later his sister appeared in answer to his letter. Julia was to go home immediately. The girl begged to stay the balance of the allotted time, especially as she had made some entrancing plans. But her mother was tactfully adamant. She explained that "Daddy" was ill and would be better if she were home. This was sheer diplomacy, an appeal to the girl's heart, rather than an attempt to coerce her.

My friend was inclined to think the action over hasty. "What harm to let her finish her stay," he had protested.

"Don't be silly," was his sister's rejoinder. "Today, Julia is still all right. Three months from now she might be spoiled. She has always been a biddable girl, entirely satisfied with wholesome diversions. She's coming home now so I can see that she keeps that way."

HERE was a sane parent, imposing moderation on herself as well as on her daughter; not too strict, but not too easy, ever on the alert for the first warning signal to swing into action before irreparable damage was done.

We've all of us heard the old old bromide, that if a girl has it in her to be good she'll be good in spite of everything, and that if she hasn't it's a waste of time to try and watch her. That is nonsense! There aren't many of us born into the world either very, very good or very, very bad. Most of humanity, in youth, is balanced on the border line, largely dependent on factors outside ourselves to determine whether at

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Ordinary tonics and dandruff remedies fail to bring results because these merely treat the surface of the scalp, and have little or no effect on the harmful bacteria embedded below the surface.

But this new treatment, called Merke Derma Vials, is a highly concentrated liquid which actually penetrates beneath the surface to the roots themselves. It **KILLS** the infecting bacteria, carries off the unhealthy sealy sub-

stances which cause dandruff and falling hair, and at the same time, acts to promote a healthy circulation which supplies the dormant hair roots with the vital, hair-growing nourishment they need.

Extensive laboratory tests by one of the world's foremost research laboratories concluded with a report from which we quote: "The results indicate that the tonic killed the test organism (bacteria) in less than three minutes. The results also indicate that the tonic is capable of penetrating and preventing the growth of the test organism (bacteria)."

FREE—One Regular 25-Cent Vial

Now—at our expense—you can prove how quickly the Merke Derma Vial Treatment ends dandruff and stops falling hair. Simply read the Free Offer explained in the panel above. Mail coupon TODAY for your Free Vial, Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. D-1153, 512 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

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For Sale at all Drug and Department Stores.

Kolor-Bak
Banishes Gray Hair

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Don't just take the one you can get—get the one you want. Happy marriage is the one big thing in life and if the girl does not get the man she loves, happiness is impossible. When Lord Byron, the great poet wrote: "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence," he knew! The girl who gets the man she loves keeps him happy and the marriage endures. Yet Custom, down through medieval days, has decreed that the girl must sit idly by and wait.

But the wise girls of today do not wait. More than a hundred thousand have sent for "Fascinating Womanhood", and have learned how to use the charms which are their natural heritage to attract the man they love. These girls have learned from this book the things to do and not to do to attract the attention and love of the man of their choice. It reveals the inner secrets of the male mind toward the girl he seeks to marry. Cut out this ad; write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a little booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," giving an interesting synopsis of the revelations disclosed in "Fascinating Womanhood," will be sent postpaid. No embarrassment—the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your dime today.

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the finish we will be among the sheep or the goats.

Here is what George W. Dorsey, the famous psychologist who wrote, "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," has to say on the subject:

"We neglect to train children in sound emotional habits, and then wonder why as grown-ups they become moral perverts, social nuisances . . . and charge them to the account of defective heredity when we should charge them to our own neglect or ignorance.

"All human attributes covered by such terms as wisdom, intelligence, decency . . . are made, not born."

Recently, speaking before the Illinois Society for Mental Hygiene, Percy Dunlap Smith, psychiatrist, argued that the parent should be punished rather than the child, when the latter is unruly.

It might prove to be a great boon if we could apply such system to solving the

problem of the modern boy and the modern girl. There is a large section of decent and influential society that chafes at modern social conditions, but does nothing more than shake its head and blink its eyes. If it were to ostracize those parents who set a bad example by their own indiscretions, or who are complacent in the face of wrongdoing by their children, these slipshod parents in sheer self-defense might bring modern youth to the mark.

However, I'm inclined to think that a general return to parental sanity will be deferred until the boys and girls who are cutting capers today have become the parents of the next generation of half-grown youths. They'll know from sad experience the harm, physical, mental and spiritual, that excess has done them. So when a son or daughter they love shows the first symptoms of starting a "revolt" for personal liberty, I can very easily guess what will happen.

Thou Shalt Not!

[Continued from page 27]

joys its fun individually and not in marital pairs. Mrs. Vernon G— is pictured on the sands at Palm Beach with Mr. Charles B. Mr. Vernon G— is spending the winter along the Riviera. His picture is printed as he appeared during an attempt to break the bank at Monte Carlo with Mrs. Dartmouth L—. Mr. Dartmouth L— is horsebacking at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, with Mrs. Leo T— whose husband is in Wall street adding or subtracting from the family coffers.

Mrs. Donald B— and Mrs. Mason H— are bosom friends. They're known far and wide for their charm and glittering social position. Mrs. B—'s husband is a notorious philanderer. She closes her eyes to his roamings because of the power of his name. Mrs. H—'s husband has lost the sparkle of youth in the mad scramble for money. Neither of these fun loving matrons mope at the home fireside. They go about openly with numerous admirers. A few years ago they would have become déclassé. Today they are considered socially correct and ultramodern.

Such is life of today.

We moderns are a freer, gayer, naughtier lot than the Puritan of old but we're far more honest. There is nothing hypocritical about us. We do not pretend to be what we are not. We know that to err is human and we do not claim unassailable virtue. We're neither mock modest nor nasty nice. We call a spade a spade.

PURITANISM looked upon sex as something unspeakable, furtive and disgraceful. It was mentioned in whispers and with downcast eyes. Ignorance and innocence were confused. Children were lied to and deluded when, prompted by instinctive curiosity about the fundamental facts of life, they questioned their elders. Through half truths and evasions and their own imaginations they gained distorted ideas.

Sex was like a closed and locked door before which one stands and wonders what is so carefully hidden from view. The imagination conjures visions of untold horrors hidden therein. Ghastly skeletons, poisonous spiders weaving their webs. So false ideas of sex were implanted on impressionable minds and left a scar.

But in this age we no longer look upon sex as something hideous. To us it is a fundamental about which life revolves. We recognize its important part in the scheme of the universe. We know its potentialities for happiness or misery. We

explain it frankly to our children. We give them no false conception of it. If they do not use their knowledge wisely in later life the fault is not ours.

The world is sex self-conscious. Sex is the theme of plays, of novels, of drawing-room chatter. The song hits of the day sing of love in melodic refrain. The atmosphere of every day life is permeated with sex. It is merely a reaction from the sex repression of Puritanism and will in time adjust itself to a wiser and happier relation of the sexes.

WE ARE a tolerant lot. We do not look upon the straying from the straight and narrow path of moral rectitude as an unforgivable sin. We deplore it, of course, but we temper judgment with mercy. We do not think the offender is eternally damned. We realize that anyone in mortal coil might, under given circumstances, succumb to temptation. We do not pin scarlet letters on the breasts of our Hester Prynnes as did the Puritans of old.

The prisons are filled with women. Sin hardened women and young girls under sentence for a first offense. The prison doors open. These girls are cast back upon the world. So much flotsam and jetsam on the tide. What's to become of them. They need a helping hand. If they were strong enough to govern themselves they would not have erred. Many a girl, with a prison record, sinks back into the slough of dishonesty and moral delinquency because all doors are closed against her.

For instance there was Julia who came to New York from a middle west city. Her assets were classic features and a perfect body. She became the model for a renowned illustrator. Later the oft reproduced likeness of the girl caught the eye of a musical revue producer. Her gowns and her jewels and her motor were proof in her world of her popularity. She was one of the butterflies Broadway creates and then destroys. She drifted from view. Her name became an echo.

One day it appeared in headlines. She had been arrested for drug addiction. Her slide down the toboggan to the depths of degradation was told in cold print. The girl was released on a suspended sentence. Friends of her gayer days rallied around her. They helped her financially and lent their moral support. She's on the way to a come back. Her beauty is gone. Her high hopes are blasted but the spirit within her, strengthened by the tonic of encouragement, is fight-

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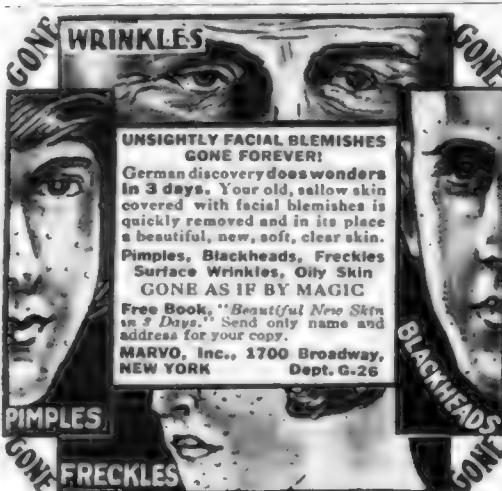
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ing gamely to conquer the vices that wrecked her. She's going to win.

A well known society woman was the defendant in a notorious divorce case. It was hashed and rehashed in all its revolting details. It was taken from court to court and fought to a finish. The husband and the wife were equally guilty. However there is still chivalry in the courts of law. The woman was given the benefit of the doubt. The divorce was granted in her favor. Had it been decided otherwise the scarlet letter would have been branded indelibly on her breast.

THE age of Puritanism would have scorned the woman and forgiven the man. Modern society accepted the man but it did not ostracize the woman. It realized she broke the moral code in rebuttal to her husband's amours. Today the woman is married. She is a devoted wife and a splendid mother. Had she been cast out she would have sunk to a lower level. Her companions would have been outcasts like herself. A fine philanthropic woman would have been denied a useful place in the world.

Which is the more effective remedy? Cast stones at the breaker of the moral code and make an outcast of her or to make her feel that she is not forever beyond the pale and can come back to a useful, decent life.

Everyone agrees that life according to the tenets of Puritanism was cold as ashes and as colorless. Existence was a ceaseless grind of duty. Puritanism in its over-zeal to perform became evil minded. It frowned upon merriment. It insisted upon the repression of natural emotion. It saw sin where sin was not. The only outlet for the Puritans was bible reading, prayer, psalm singing and condemning their neighbors.

Dancing to the Puritanic mind was an invention of the devil. It was evil. It was temptation. It was immoral. The idea of a masculine arm encircling a feminine waist was too indecent to contemplate. The stately minuet was in vogue but only the fast licentious set indulged in it. Those, with their hopes set on eventually reaching Paradise, denounced it and forbade their sons and daughters to so much as look upon it.

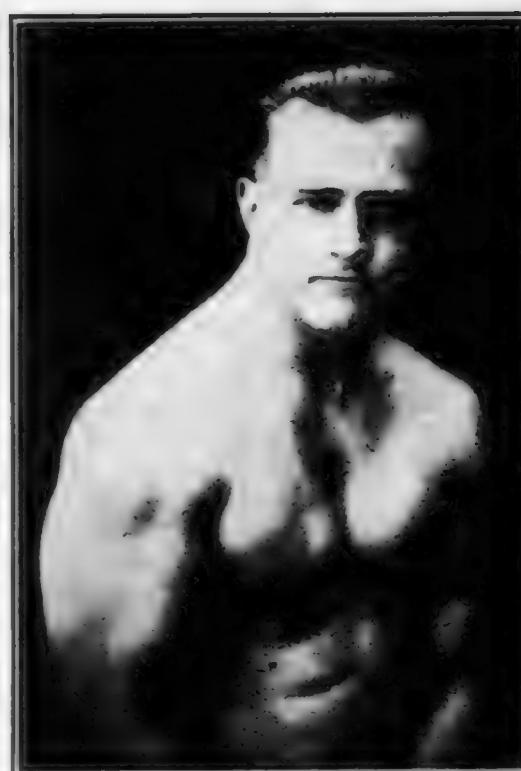
We're a pleasure loving lot, we moderns. We do on dancing. It affords relaxation after the daily grind. The race for a livelihood today is a strenuous one. Competition is keen and the cost of living high. We must have a let-go from our serious problems if we would maintain a mental and physical equilibrium.

OUR modern dances are more hoydenish than dignified. They epitomize the tempo of the present generation. The Hula-hula, the Charleston, the Black Bottom, the Baltimore with their muscular abandon are enough to make long dead Puritans turn in their graves.

What's wrong about dancing? I see nothing wrong about it and surely it's a splendid exercise. It brings a sparkle to the eyes and grace to the body. It develops the sense of rhythm. It's a pleasurable substitute for the daily dozen everyone should take but which most people find too great an effort. A masculine arm about a feminine waist means nothing to us but the essential dancing posture.

Would we give up dancing, which the return to Puritanism would necessitate? Never. To us it is an art. We worship at its shrine. We laud professional dancers and pour gold at their feet. They are creatures of grace and beauty.

We teach dancing to our children. It is as much a part of their education as reading and writing and arithmetic. It is essential to the graceful development of their bodies and their future social success. We could no more prevent modern people from danc-



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When Even Your Sweetheart Turns Away—

Do you know what it means to be lonely and forgotten. To be without friends. To have your mother begin to lose faith in you. To have even your sweetheart turn away with scorn—even your wife go back on you—because you failed to deliver in a pinch—because you weren't able to play the man when you had the chance.

Some day danger will confront you or your friends when you least expect it, and it will be up to you to overcome it or fall. When that time comes will you be ready for it. Will you have the strength, the muscles, the stamina every man owes to himself if he wants to be loved and respected?

The Only Thing That Can Save You

There comes a time in every man's life when strength—real strength—is the only thing that can save him. In war or in peace, on the sick-bed or in the prize ring, your strength either makes you the winner or the loser—and losing often means death.

Check up on yourself now. How are the old biceps? Are those rolls of flesh around your stomach pudgy fat or lean, strong muscles? Are your legs like toothpicks or are they strong and shapely? How's your wind? If you got into a life-and-death rough and tumble scrap would you be on the bottom or on top when it's all over? Come on, now, be fair to yourself. If you haven't got the punch in a pinch, snap out of it, and be a man. There's a way to get that punch, and get it in a hurry. It's not difficult and it's quick—and it gives you real, live, red-blooded strength. I've given it to over 100,000 men and many of them were weaker than you are when they started. But they don't call me the Muscle-Builder for nothing. Here's what I guarantee to do for you.

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One short month is all I need to show you just what a real muscle-builder can do for you. In just 30 days I'll begin adding on those real honest muscles on all of your body and I'll put two more inches of muscle across your chest. Your broad will snap into crest. The thighs and calves of your legs will grow shapely and powerful, and your shoulders will begin to widen and fill out with curves of muscle.

Life will begin to be worth-while. The little tasks that seem so hard now will seem like nothing at all then. You'll begin to take a new interest in things. Your work will be like play, and the boss will begin to notice it too. Yes, sir, in just 30 days you'll begin to be somebody.

Then Things Will Begin to Happen

Then give me 60 days more to work on you, and things will really start to happen. This timid weakling that everybody used to take advantage of will now do some ordering around of his own. And when he speaks people will jump, because he's found the strength to enforce his orders. In those three short months that he is with me he will have gained something that takes years to acquire without my knowledge. Those big, powerful arms—that broad, handsome body—that shapely muscular neck. This is the picture you'll be in a dancing outfit! What a sight in a gymnasium! You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, great stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it, just commands attention.

Well, that's the story in a nut-shell. If you're man enough to work a little for the sake of your strength, success and happiness, just sit right down and mail me this coupon. It won't cost you a penny, and you can see for yourself why thousands of men have so much faith in Earle E. Liederman, the Muscle-Builder.

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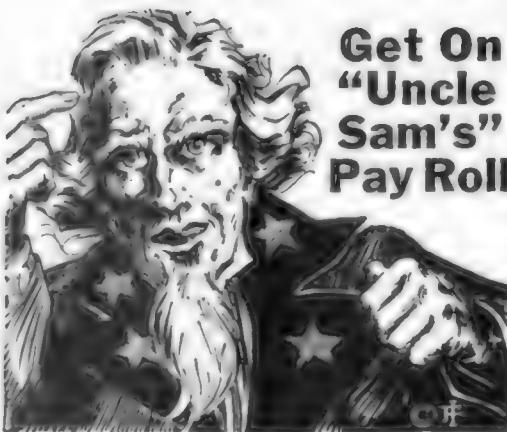
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Sowrites an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

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Keep Yourself Fit Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

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ing than we could force upstream a river dancing its way to the sea.

One salient fact Puritanism overlooked is that when people are dancing to the strains of a jazz orchestra in the focus of many eyes they are not getting into some secret mischief.

Puritanism was a great dark cellar where the sunlight never penetrated. It was filled with foul air that was breathed and re-breathed until life itself was tainted with evil thoughts.

Prudery and mock modesty were rampant. Such anatomical members as legs, feminine legs especially, were spoken of as limbs. They were hidden from view by voluminous, trailing, germ gathering skirts.

NOW we speak of legs and even show them. What's the result? Men no longer stretch their necks for a chance glimpse of a passing ankle. There are legs to the right, legs to the left, slim legs and fat legs, exposed to the knee regardless of symmetry or the lack of it. The average man is fed up on them. Legs, since they are so openly displayed, are but a means of human locomotion and not something at which to cast sheep eyes in search of a vicarious thrill.

At the seashore stockings are passé. One sees the feminine leg in countless numbers in its native state. Men and women loll on the sand, their bare legs outstretched, equally unconscious of their existence. The younger element, regardless of sex, do acrobatic stunts on the beach. They romp together as human beings with a total absence of sex consciousness.

The brevity of feminine dress is assailed by present day moralists. It is pronounced indecent. Women's clothes are blamed for every masculine misdemeanor from murder and embezzlement down to home wrecking.

The truth is that never in the history of the world have women's clothes been as sensible and as decent as at the present time. They're simple in design. They follow the natural lines of the body. They're comfortable and healthful.

Whalebones, those instruments of dark age torture, have been discarded. The modern women, through diet and exercise, keeps her body trim. It is no longer indecent to show its natural lines. Would we want our women to go back to hoopskirts and contour distorting bustles?

In mock modest ages the human body was something to be hidden in the dark. It was swathed in draperies. It was never mentioned. The very coverings that shrouded it defeated their own purpose.

We look upon the human body as the temple of the soul, the cathedral of the mind. To us it was created in God's own image. We care for our bodies. We exercise them. We take massage and Turkish baths. We diet to prevent layers of fat that destroy its symmetry.

We depict the undraped body on canvas. We show it in our theaters and pageants. It does not suggest to us immodesty and indecency. Instead it awakens in us awe and admiration for the perfection of the creator's greatest masterpiece. Now would it benefit us to slide back to the Puritanic attitude? I don't believe we could even if we would.

The modern woman is a vital, vibrant creature full of life's joy. She has brains. She's an entity. She has emerged from the narrow walls of her home and has taken her place at man's side. She plays golf with him, and swims with him, she is his business partner and his competitor. She is his pal and his friend. A complement to him and not a supplement.

A noted criminal lawyer recovered from a protracted illness. He found his enormous practice too great a strain on his weakened physical powers. He was faced with retirement, or the refusal of important cases

which he could not afford because of his family. His wife, a well-balanced woman with a brilliant mentality, stepped into the breach. She took the burden of details off his shoulders. She conducted the necessary investigations and did the necessary research work. She proved an invaluable assistant. His health has regained its normal basis. She retains her place in his office. They work shoulder to shoulder; they share their amusements and in every way enjoy a complete companionship.

Would we have the modern woman go back to her tatting and her knitting? Her swoons and her tears? Her narrow mind and her narrow orbit? Heaven forbid!

Besides the modern woman will never give up one iota of the emancipation she has won from the age old traditions that stunted her mentally and physically. It is said that the civilization of a nation depends upon the conduct of its women, and when a reform is essential the women must do it. Modern women are tired of assuming the moral burden of the world. They feel that men should do their share. They'll never agree to go back to the sorry status allotted them by Puritanism.

Men of today find themselves in a trying position. Their age established prerogatives have been smashed into smithereens. Their supremacy over woman has been overturned. Woman has stepped from her place a dozen paces to the rear of him to his side and in some cases a few paces ahead of him. It must be said of most fair minded thinking men that they have responded nobly to the new order of sex equality. Possibly what men have always wanted was a companion and not a clinging vine, only the poor dears did not realize it until women proved to them that they did. The men of today, although they frequently complain that wives are not like mother used to be, would not be likely to exchange the modern, emancipated woman with her pleasant camaraderie and broadened viewpoint for the prude of yesteryear.

Isn't it true that the best proof of man's loss of supremacy is the elimination of the clause "to obey" from the marriage ceremony? Men no longer expect it and women reject it. A modern woman will consult her husband; she will often defer to his wishes but obey him—not these days!

It's the "Thou shalt nots" that are dangerous. People of today are high-spirited. They rebel at restriction. They assert their individual rights by defying it. It was the governmental "Thou shalt not drink intoxicating liquors," that is responsible for the bootleg that is deluging the land.

The liquor problem will adjust itself in time. It will run its course and suddenly in the cold gray dawn of the morning after the world will throw its hip flasks and cocktail shakers out of the window. It was the "Thou shalt not," that caused the abuse instead of the sane use of liquor. If the multitudinous "Thou shalt nots" of Puritanism were forced upon the modern world, rebellion would seethe through the land and every Puritanic tenet would be knocked into a cocked hat.

STRANGELY enough it's the forbidden that has the greatest lure for human nature. Chaperon a young girl and she'll run wild when her chaperon's back is turned. Tell her she can not see a certain youth and she'll meet him secretly away from the parental roof and eye. Forbid her to marry him and she'll elope.

Not long ago a well known society girl came back to her American home from a three year sojourn abroad with her foreign husband. She was a pitiful wreck in mind and body. Her illusions were shattered. Her pride was trampled in the dust. All she wanted was to hide her unhappiness from the eyes of the world.

The tragic story is universally known. The girl was reared in luxury. As the daughter of an industrial Croesus she was a prominent belle on both sides of the Atlantic. Among her suitors was an international fortune hunter. He was a fascinating, worldly man with the additional lure of a title. Her parents feared an engulfing infatuation. They wanted to check it but they chose the wrong way.

They told her of his romantic intrigues. They maligned him. They forbade her to see him. She was not permitted to leave her home without the chaperonage of her mother or a paid companion. The girl rebelled. Opposition fanned the flame. Her sense of judgment was unbalanced. The emotion he aroused in her became an obsession. It killed her intuitive sense of self-preservation. She considered her parents as barriers in her road to happiness. She slipped away from her home late one night. She eloped with her titled, impoverished suitor to a nearby Gretna Green and sailed with him for Europe.

It was the parental "Thou shalt not" that drove that girl into her mad marriage. Had she been permitted unrestricted companionship with the man she would have in time seen him in his true colors.

YOUTH is youth the world over and through the ages. It can not be suppressed. I am quite sure the young girl of bygone years had the same hopes and dreams and love of fun as the girl of today. Only she was guarded and warped. Her personality was undeveloped. She had no mind and no will. She had a false conception of life. She was deceived by surface suavity. If she chanced to meet with temptation she didn't know how to cope with it. She could not choose wisely. Through social custom she was denied frank companionship with men that would have enabled her to know them for what they were rather than for what they seemed to be.

It seems certain that if we were to hedge the modern girl about with the restrictions of the Puritanic age she'd do on the sly what she now does in the open. Besides she could not be forced backward. She's had her taste of freedom and it's wine to her lips. Should an attempt be made to curb her, she'd develop into a rebellious, vicious being and she'd dash defiantly to destruction. As it is, there is this to be said for her. She knows men. She knows life in all its phases. Her eyes are wide open and she's able to take care of herself.

I hold no banner for the present younger generation but maligned as it is, it is far more honest and fearless than the poor warped youngsters of bygone ages.

Alarmists say that the world is reverting to the jungle. They say conventions prevent the opportunity for wrong doing and that only a return to hide bound Puritanic tenets will save us. Most of us would hate to think the race of today is so spineless it dare not meet temptation face to face.

IT IS said that the institution of marriage is tottering. That's silly! Marriage will forever unite men and women in its bonds. However the interpretation of marriage is changing, it's becoming more of a partnership and many of its restrictions are fading into disuse.

An actress and a playwright were married recently. Each had won success in his chosen field of artistic endeavor. Their work, closely allied as it is, conflicts entirely in the mode of life. The actress works in the evenings and spends most of the day in bed. The playwright works in the daytime and can not have his schedule disrupted. The newlyweds, as people of judgment, solved their individual problem by a unique but modern arrangement. Each continues to occupy the pre-nuptial domain. The trend

A Challenge Made Me Popular!

"A box of cigars says you don't DARE dance with her—Wallflower!" That was the challenge they flung at me!

My sporting blood boiled! "All right, I accept!" I responded. And I started across the floor.

I NEVER was much of a dancer. But when our club gave this affair I couldn't stay away. Even now I should have been sitting safely on the "side lines" if only the fellows hadn't made that sarcastic remark.

"Show them you can dance as well as they!" my pride whispered. And I would!

But halfway across the hall my courage died. I was nearly paralyzed with fright. There she was, waiting expectantly—Marion Blake, an exquisite dancer. Suppose she should refuse? Oh, wouldn't the fellows chuckle then!

The Unexpected Happens

"I'm—I'm sorry"—I stammered. "I guess—"

"Why, of course I'll be glad to dance!" she interrupted. And before I realized it we were swallowed up in the dancing throng.

What a terrible ordeal it was. I stumbled through the steps. I trod on her toes. Yes, my dancing was hopelessly out-of-date.

Suddenly she suggested that we sit out the rest of the number. I blushed furiously. "Now it's coming!" I thought.

"Jim," she began softly, "I'll be frank. You're not the best dancer in the world. What you need is 'brushing up' on the latest steps. Why not get in touch with Arthur Murray?"

"Arthur Murray?" I exclaimed. "He teaches dancing by mail. You can't learn that way!"

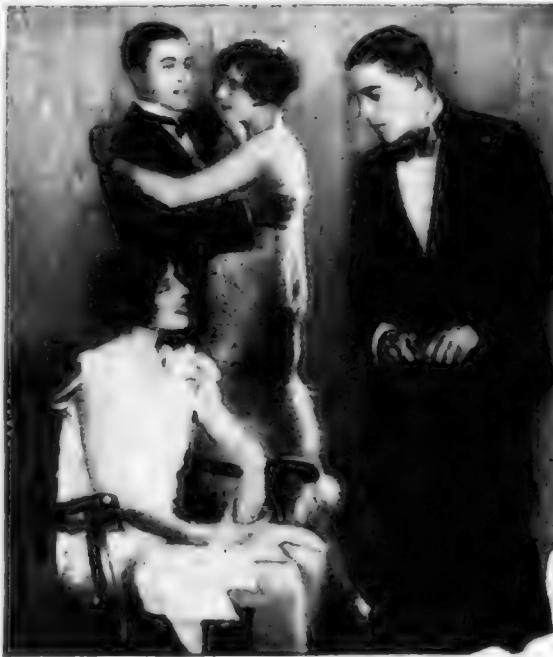
"No?" and Marion arched her eyebrows. "The truth is, that's exactly the way I learned."

If Marion could become a wonderful dancer that way it was certainly worth investigation—especially since I didn't risk a penny.

What a surprise the lessons were! In a few evenings I had learned the modern Waltz—the modern Fox Trot, and many delightful variations of the very latest steps—without music, partner or teacher.

I Turn the Tables

A week later I attended a dance. The old crowd was there. "Here he is again!" they chorused. "Give him the cigars! He earned them!" Imagine how surprised they were when I asked Marion to dance! They gaped as I glided around the floor like an expert! And today, everywhere I go I am welcome as an accomplished dancer!



I was nearly paralyzed with fright. Suppose she should refuse? Suppose she should leave me in the center of the floor?

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of their ways before marriage is unchanged. The hours they spend together are free of the friction that would be a part of a mutual abode.

The right of a husband and a wife to associate with other members of the opposite sex is unquestioned. Husbands escort other women about. Wives accept the attentions of other men. It's quite socially correct.

The system has proved eminently satisfactory. Marriage no longer palls through constant and enforced association of husbands and wives. Through the exchange of ideas with people outside of the home their own viewpoint broadens. They bring fresh ideas and conversation to each other. In the end they appreciate each other the more.

There may be a quota of unfaithful wives today but wifely infidelity is not peculiar to this era. There were unfaithful wives in former ages. A return to Puritanic principles would aggravate rather than cure, for wives of today are quite open about their flirtations while wives of old were secretive and a vice in the dark is more cancerous than the same vice exposed to the light.

Divorce is deplorable, to be sure, but is it not a far better thing than the survival of a marriage that has become a travesty. During Puritanism a divorce was a disgrace. The term divorcee was an aspersion. A divorced woman was a social outcast. Degradation and abuse were endured by wives because of public opinion.

Today we consider divorce necessary if we would maintain the sanctity of the home. It is more decent for mismatched couples to be legally severed and free to go their way to a more harmonious, completer union.

There have been murders and robberies and other moral and legal wrongs throughout the ages. The only difference is that the world is more densely populated and crime has increased in proportion. Besides sen-

sational journalism gives greater publicity to present day atrocities.

The scope of life has widened. Our codes and our standards must broaden with it. Girls work shoulder to shoulder with men. Through constant association they look upon each other as just human beings. Only in cases where romance enters does sex intrude itself. Wives emerge from their home and engage in their own activities. Men and women are together constantly at work and at play. From childhood they have been together at school, at play and at all times. They take each other as complements in the great scheme of the universe. If the suggestion were put to them that to reform the world they must segregate themselves as did the Puritans with men occupying pews on one side of the church and women on the other, they would wonder what all the fuss was about.

Should we go back to Puritanism?

We wouldn't go back to stage coaches and coal stoves and red flannels. They served their purpose in their day but something more efficient has taken their place. Invention has given us railroads and airplanes for transportation. We have the community heating system: Turn on the radiator and warmth is supplied from a central heating plant. So why return to coal dust and soot? Medical science has pronounced red flannels unhygienic.

So it is with Puritanism. It has had its day but its day is done and now I cannot see what we would gain by going back to it. It would be a step backward into the dark instead of a step forward.

Puritanism! Nasty word—I hate it. I hate its psalm singing and its nasal twang, resent its "holier than thou" attitude. I despise its implication of evil where evil is not. I rebel against its manifold "Shalt nots." I loathe its hide bound dogmas that refuse to budge before the onward march of progress.

Ham and Eggs à la Love

[Continued from page 44]

"Before ze war I was an artiste, Monsieur. I still have my studio upstairs. But ze shrapnel—" his voice broke and he looked wistfully at his empty sleeve.

"I'm sorry, old top," I said.

He walked away toward Mam'selle and General Walrus and then Sliding Smith said: "I'm trying to figure out this mystery. Why did they almost yank us in here and are we the only Americans, and why is the joint so unpopular? You'd think it'd be simply running over it's so swell—"

"That dame was out drumming up business. That's why she gave the Sarge that come-on smile stuff. But I betcha she gives us another kinda smile when there ain't no money for the bill."

To get my mind off my worries I looked for Mam'selle. She was no longer in the cashier's place, but had gone over to General Walrus and her father. They were all talking and nodding toward us. My face burned. I felt as if they knew we were dead-beats. They were all drinking some wine in the slow French way that makes you taste each drop three times. The cocky little General was having a tough time getting the wine by his mustache. It was a scream to see him trying to keep the gray loops out of his likker. He was a cartoon out of life!

I couldn't resist the temptation to make a sketch of the funny old bird on the table-cloth. His caricature was easy. All I had to do was draw him in the act of dipping his "tusks" in the wine which I sketched in a large sink instead of a glass. When it was finished I printed "French Walrus at

the Sink" in perfect French underneath it.

Sliding Smith caught sight of the cartoon as the food arrived: "Holy Moses! It's old Gen. Walrus to a T." he said. Then the nut began to make believe he had a walrus mustache, and mimicked the General to a fare-you-well. Mam'selle caught him in the act, and rushed over to us. Believe me she sure jumped on poor Smithy.

As she stood over him, blessing him out, two tired and hungry looking doughboys stuck their beans in the café door, and gazed around as if they knew they were in the wrong place. One of them saw us and yelled. "Hey, buddy, can a feller buy a hand-out of ham and eggs in this Ritz joint?"

Smart-Aleck Smith went into action. "Ham and eggs? Whadda you think it is? A one-arm lunch? Say, buddy, you're in the wrong church. They don't hand out anything in this swell dump but rations like Chato-Bryan Bouf a la plum granite sauce de guerre."

"Aw, go to hell," yelled the doughboy. "You birds what can parley-voo this nutty Frog lingo gimme a pain."

Both soldiers went out of the door cursing the luck that a fellow couldn't seem to buy any ham and eggs in Paree.

THE one-armed manager and Mam'selle tried to call them back. But, it was too late. Monsieur stood looking at the empty door with a baffled expression in his eyes. The General called him over and Mam'selle went with him. There was a lot of arm-waving, then Monsieur bowed and hurried

to our table and I wondered what was up.

"What now?" I asked.

"Monsieur, why ze Americans go away?" he demanded.

I didn't dare admit Smith had driven off trade from the café with his wise cracks. That would ruin us for fair. We wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance to fix it up about the bill. So I said the nearest to the truth that I could: "They don't believe this café is for American soldiers. It's too rich looking."

Frenchy all but threw a fit. "Mon Dieu! Zey theenk we do not want Americans here? Oh! Monsieur. Zat ees ze grand terrible meestake. Monsieur zat ees jus' what we want. We want beaucoup Americans here. But, eet ees always ze same wiz all Americans but you. You are ze first in many days. Ze ozzers come, zey look in, zey go out. Zey nevar sit at ze table. Zey nevar buy ze food, ze belle vins. Ah! Monsieur, I beg you, why ees ze mattair?"

I quit worrying about the bill right then and there. The Café Conde wanted American trade, and the doughboys asking for ham and eggs gave me the big idea.

OF COURSE the Café Conde was side-tracked by Americans. It was so swell and private-looking that doughboys figured it was a place for French officers only. They figured a fellow couldn't get by in it unless he parley-vooed French.

"You want beaucoup American business and you can't get it. Am I right, Monsieur?" I asked. I was stalling for time in which to plan my ham and egg idea.

"Exactly, Monsieur," he said.

"I can do it for you. How much will it be worth to me if I do?" I asked.

"Eef you only fill ze café wiz ze beeg American business I geeve you anyzing you weesh. Beaucoup vin! Champagne! Beaucoup everything to drink and eat while you stay in Paree. I geeve you one thousand francs also."

"All right it's a go," I said. Victory was at hand. There wouldn't be any trouble about the check after I got through, and I would be able to make up to Mam'selle.

Monsieur called his daughter over and the cocky little General came too. Afraid that everything would be ruined if she saw the caricature of her uncle, the General, I put my hands on the plate to be sure.

"Mam'selle if we get you American business will you promenade with me?" I asked.

"Atta boy, Sarge! Strike while the eggs are fresh," Sliding Smith said.

Mam'selle and I ignored Smith. I felt like I was drowning myself in her warm black starry eyes as she said in a soft voice: "Oh! Monsieur, you—you are so queek. I have nevar know someone to ask me like zat."

"Thanks, then it's a date," I answered, knowing that the ham and eggs idea had to go over the top. Of course she hadn't really promised to promenade, but something told me her answer was almost the same as a promise.

I EXPLAINED my ham and egg proposition. I planned to turn the swanky café into a sort of Childs's restaurant, and specialize in ham and eggs instead of hot cakes. To do this the gorgeous red curtains had to come down so that passing Americans could see us cooking the ham and eggs in the front windows on a little stove of some sort. Shorty was to doll up as a chef because he could cook, and Smith was to be the customer eating ham and eggs on exhibition, while I acted as head-waiter. I was going to draw a poster of a doughboy about to eat a platter of ham and eggs and print on it: "Beaucoup Ham and Eggs Inside. Five Francs a Plate." That would be enough advertising to put the trick over.

"Come wiz me upstairs to papa's studio

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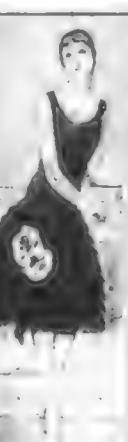
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to draw ze picture," Mam'selle Joan said. Believe me a dozen artillery mules couldn't have pulled me the other way. Shorty sung out after me: "Say, bum, don't forget to come back."

"You keep my plate over the General's cartoon and everything'll be jake," I answered, and flew to the rear with Mam'selle.

We entered the studio and Mam'selle gave me a box of crayons. "Zere, Monsieur," she said, and I looked at her.

"My name's Jimmy Malone," I said, holding the box between us so our hands continued to touch.

"Eet is a vary nize name, Monsieur."

"Not Monsieur! Jimmy!" I insisted.

"Jeemy," she said, and smiled in a way that I would never forget.

"And you're going to promenade with me, Mam'selle?" I asked.

"Tomorrow perhaps. Je nai sais pas. But, queek now. We mus' go to work."

SOMEHOW I managed to let her hands go. Putting the crayons down, I pulled off my tight O. D. blouse, and rolled up my sleeves for work. As I did the shrapnel wound in my right forearm shone like a jagged blue fork in the light. Mam'selle saw it. She caught my arm in her soft fingers, and looked at it with tears in her starry black eyes.

"Oh! Jeemy, you were wounded for France—for me," she said, and kissed my scarred arm.

Nothing in all the world has ever gotten me the way that kiss did. Soldiers can be as sentimental as anybody. I wanted to tell her that they could wound me a hundred times, and I wouldn't mind it for her—and for France, but we don't always say the things we want to say. Instead I said:

"Do you know why I came to Café Conde?"

"Oui, because we saw each other on ze boulevard," she said.

For a moment we stood swaying toward each other, looking into each other's eyes. She was so tempting, so beautiful! Suddenly I caught her to me and kissed her.

"Mad. Mam'selle?" I asked.

"Je nai sais pas," she answered, and turned away. But, the next second she looked back at me. "Please, make ze beeg American business for us."

"All right, Mam'selle," I said and sketched a big starved-looking American doughboy sniffing the aroma of a plate of ham and eggs. Mam'selle sat near me, greeting every stroke with little cries and gasps. Just as I finished the poster, she leaned so close that her beauty and perfume went to my head like champagne. I dropped the crayon, and caught her in my arms again.

"Just one kiss, please. I love you," I said.

She held back a little, saying, "Oh! Jeemy, I nevair, nevair know someone like you. You make ze heart pom-pom-pom."

The door-knob rattled. We broke apart. It was Sliding Smith. I could have murdered him for a counterfeit dime!

"Hey, fer Pete's sake, snap into it, Sarge, before Shorty passes outa the picture."

I shoved the poster into Smith's hand and the three of us dashed down the steps. Just as we made the big dining room Shorty slid out of the chair to the floor like a sack of meal. Waiters shouted excitedly. I ran for the table, but not to pick up Shorty. I saw a waiter lifting my plate from the General's cartoon!

"Hey! put that plate down," I yelled, and tried to make a flying tackle for it. But I was too late. The clown lifted it, saw the cartoon, and exploded into a laugh.

"Oo-la-la-la-la!" he yelled. He pointed at the General and haw-hawed at the top of his voice.

The General snapped to his feet and rushed toward us. I stood frozen in my tracks by fear. My goose was cooked now!

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What good would the big ham and eggs idea do? Here was Mam'selle flying toward me, and I couldn't make a move to hide the fatal caricature. She reached the table as waiters bundled Shorty out of the way, and her face went livid at the sight of the cartoon of her dear uncle. She turned on me like I was poison, and called me all kinds of terrible things in French.

Boy howdy! I could hear the firing squad pulling their triggers. I felt I was a soner. But, can you imagine it, the old General looked at his cartoon and burst into a barrage of laughter!

I was so stunned with joy I couldn't speak or move. Joan's father grabbed the cartoon from the General and went into convulsions and then Joan made the world seem all right again by smiling at me through her tears.

I clung to Mam'selle's hands forgetful of her father and the General for the moment.

"Monsieur," cried her father, "we are waiting for ze beaucoup American business."

"Where's Shorty?" I asked, coming back to earth.

"Out like a light," Smith answered.

"Then we'll have to have a French chef flip the eggs and ham in the window," I said. While the one-armed proprietor was explaining matters to the chef Sliding and I put the poster outside, got everything else ready and then I took the curtains down on a picture that got the eye of every passing doughboy. I wish you could have seen that French chef flipping those eggs, and old Sliding Smith put 'em away as he made come-on gestures to the Americans, shouting at him through the windows. Suddenly there was a rush for the door. The first fellow inside said: "Is that ham and egg sign out there right, buddy?"

"You betcha! This is Café Ham and Eggs itself," I said.

The first doughboy was inside. Others were following.

"Ham and eggs, toot sweet!"
"Boy howdy, we eat!"
"Drive in them ham and eggs, Frenchy!"
Such was the barrage that hit our ears. Mam'selle gave me a look and motioned me upstairs to the little room.

"How about it, honey?" I asked.
She beamed at me: "Eet is very fine. I'm so glad for ze business."

"No—I mean, how about that real important thing? You know, honey. Are you going to promenade avec moi?" I said.

"Ah! Jeemy, you are so vary funny garcon. Come, I show you somsing," she said and pulled me to the little window of the room that overlooked the dining room.

BELIEVE me it was some sight. Doughboys were still coming in. They'd have to put out a standing room only sign toot sweet.

I turned to Joan: "Bon big business, eh?" I laughed.

She smiled in a queer little way, and her voice sounded sort of strange as she said: "Oui, Jeemy." Then I noticed there were tears in her eyes, and I forgot all about what was going on below.

"What's the matter, Joan? You unhappy? Sad?" I asked.

"Non-non—not zat," she murmured, and laughed through her tears.

"You need a little air, honey. Won't you promenade with me? Just a little bit?"

She pressed my hands. "Oh! Jeemy, I noticed you nevar have ze chance to eat. You must eat. I do not want you to be seeck. Eat first zen—"

"Joan, a fellow doesn't need to eat when he's in love. Compre?"

"Oui," she said softly, and hung her head.

I put my arms around her, and kissed her. "Promenade, ma cherie?" I asked again.

"Oui, Jeemy," she smiled and kissed me.

Uneasy Love

[Continued from page 37]

the babe shall see whichever of the night clubs she hasn't seen yet."

"I haven't seen any," I said.

"I thought as much! Well, it shall be Rex Keenan's then. But not for long, because I want particularly to get you home before the witching hour of three."

"Why three especially?" I asked.

"You've forgotten? I haven't. Your friend and chaperon threatens to return about that time and I want to talk to you about something which I don't wish Miss Thing-um-a-Bob to listen in on."

"Can't we talk about it before we go home?" I asked. "You see, I've never let anyone come in with me very late, and I haven't liked it if Julie brought her friends."

"You must make an exception to your rule tonight," he said.

I SUPPOSE my silence gave consent. After all Breakneck Lawrence was doing a good deal for me! He was behaving well in every way, and I was grateful.

I felt keenly just what he had meant me to feel, when some secret method had gained the well known Breckenridge Lawrence one of the best tables in the crowded restaurant. Men and women whose faces I knew from smart magazine pages and Sunday supplements, bowed to my companion and took me in without seeming to stare.

"They're admiring you so much that it hurts!" said Mr. Lawrence. "And they're wondering who the devil you can be. Do you spot any Farwell clients?"

"No," I told him. "Not one."

"Then you'll remain a great unknown, and things will work out all right. Did you ever taste a Blini de Caviare?"

I never had tasted one; and it was wonderful. Everything else throughout the evening was wonderful; including Rex Keenan's, a place to which none of Julie's "boy friends" had ever been extravagant enough to take us. I should have liked to stay on indefinitely, watching the show, but at one o'clock Mr. Lawrence said that it was time to go home.

THE room I had grown to hate so, was less disgusting than usual, decorated with my American Beauty roses and Julie's carnations. The stuffy furniture and a slight reminiscent smell of Julie's breakfast bacon in the curtains was more or less defeated by the sweetness of fresh flowers. All the same, I saw the comprehensive glance of disgust which Breakneck Lawrence's beauty-loving eyes cast around once more.

However, he uttered no such obvious remark about unsuitable surroundings, as I had dreaded. When he had sat down in an alleged "easy chair," and I had perched stiffly on a slenderer one, a gentle hint that the tete-a-tete must be short, his first question surprised me.

"What became of the dress you wore at Miss Gold's party last night?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "I spoiled it in the rain. I told you, I had to run as far as the gate, before—before—"

"Before Saint Anthony rescued you, I know. But where is the dress now?"

"It's here behind that Turkey red curtain which pretends to be a wardrobe and doesn't hide our shoes. The poor, beautiful thing was too wet to hang up with the rest."

"I expect you felt you wanted to do away



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with it, and never set eyes on it again! Well, I'll dispose of it for you, my child. Will you give it to me?"

"It's yours already," I said. "You paid Mrs. Farwell for it. But—"

"You'd like to know what I want with the thing? Well, I'd like to keep it. A matter of sentiment—and something more. I'm rather a peculiar man, you know. Do I get the 'Rose of Love?'"

"Of course! If you're not joking?"

"I assure you I'm not. I'm particularly serious. Can I take the dress away with me now, when I go?"

PUZZLED, somehow a little uneasy, as you are when things are queer and you daren't ask too many questions, I went behind the drugged red curtain and picked up the bundle of the dress. It was still damp, after twenty-four hours, and I had to find paper to wrap it in.

"There's a newspaper," said Mr. Lawrence, pointing to some loose leaves spread out on a table. "You've finished with that, haven't you? It's time for tomorrow's news!"

As he spoke, my eyes fell upon the photograph of Hughson Hardinge. I had wanted to cut it out, but Julie had been there, and I hadn't wished to be teased by her.

"Oh yes," I hesitated. "We've finished with that. I'll wrap the dress." And I started to push away the top sheet.

"I'll do it." Mr. Lawrence said. He took the dress from me, and flopped it down on the open newspaper.

But I couldn't bear to have Hugh Hardinge's portrait used so! "You've got too much paper," I said. "It will make too big a bundle like that!" I switched off the top sheet and let it drop on the floor.

"Something you want to save on the front page?" asked Mr. Lawrence.

"Oh, no, nothing special!" I said. After all, I could probably buy another copy of that paper, tomorrow. Mr. Lawrence began to fold the newspaper round the damp rolls of rose and darkened silver; but he did it slowly. I saw his eyes glance along each column, and they rested on the Hardinge portrait and paragraph longer than elsewhere. He made no comment neither did his manner change in the least. But the kind of instinct which makes you sure in spite of reason or logic, made me sure that Breakneck Lawrence knew I had fibbed.

"I'm going now," he said, when he had done up the newspaper parcel with surprising neatness. "You must try and get a bit of beauty sleep."

HE TOOK the two hands I held out, and drew me slowly towards him. I had an instant of fright, lest he should be going to kiss me on the mouth, and think me ungracious to refuse. But he didn't. He kissed first one of my hands, then the other, looking at me with an odd glint in his light eyes. It was as if he said: "There! You see you're mistaken!"

I did see, and I wished that Julie could see. Maybe she'd be convinced that I'd told her the truth. And yet I couldn't understand Mr. Lawrence, or imagine what he would want of me in the end, but he was being too good to be coldly analyzed.

Several days passed without my seeing him. Then he telephoned to say that he'd been busy with a lot of engagements made a long time ago, which he couldn't get out of; and besides, he was putting some new fittings into his gymnasium. He was at his own place on Long Island which he had named "The Gloom."

"I call it 'The Gloom,'" he explained, "partly because there's a big grove of old cedars, but mostly because I come when I'm in the dumps and stay till I've worked them off."

"I can't get into town, but if I send a closed car for you, will you lunch with me

at half past one? This isn't going to be a tête-à-tête, so don't be scared. I'm having someone here who may be of importance to your interests, and besides, my gymnasium is finished. When you see that, you'll see a side of my life you don't know yet, and couldn't know any other way. It will make you understand why I can work off a fit of the blues down here at 'The Gloom,' as I can't anywhere else."

He always contrived to excite my curiosity with his invitations! I accepted and he said that the Rolls Royce was in town, and he would phone for it to pick me up in half an hour.

I wondered what the chauffeur thought as he sedately drove me to his master's country place. Was this sort of thing all in the day's work for him? These wonderings were part of the Breakneck Lawrence mystery!

"The Gloom" sounded sinister, in my ears; but the place belied its name, except for the great dark cedar grove which lay between the house and the sea.

The house was built of tapestried brick with the rich color of wall flowers and inside it was magnificent.

I knew nothing about antique furniture and other treasures except what I'd learned from Mrs. Farwell, but as soon as a Japanese butler had opened the front door into a great panelled hall I knew that Breakneck Lawrence, sportsman, athlete, man of pleasure, must be also a cultured collector of beautiful things.

HE DIDN'T come out to meet me, but let me be ushered by his servant into the most marvellous room I had ever seen or imagined. It wasn't a library, because there were no book-shelves, but through a wide doorway I glimpsed another room which deserved that name. This could hardly be called a study, either, it seemed; yet Mr. Lawrence pushed back a chair from a splendid red lacquer desk, as I came in.

Everything was Chinese lacquer in the room; red lacquer, black lacquer, with one or two small pieces of bright green, like the brocade hangings and curtains. There was a huge Chinese rug on the polished floor, a rug with a black ground; but the most magnificent thing was a red cabinet which faced me as I entered the room.

It was almost as if some terrible presentiment of what that Chinese cabinet was to mean to me, drew my eyes to it and held them. The whole room seemed to photograph itself upon my brain, as if it were more important in my life than any other room had ever been. But more striking, almost more startling than all the rest, was the impression of that red lacquer cabinet.

At first I thought Mr. Lawrence was alone, but as he got up to meet me, another figure rose from a chair which had been partly hidden from me by a carved screen.

"How do you do, Miss Mayo?" Mr. Lawrence said. "Very nice of you to come! This is Garrison Raynes, the artist who had just returned from France and is visiting me for a few days. To put a 'Mr.' in front of his name would be like talking of 'Mr. Shakespeare.'"

Instantly I remembered what Mr. Lawrence had said over the 'phone. "Someone who might be of importance to my future." Could it be that he thought Garrison Raynes would be interested in me as a model?

At luncheon, the talk was of Paris and pictures. Apparently Breakneck Lawrence knew as much about both as he did about everything else on earth! Afterwards, I was shown the elaborate gymnasium; and then, about half past three Garrison Raynes had to keep an engagement at a neighboring place. The Rolls Royce had been sent back to town, and Mr. Lawrence himself drove me home in a great dragon of a touring car.

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It was only when we reached my door that he spoke of Garrison Raynes. Indeed, we had been rushing along at too great a speed for talk of any kind.

"I must get back at once, as I have people coming to dinner, all old friends of Raynes's, to welcome him home from Europe," he said. "I think he'll ask you to sit for him, and be his exclusive model. You won't get anything like as much as you would in the movies. But you'll have to be at his beck and call, to a certain extent, and you ought to be worth about four hundred dollars a month. I'll tell him that if he wants you he can't get you for less."

THE wonderful thing happened. I became Garrison Raynes' model. I sat for him, and he paid me melancholy, absent-minded compliments as if he were talking to himself. He painted the most divine faces and heads, from my poses but so far as I could tell they owed no inspiration to me. I was grateful to Breakneck Lawrence, but I was no less happy because I was seeing little of him. It was the height of the New York season, and he was one of the men most in request. Besides, he had interests outside society, and he often spent week-ends at 'The Gloom's', where he was in training for goodness knew what, with an ex-prize-fighter. But he sent me orchids and roses every day and each morning I had a letter from him which I destroyed as soon as it was read.

He exacted nothing of me except a letter which must be posted to him every night. I wrote affectionately, thanking him for flowers and chocolates, and bits of jewellery; and once, at Christmas, for an exquisite Chinchilla cloak. If I'd been his daughter or his ward, the letters wouldn't have been very different; yet as I wasn't either, I had a vague knowledge that if anyone who didn't know the whole truth about us, should read them, they would seem to compromise me. Still I accepted his presents, not only because they were beautiful, but because he always made it seem that I should be ungracious and cruel if I refused.

My birthday was going to be on the thirtieth of December, and I knew that I was to have a surprise present and a surprise party, too, from Mr. Lawrence. Where we were to go, I hadn't been told; and I was astonished to see that he was driving the car himself. It was the first time he'd done that with the limousine.

I expected to be taken uptown somewhere, perhaps to a new cabaret, but we hadn't been out ten minutes before Mr. Lawrence stopped the Rolls Royce in a quiet side street. There were tall buildings, as in almost all streets of New York, but no skyscrapers.

"Aren't we close to Gramercy Square?" I asked.

"You've guessed right," Breakneck said.

"Are we going to friends of yours?"

"We're going to a place which has been put at my disposal tonight, especially for your sake, because it's your birthday. I hope you'll like it."

WE STOPPED before an apartment house, with a charming entrance hall, not large, but very tasteful, done in what I imagined was Italian style. In the back of the hall sat an old negro, at a desk on which stood a telephone or two. He greeted Mr. Lawrence, but didn't call him by his name. "Can you go up you-self, sah?" he asked. "Or shall I take the elevator up?"

"We'll go ourselves, without troubling you, Bowling," Mr. Lawrence said. He spoke quietly, but I felt that he was excited. What were we going to do? What was I going to see? We used the lift, though we stopped only one flight up.

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Mr. Lawrence handed me a key. "It's the door with 'B' on it in gold letters," he said. "B for Bobby! Just for luck, open the door yourself!"

I obeyed, wondering.

"Oh, what a lovely little hall!" I exclaimed.

It was more a vestibule than a hall, with its leaf-green panels of brocade, framed in gold and pearl gray. On the green background hung prettier lithographs than Mrs. Farwell's best. The floor was of polished hardwood, with a Persian rug, like a faded rainbow. A double glass door led into a room which was also lighted. Mr. Lawrence gently pushed me across the threshold, and I stood in a boudoir which might have belonged to Marie Antoinette.

"How enchanting!" I exclaimed. "Who has lent it to you? A fairy princess?"

"I'll tell you about her presently," Mr. Lawrence promised. "But first, you must see the whole place. We have it to ourselves, so we can't be disturbed. See, here's the princess's dining room; and beyond a pantry, and kitchen." He opened another glass door and there was a tiny but exquisite dining room, with Gobelin tapestry framed in the wall panels, two carved chairs drawn up to a small round table and on that lace covered table a supper waiting.

"Oh, this is wonderful," I exclaimed.

"I'm glad you like everything. Take a peep at the kitchen. I know girls admire such things, if they're very feminine, as you are. Then you can leave your cloak in the princess's bedroom."

I PEEPED into a region of gleaming white tiles, and cupboards filled with delicate china, crystal, and silver, and cried out with admiration. Then Mr. Lawrence took me by the arm and hurried me away as if he were growing impatient.

"Now, for what I hope you'll think the chef d'oeuvre," he said, and swept me through the boudoir again into a bedroom so beautiful it was like an eighteenth century dream.

The bed was of gray carved wood and gilded wicker, ornamented with cupids holding garlands. It had a canopy of rose-colored silk and there was a quaint, draped dressing table with gold-backed brushes and gold-stoppered bottles.

"It's too heavenly!" I breathed. "I almost wish you hadn't brought me here. It makes me a little jealous to think there are women who can live their lives every day in such divine surroundings."

"It is a contrast to your quarters with Julie, I must admit!" Breakneck said.

"Oh, it is!" I sighed. "Poor Julie is so untidy. I can never keep things decent, living with her. I hope the princess is a beauty. A woman who wasn't would be out of place here!"

"I think she's the prettiest creature I ever saw!" he said.

A faint pang of jealousy stabbed me. It wasn't from love but from wounded vanity. No girl likes a man who has been attentive to her, to praise another beauty at her expense!

"Oh, you've sometimes told me I was that!" The words burst out in spite of myself.

"I tell you so again now. Dear little idiot, don't you guess that this place is my birthday present to you?"

My heart contracted. I knew that a big moment in my fate was upon me. I drew in several long breaths before I could control myself enough to speak; and all the time I felt that Breakneck Lawrence's eyes were on my face.

"I can't take such a present," I said at last.

He stood with his hands in his pockets, looking gigantic in the dainty, pale-colored room.

"I expected you to say that!" he flung back at me, with a laugh. "You don't trust me, you see! It's your provincial bringing up, I suppose, you Southern baby! Once a hick always a hick! But what a darling hick! I like you better for it. Still, it's irritating to a noble soul like mine, to have the worst motives imputed! ... I read your mind, my angel child, like a book. I do not offer you this present for the reasons you are supposing."

I continued to gaze at him.

"I am fond of you," he went on, "fonder and fonder all the time. Just as I thought I should probably grow to be. I'm fonder of you than anyone I ever knew. I admire you. And I respect you. You're good. Your goodness isn't put on for effect. It's real. You can't help it. God knows I don't want to pull you off your pedestal. What I want is for you to have a worthy pedestal. I can't stand the thought of a flower like you in that pig pen, where you exist rather than live with that slangy, hard-boiled Jane! I can never see you alone there, or if I do, that devil-girl bursts in, all eyes and bad thoughts of me. Ever since the first, I've been planning this, and for the last six weeks I've been getting the place ready for your birthday night."

"Don't refuse to keep this little nest I've been at some pains to make for you. If you won't live in it, come here every night at this time, midnight. There! The hour is striking now, on that little clock Marie Antoinette used to listen to, in the Trianon! Come here, and spend one hour. If I can get to you, I will. If not, give me your thoughts. Mine will be with you at that time always, even if I can't. Be my 'Midnight Sweetheart'."

"Your midnight sweetheart!" I echoed in a whisper. The very words gave me a chill of fear and suspicion.

"Yes. Don't the words sound sweet to you? They do to me."

I didn't answer.

"They frighten you?"

I nodded.

"They needn't. I swear to keep you my sweetheart, just as you are now, unless—well, I told you in the first talk we ever had, that I'd give you fair warning if I changed. I wish I could make you my wife, but I can't, because, as you know, my wife won't divorce me and I can't divorce her. Will you do what I ask? If you refuse, I'll know you've never trusted me, that's all! When you go out of this place, I'll smash everything up with a hammer. As I live, I'll do just that! And I'll know you haven't the soft heart or the kind soul that I've loved even more than I've loved your face."

What could I say to that? I couldn't refuse him.

"I'll do it!" I said. "I'll be here every night at twelve and wait for you, or think of you, if you can't come. If you do come I'll stay a few minutes for a chat. But nothing more!"

Down the big man went on his knees, and put both arms around me as I sat, rigid and anxious, yet not wishing to be ungracious.

"My darling child! My Midnight Sweetheart!" he said, and his manner was more fatherly than loverlike. He didn't try to kiss me. After all, what was in a name? This was such a delicious nest, such a refuge from sordidness! Why shouldn't I accept, and just see what happened?

WEEKS passed. I kept my word. If we did not meet for dinner or the theater, I always went to the "fairy princess's palace" and opened the door with my key, just before midnight.

A servant, hired by Breakneck Lawrence, kept the lovely apartment clean and sweet as La France roses which he sent every day

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at an hour when they could be received by her.

So Spring came—April. I had known Breakneck Lawrence since October, and not once had he spoken a word which the Riverdale hick in me was forced to resent. If an inner voice warned me that he had hidden his real reason for giving me this strange and lovely gift, I wouldn't listen. What harm was there in the fantastic name of "Midnight Sweetheart," when it meant no more than a pleasant chat, or writing a letter at twelve P. M.?

Then, one day he telephoned to the studio, and asked me to come a little earlier than usual to the rendezvous. He had something special to say, a proposal which would need a bit of thrashing out between us.

A quality in his voice put me on guard. I hesitated before answering.

Julie was eating a late breakfast, and reading the newspaper which I hadn't yet looked at.

"Gee!" I heard Julie exclaim.

I hadn't yet answered Breakneck's question when she jumped up, and thrust the paper under my eyes.

"Hughson Hardinge Back from France," I read mechanically. And there was the same photograph which the same paper had shown on the morning he sailed—out of my life forever, as Julie's wise cracks had convinced me long ago.

It seemed that Hughson Hardinge, the "famous bridge building engineer" had arrived in New York late yesterday afternoon. Though the work he had undertaken in France was not yet finished, his own part in it was completed. He had interesting plans for the future, but was not ready to mention them yet, except to say that they would keep him for some time in his native land.

Mechanically my eyes took in the printed words, while my hand still held the telephone receiver near my lips, ready for the answer I must give to the man who waited.

The thought flashed through my brain with lightning swiftness: "If he does remember he'll look me up today. I'll stay in the house. I won't stir out till it's too late to expect him, too late for him even to 'phone.' Yet while I decided this, the practical part of my intelligence was trying to drown the decision with scorn. "Silly little fool!" it scolded me. "Silly little fool!"

"Have we been cut off?" Mr. Lawrence's voice called me back to realities.

"No, no," I answered. "I was only thinking whether I could. Yes, I will! I'll be there at eleven-thirty."

"After eleven, no message could possibly come from him," something was whispering inside my head.

I kept to my resolution and stayed at home all day. But Hughson Hardinge did not come, and sent no word. My heart felt heavy and sick. It didn't seem to matter much what happened to me.

AT HALF past eleven precisely I opened the door of the "Midnight Sweetheart's" apartment, and I had only time to switch on the lights when Breakneck Lawrence, who made a point of keeping no key to the place, arrived.

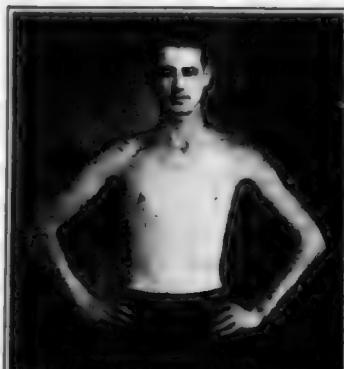
His face was one that betrayed few of his emotions, unless he were in a rage so fierce that it was almost beyond his control. Tonight, however, he looked excited.

"I've got to go to England," he said. "I'm being sued for income-tax on some property there, and I'm advised to fight the case. I must sail on Saturday on the Leviathan; just time to get my passport and fix up a few affairs. I'll be away for weeks. I don't know just how long. But I do know that it will be too long to be away from you. I've realized more than ever how much you are

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to me, little girl, and I've been thinking things over hard, and here's the proposal I have come to make."

Mr. Lawrence had not sat down. He walked the room, at first, as he talked; then suddenly came to a stop in front of the sofa where I sat among the cushions.

"My proposal is, that you come with me to England," he said. "Now, don't answer yet. Wait! I've definitely made up my mind that I want you to marry me. We'll sail on the same ship, though not together of course. I can get you a passport. Once we are safe the other side I'll let the news reach my wife that I'm in love with a girl and have got her with me in England. She'll be forced to divorce me in the face of the first big scandal she's ever been threatened with from me. I'll protect you from anything disagreeable, and as soon as I'm free I'll marry you. Then my Midnight Sweetheart will become my all-the-time and forever wife. What do you say?"

From Julie's point of view, perhaps from most girls' point of view, for one in my position there was only one thing to say—"Yes!" And why not? The one man I might have loved had forgotten me, and Breakneck meant to be honorable.

Against all the force of my will, I thought of Hughson Hardinge. I could see his eyes as they had looked when he said good-bye to me. Just one more day!

"Give me till tomorrow night. I'm sure to say yes, but all the same, give me till then," I begged.

"Very well, so be it," he said. He was disappointed, perhaps he thought me unappreciative and ungrateful. "If you're so sure to say yes, come early, though. If you are going to England with me on Saturday, and you are, we'll need some time to make our plans."

"I can be here as early you like," I said. I tried to appease him by smiling, while I wanted to cry and scream, and be hysterical, and generally idiotic.

"I'm engaged till eleven," he said. "Be here at a quarter past, sharp."

So it was settled between us.

Again, all next day, I stayed at home. What if Hughson Hardinge should come to me? Over and over I asked myself that question. The answer seemed to mean so much, so incredibly much! Yet, when I looked facts fairly in the face, I couldn't see that, if by some miracle he should remember and look me up, it would make any difference whatever to my future. Of what importance could be a visit from a kind and charming young man who had met me once, and to whom, at best, I might seem a romantic, up-to-the-moment Cinderella?

There would be a 'phone call, perhaps; then a short visit; a little pleasant conversation.

After that he would leave me, and everything would be as it had been, only harder, a hundred times harder to bear. So I ought to wish for him not to come. But I didn't! I didn't!

Never had I lived through so long a day. Luckily or unluckily, Garrison Raynes didn't want me to pose. Julie was out and all the telephone calls that came were for her, and each one let my spirits down lower and lower into a black pit, dark as despair. What a fool I was! What an unpardonable fool!

EVENTUALLY, I gave up hope and having made myself some coffee about eight o'clock with the idea of bracing my nerves, I began to get ready to go out. I took unusual pains with my hair, and at last put on my prettiest, newest frock, a pale primrose yellow with filmy silk stockings and gold sandals to match. I must be worthy of my great future as Breakneck Lawrence's wife. I contrived to be so slow

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in all my movements, that it was half past nine when I slipped into my gown, the color of spring and hope!

I thought that, perhaps, I should be less nervous in the "Midnight Sweetheart" nest than in the shabby untidiness of our room, now that there was no longer anything to wait for. I put on a cloak of turquoise blue velvet which, even in that mood, pleased my taste with the primrose frock beneath. I went to the door and opened it.

Hughson Hardinge stood on the bottom step of the stairs.

My whole life became different in an instant.

"What luck!" he said. "I've found you, Vision!"

I laughed, in the most exquisite happiness of my life, and yet I could have cried instead. I had never told myself in words that I loved Hughson Hardinge. Indeed, I'd firmly assured myself many times that I didn't. But now I knew, as our eyes met in the light of the shabby hall, that I'd always worshipped him through all these months, while another man had monopolized my outer life.

"I think I must be dreaming—you!" I breathed.

"No, thank God, I'm solid flesh and blood, and shan't have to fade out of your sight if you'll let me stay in it," he answered in that unforgotten, thrilling voice, with a smile even more charming than I remembered.

I STOOD gazing, almost stupidly, forgetting to ask him to come in; he seemed so adorable, so altogether ideal as a man.

Like Breakneck Lawrence, he was dark, black-haired, black-browed, but in every other detail of personality he was different. Breakneck was heavy, thick-set, short-necked, with the build of a prize-fighter. This man was tall and straight with clear-cut, aquiline features. He was thirty-three according to the newspapers, and Breakneck Lawrence wasn't more than forty-five! Twelve years difference. Yet Hughson Hardinge looked young enough to be Breakneck's son. He, too, had something unreadable in his eyes, but the mystery of his soul and mind, whatever it might be, wasn't clouded by sinister darkness as I'd sometimes felt that Breakneck's mystery was. And these eyes, looking at me with such a dear expression, were of a bright Irish blue.

"'Vision' has been my name for you, the only one I had until to-day," he said. "And now I see you again, I realize what an appropriate name it is. But, you're going out?"

"I was going. I suppose I must go by and by," I told him, "but I don't need to start yet. Will you come in?"

"I'd be badly disappointed not to!" he answered. "I know it's late, but I couldn't get here earlier, and I hated to wait till tomorrow."

"Oh, I'm glad you didn't wait till tomorrow!"

The words broke from me and sounded so emphatic I was frightened as to what he might think of them. I was frightened even at the secret meaning they had for me. What if he hadn't come? Hastily I retreated into the room and he followed.

"I told you I'd call for the rug," he reminded me, and we both laughed.

It was delicious to laugh with him! I felt that we understood each other's language, the kind of language that doesn't need to be clothed in words.

"I've always kept the rug," I said, "and thought of you when I looked at it."

"Then I hope you looked at it often!"

I didn't answer, but our eyes met. His seemed to drown my soul in their blue depths.

"Cinderella, I love you!" he said.

Then my tears did come. They rolled down my cheeks, as I looked up at him.

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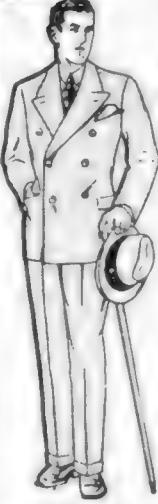
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"Why didn't you come before?" I said. But the words were hardly spoken when he had me in his arms. Mine went round his neck. We held one another as if we were afraid to let each other go. He kissed me with such a kiss as I had never known, and I kissed him with a kiss of ecstasy as different from the so-called kisses I'd given Breakneck Lawrence as autumn is different from spring.

"It was impossible for me to come for you yesterday," he said, "though I was wild to see you again. I had things to do that couldn't be left undone, things not concerned with myself. You see, I knew before I landed in New York that I should be able to find out your name, because I'd recognized your face on a magazine cover. All I had to do would be to ask Garrison Raynes, whom I know fairly well, to tell me who you were, and he would give me your name. But I'd been a little too optimistic! When I called up his studio yesterday and again early this morning, I heard that he was in the country and not expected back till late today. I waited till then, because the alternative was to come here to this house, describe you to the janitor, bribe him or her, and get at you in that crude way. I preferred an introduction from Raynes. I went to his studio and sat there till half an hour ago. He was expected any minute. At last he turned up. His friend's car had had a bad breakdown. The instant I'd dragged your name out of Raynes I dashed down to Eighth Street to this well-remembered door."

Garrison Rayne's name had brought me back to earth with a bump. Hugh had questioned him about me! And Breakneck was an intimate friend of Raynes.

I foresaw trouble, though the future was so vague as yet, that I couldn't tell precisely how the trouble would come.

"Now," said Hugh, "I want to ask you a question. Will you marry me?"

Of course I couldn't, and wouldn't marry Breakneck after that. He might think me a wretch of ingratitude. He might hate me. He might even murder me! Nothing would make the slightest difference. I would not go to Europe with him, and I wished to heaven that I could somehow save myself even from meeting him again. But I didn't see how I was going to escape.

I YEARNED for help and advice from Hugh but of course I could have neither. It was impossible that I should tell him such a story as that of the "Midnight Sweetheart" and make him understand.

Oh, I loved him so, I wanted him so! I wanted to spend my whole life with him! But I knew that if I saw Breakneck Lawrence once again he would somehow find a way to part us.

Ten o'clock! In one hour and fifteen minutes Breakneck Lawrence would be waiting for me to give my answer in the "Midnight Sweetheart" nest. And I'd told him that I was "sure to say yes."

Whatever good qualities he had, mercy wasn't one of them. He had no pity.

What could I do?

DO you wonder I didn't know which way to turn? A few blocks away the man who had saved me from disgrace and given me everything in the world, waited for me to come and tell him I would marry him. Here at my side was the one man in the world whom I might love. Neither would understand my attitude towards the other! I'll tell you in April SMART SET how I eventually won happiness in spite of my "Uneasy Love"

Love's Intolerance

[Continued from page 82]

Please do not take it as any indication that I have one whit less personal regard for you. Naturally, I am disappointed, after all the frank and interesting talks we have had, to find that you have completely lost your head over something that after all may not be vital to your happiness. No, I'm not advocating lax morals. Neither am I exhorting you to forgiveness...

In my opinion, it isn't your place to forgive a thing like this, Janet. You're not in a position to be Ed's judge. The only one who has the right to judge him is the Spirit that gave him life.

Ed doesn't belong to you. Neither does his past, present nor future. He has, does, and always will belong to himself. Marriage wouldn't change that any. He didn't have to tell you about his indiscretions; most men wouldn't have told. It was a fine, if mistaken, sense of duty that did make him tell you. And instead of appreciating such honesty and meeting it with a fine, understanding tolerance, what did you do? Well, you know!

Don't be so smug, Janet. So holier-than-thou. Virtue, after all, is only measured by temptation. No great credit is due you that your body and spirit have accepted civilization a bit more readily than Edwin's. So be tolerant, be patient. Try to understand.

You have the right to love, yes. But no girl on God's earth has the right to possess the man she loves. You have the right to

serve, too, but not to boss, however excellent your ideas may be. You may be the stronger of the two, but all your efforts can't weave your muscles into Edwin's body, nor your thoughts into his brain. If you marry him, of course you'll be taking a chance. So will he. And frankly, little girl, I think Ed is taking the bigger chance. The most terrible, heartbreaking thing love has to fight is intolerance, and you're fairly oozing with it.

As I read this over, it sounds a bit harsh, but I still have enough faith in you, little friend, to believe that you will take it in the right spirit.

FOR some reason, probably just a coincidence, the mail this month was flooded with letters from girls who are in love with married men. If I had not already discoursed at great length on this subject in a previous issue of Smart Set, I should have held Janet's letter over until next month and used the following letter from Doris of Salt Lake City instead. The circumstances with all these girls differ somewhat, of course, but they all end with the question: "Have I the right to another woman's husband?"

"I have selected Doris's letter to print here because it seems to embody every angle of the question: love, children, selfishness, pity, and lastly, doubt. Here is her story:

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father of a little girl three years old. We met on a business basis, both being musicians, but it resulted in love which we both feel is real love.

"His wife knows of our love and yet she has done nothing about it. I can't understand her. She has dressed the child up and let him bring her to see me, but she has never called me up or said anything to either of us about the situation. Ned wants to get a divorce so he can marry me, but I am afraid that we will both be sorry and in the end pay too dearly for our love. Oh, I could stand it all right, but what about the baby? She isn't responsible for being here and it is her birthright to have a father to provide for and protect her. How can he do this if he is married to another woman?

"I am only eighteen, but I have gone with boys since I was thirteen, so it isn't just kid love, and I feel that his wife doesn't love him very much or she would put up some kind of a fight for him, and she certainly would not let him bring the child to see me. It's a mess, isn't it, Mrs. Madison. Can you help me? Tell me frankly whether I should let him go and try to forget, or shall I fight for him?

"Doris, Salt Lake City."

IT'S romance, and pulsating, suffocating emotion that have blinded you to the real facts, Doris. You stress so much on the fact that Ned's wife has not reproached either of you, "has not put up a fight for him," as you express it. But as I see it, she has put up the most desperate and heart-breaking fight a woman could to keep her husband. That little three-year old girl, Doris, is her mother's real weapon. Why, I see in that baby a mother's heart brimming over with disappointment and fear and hope and scalding tears. What more eloquent plea could she make than to send her baby girl to you, the living, breathing, throbbing evidence of their union, flesh of their flesh, blood of their blood? There could be no more dramatic appeal in all the world, Doris. How could you regard it as indifference? Or insufficient love?

Oh, I don't say your love for Ned isn't just as real. But I am convinced that the haunting face of a baby girl and her broken-hearted mother would stand between you and happiness. Nor can I understand why this heartache should come to you, any more than it has come to countless girls before you. These little mangled segments of life that pass before me are quite beyond my understanding or explanation. Most of the time I feel it's quite hopeless to even try to comfort, so I place all my hope and faith in keeping the future as free from hurt and bitterness as possible. And it's your future happiness that is at stake now, little girl. That's why I think you must give Ned up.

You'd like to be hard-boiled and selfish and believe it's "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." You'd like to believe you have the right to take Ned away from his wife and baby simply because you and he love each other. You'd like to harden your heart against the suffering that would inevitably follow for his wife and child. You've seen other women do this and to all outward appearances get away with it. Only you can't do any of those things. Doris.

WHY? Because you're human. Terribly so. Your own suffering has taught you to pity the suffering of others. This same suffering has made you more capable of love. Love and pity are twins. If you have one you must take the other. So you see, if you were hard-boiled you couldn't experience such thrilling, tormenting love.

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tion. It's intangible, fleeting, threatened momentarily with destruction. But the very instant Ned became yours in the eyes of God and man, you'd drop back to the old plane. It would break the tension. You'd both be again your same old selves, the selves you were before you met. I just can't believe that love changes us any, Doris. It merely brings out the best. So be your best now and don't let that baby's mute appeal be in vain!

"**L**IFE will never be the same again!" wails Joan. "I might as well be dead." There is something strangely reminiscent in those words, to me, at least. How about you? I can remember a number of occasions on which I uttered almost the exact words, and yet I find life very much the same again, and I am very glad to be alive.

Read little Joan's letter please, all of you, and if you've gone through an experience in any way parallelling hers, won't you write her, in my care, and tell her what happened to make you change your mind?

"I wonder if there was ever a girl so unhappy and lonesome as I?" Joan asks me. "I am just twenty but in the last four years I've lived a lifetime of sorrow. When I was sixteen my dear mother and dad and little baby sister were killed by an express train, and in a second our home was wiped out. I went down to Texas and lived with my aunt, thinking that new scenes and associations would help me forget the tragedy, but after two years I was still inconsolable. Then I came north and went to work as a model for a dress house. I was too disheartened even to try to make friends, but friendship and then love came to me. His name was Tom and when we had known each other four months we became engaged. A month later Tom was drowned and then I guess I went crazy.

"I ran around with lots of men, going to places I would never have been seen in before. The girls at the store criticized me and said I couldn't have thought very much of Tom, but they couldn't see way down deep inside me, nor could they know that my heart was broken.

"Then last winter I met a very nice man, fourteen years older than I, who was almost like a father to me. He took me to meet his mother and father right away and I used to spend my weekends at his home. I kept nothing from him. I told him that when Tom died, my love died with him. In spite of that he has asked me to marry him. Love like I had for Tom comes only once and if I marry this other man I feel I will be doing him a great injustice. He wants me at any price, but I hesitate. Joan."

MUCH as I dislike to, I must admit, Joan, that you will never regain love's young dream. Death has thrown a glamour about Tom that will prevent you from thinking any other man is as splendid as the one you lost. You are still passing through a crisis. Your state of mind is not one that can possibly be permanent. It's against all the laws of nature that one so young and so capable of love should forever wear sackcloth and ashes and petrify her heart as an everlasting monument to death.

Oh, little Joan, try to hold yourself sweet and sane through this crisis! Don't let yourself be blinded by bitterness and egotism, and you may find that the love of this

older man, that unbidden love, may after all be a braver love than the beautiful ecstasy you had for Tom.

That first tragedy, the loss of your family, would by now have become a painful and beautiful memory if it had not been followed by the loss of your first love. But your present pain harks back to the old one and the two go hand in hand, marching through the icy emptiness in your heart. Don't let your mind become malignant scar tissue that will wreck your life, Joan. Hugging your grief to yourself is a purely selfish gratification of your own emotions.

It's not true that you "might as well be dead." When that time comes, you will pass on. It's nature's way. But now there's a place for you here and work for you to do. And I have a hunch it isn't anything that you are going to profit by directly. Not in a material way, I mean. No, Joan, I see your salvation in forgetting your own misery and trying instead to bring a bit of happiness into the life of another. And I can't help feeling that that other is the man who loves you and would love and cherish you. Open your heart to him just the tiniest bit and you'll find that icy void filled with a warm radiance and you'll be glad.

THE very first letter I picked up among those selected for short answers is from a very young girl who is dominated by the same stubbornness that has made others so miserable. Her name is Peggy and she lives in Topeka, Kansas.

PEGGY: Why waste time and happiness? Of course be the first to make up.

MAE: Unless you're game to get a broken heart, let the boy next door alone.

CAROL: I don't see why you can't go with this boy and let the others alone. Better watch out or some other girl will grab him off.

JIMMIE: The fleeting experiences of a traveling man are surely not a fair way to judge all girls. Wait till you know one very well. Then I'd like to hear from you again.

MAURICE: Loyalty should come before everything. If this girl can't give it to you, you are well rid of her.

MRS. L. V. S.: A happy home is the birthright of every child. If you are really thinking of your baby, you will strive to give her that.

INA: More than once friendship has developed into love, so keep the young man as a friend and watch every chance to mean more to him.

MAE: The most innocent friendship with a married man may be loaded with dynamite. There's enough trouble in the world without looking for it.

MRS. H. C.: Don't do anything until the baby comes. It may change his whole attitude toward you and marriage.

I find now that I have run over my space, so the other short answers will have to go until next month. I have tried to answer those which seemed most urgent, so please be patient if you do not find your answer among them.

Write me, any of you, all of you, as often as you wish. And ask me anything you wish. If I know, I'll tell you; if I don't you'll find me equally frank. But always, you'll find me an honest friend.

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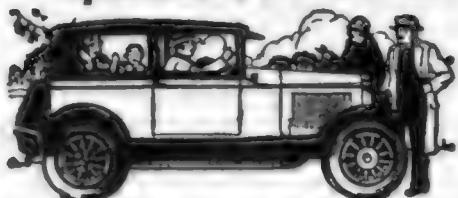
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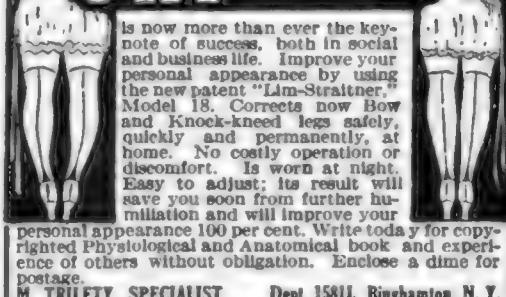
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Playing with Fire

[Continued from page 69]

Aunt Isabel. The old girl's face was flushed with pleasure, and I thought it was rather nice of him to be so old-fashioned. No men in my crowd ever paid Aunty any attention at all. Later I noticed that Curtis danced with Gladys DeWitt and twice with Blanche Steadfield.

I was sitting talking with Marshall in the conservatory, when at last Curtis Holland came in search of me.

"May I have this dance?" he asked formally.

"I shouldn't think so!" Marshall put in with deliberate insolence.

HOWEVER angry I might feel with Curtis, I was not going to let Marshall van Loan get away with that, so I got up instantly and told Curtis that I'd just love to. At that moment a servant passed.

"Order my car, will you?" Marshall said.

"Going, Marshall?" I asked over my shoulder.

"I rarely stay a whole week-end anywhere," he said.

"Well, that makes it nice for people who ask you!" I called gaily, and the next moment I was dancing with Curtis.

"I don't think I like his manners," Curtis said in a low voice.

"You are such an authority on manners," I smiled up at him.

He did not reply, and we finished the dance together.

"I think I'm tired," I said. "You may come and talk to me in my own little particular room."

He followed me silently through the hall to the back of the house, to a little den where I used to write my letters. I sat down on a low couch and motioned to him to sit beside me.

"Do you let many men come in here?" he asked.

I lighted a cigarette very slowly before replying. "Very few," I said.

"You ultra-modern girls are something new in my life," Curtis said.

"You don't approve of us?" I asked.

I had expected to fence like this for some time, enjoying the feeling that I was playing with him. And then I got the shock of my life! Without a word, suddenly he grasped me in his arms and kissed my lips until he hurt me.

While I was still dazed at his audacity, he walked out of the room, without another word.

I SAT there for twenty minutes raging! How dared he! And then I knew, definitely and beyond a doubt—that I loved him! I knew that I had met the one man who could ever make any real impression on me. Just then Rosalie came in.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Lucille, your eyes are shining like stars! What has happened?"

Graphically I described my interview with Curtis Holland.

"Then you love him?"

"Yes," I said. "And oh, Rosalie, he doesn't think anything of me! I know it! He would never have behaved like that if he did."

"Don't be absurd," she said. "I can hardly believe that it is Lucille Sturgis talking! Since when have you failed to make a man care if you showed the faintest interest in him?"

But when I returned to where they were dancing, I did not see Curtis, and presently

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Aunt Isabel told me that he had gone back to the inn.

On Sunday, I didn't see him, and on Monday I went away for a week to stay with Rosalie and her people. They were sailing for Europe, so I brought Rosalie back with me at the end of my visit.

THEN fate took a hand. The inn where Curtis was staying burned down that same day, and Dad insisted that Curtis should visit us as our guest, so that the work should not suffer.

"I admit he is difficult," Rosalie said to me some ten days later. "Still, men of that type will never compromise a girl. If only I could think of some scheme!"

As she said it, there was a sound of thunder.

"I have it!" Rosalie exclaimed. "Oh, Mr. Curtis Holland, your days are numbered!"

She giggled delightedly as she outlined her scheme, and I agreed to play my part, even though I didn't like it, for I was so much in love I was desperate.

The storm continued and grew worse.

"Now remember," Rosalie said reassuringly, "I have never been wrong in my life. Not where a man is concerned. I am as certain that he loves you as you are that you love him. It's just his pride that won't let him tell you so. If your father were not so rich, he would have behaved in a very different way. Remember that that kiss of his awakened your love, and I'll bet my next year's allowance that it worked both ways and awakened his. Go ahead now, and do your stuff! I shall give you exactly two minutes by the clock."

Dressed in a becoming negligee over dark blue silk pajamas, I walked silently to the door of Curtis's room, which was just across a square hallway from my own. I tapped, and I heard his voice tell me to come in.

"I am so frightened!" I said as I closed the door behind me and ran towards Curtis.

He would have risen in surprise, but I had done the whole thing so quickly that I had reached his chair before he could move. I flung myself on his knees, pretending I was almost hysterical from fear!

"The storm!" I cried. "Do you think we'll be killed?"

"Don't be absurd, and you ought not to be in this room with me. Why don't you go to your father?"

A crash of thunder reverberated right over our heads, and putting my arms about Curtis's neck, I buried my face on his shoulder in sham terror.

Then the door opened suddenly, and Rosalie entered the room as she had arranged with me.

"Are you mad, Lucille?" she cried. "Have you forgotten there is such a thing as a reputation? I saw you come in here. I owe you a bad turn and I'm terribly afraid that I shall gossip!"

"Oh, you wouldn't, Rosalie!" I pretended to protest. "Why there's nothing in it! I was frightened of the storm!"

"Do something," I turned to Curtis. "Oh please — won't you do something? You must save me!"

"Are you serious, Miss Halpin?" he demanded. "Do you mean to tell me that a girl would deliberately try to ruin a friend's reputation?"

"You sound like 1890 to me," Rosalie said. "What do you know about women? I have been waiting for a chance like this for months, and it won't be my fault if everyone doesn't hear of Lucille's extraordinary fear of a storm and how she looked for protection!" It was really superbly acted, and every syllable carried conviction.

"In that case," Curtis turned to me. "I will tell you what I would not have told you otherwise. You see, you are the daughter of a rich man, and I have to make my way. But now I'll tell you, and I'll tell

you in front of the girl who pretended to be your friend, that I loved you from the minute I saw you. If you can stand a year or two of comparative poverty will you marry me and let me make up in other ways for what I can't give you until I have made my way?"

It was quite a long speech from Curtis, and my heart went out to him. At the same time, I felt that something was spoiled for I was winning my man by a trick.

"You will marry me?" he begged.

"Yes, if you want me," I answered.

Before Rosalie, he took me in his arms and kissed me. He kissed my forehead, my closed eyes, but when he kissed my lips, then I knew that, trick or no trick, I didn't care! I had won the man I loved!

Back in my room Rosalie said gaily: "I told you so! I told you so! Don't tell me I don't know men. I knew as though he had told me so himself that he loved you because every man falls for you and I doped it out that it was pride that was holding him back. Now are you happy?"

"Yes," I said. "But I wish I hadn't got him by a trick, Rosalie."

"You can't have everything in this world," she said. "Be grateful with what the gods have given you."

It was late when I awakened, and when I came downstairs, I could tell by Dad's expression that he had been talking with Curtis.

"Well, it's happened, Baby, has it?" Dad said as he kissed me. "The young lady who was so bored a little time ago has found a new interest in life!"

"I love him so, Dad! What did you say to him?"

"That he couldn't have you, of course!"

"Seriously, Dad?"

"That I had never denied you anything in my life," he said, "and that I certainly was not going to deny you the man you had picked out as your husband, as long as he was white and decent. Then we had a row about money."

"A row about money?" I exclaimed.

"A vulgar row about vulgar money," Dad went on. "The boy is white all through and he was sincere when he said that he didn't want me to make you an allowance. However, I generally get my own way, except with my daughter, so I won the war. I like him all the better for loving you and not your old man's check book. I rather think you have a man there, Baby!"

SO EVERYTHING was made easy for me, everything except my own heart. And that evening after dinner, I knew I would have to confess or be miserable all my life.

Curtis and I were sitting in the little den where he had first kissed me, and he was telling me how he had loved me at first sight, and yet had been irritated by what he called my "upstage attitude," and how he had longed to conquer me but had held back because of Dad's money, when I interrupted him.

"I'm not what you think, Curtis," I said. "I'm just a fake! I didn't mean to tell you, but you are so dear you just have to know it! You see, I fooled you!"

"You fooled me?" he asked.

"I fixed it all last night with Rosalie. I'm not the least frightened of storms, but she said you loved me, and she knew that I loved you, and that if you thought you had compromised me you would have to ask me to marry you."

He gathered me close to him and kissed away my tears. "I am glad you have told me, darling," he said. "You certainly fooled me, and I would never have spoken until I had made money. You fooled me all right, but please, beautiful one, all our life together go on fooling me in the same way. I like it!"

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Unforbidden Fruit

[Continued from page 25]

"Didn't know you'd moved in upstairs," said Sylvia.

"I only just did. And now I'm moving out. It's revolting." The big eyes were humid with resentment.

"What's the matter?"

"Jinny was going to room with me but she's been kicked. She hasn't been doing any work at all this year; says she hates the place anyway. And two seniors have put in a bid for the room."

"Pretty rotten, young Clarkey. Where are you going?"

The girl hesitated. "Olga Tremwich wants me to room with her over in Blatch."

The two older girls exchanged looks. "I wouldn't be in any hurry about deciding, kid," advised Starr carelessly. "It's easier to get into a room than to get out of it sometimes, in this woman's college."

"I've got to go somewhere," said Verity with a touch of petulance. "Good night."

"Know the Tremwich person, Syl?" asked Starr as their visitor left.

"Tall, dark girl; scraggly around the neck? Sophomore?"

"That's the one. What do you say we grab her little game and take the kid in with us? Olga's no person for a youngster like Vee to play with."

"This is no Rescue Mission," protested Sylvia.

"No. But—"

"At that, she wouldn't fit in so badly," admitted Sylvia. "She's different enough from our style to make a good third. And maybe," she added optimistically, "we could work her to make our beds. Think she'd come?"

"She'd jump at the chance. Don't count too much on working her, though. That's a stiff little lower jaw of hers."

"Oh, well, she ought to pay something for rooming with the two most popular girls in the place," said Sylvia modestly. "Anyway we can try it out. Match you to see who goes up to call her."

"You do. You've got your shoes on."

"Oh, all right," grumbled Sylvia. She left, presently returning with the freshman.

"Sit down, Vee," Starr invited. "How'd you like to come in with us?"

"I'd love it." Verity's clear eyes sparkled.

"Freshman, you are about to enter into intimate association with two wise guys." She rose, pointing to the "Home Is What You Make It" legend. "Do you see on yonder wall, Freshman, the guiding motto of Suite Twenty?"

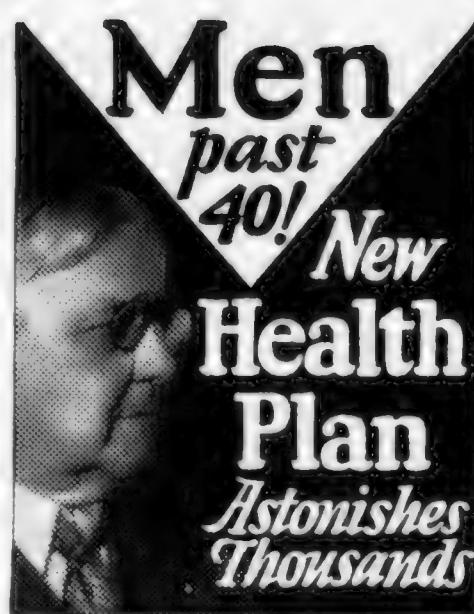
"Yes."

"You do not! Turn it over, Syl."

THE reverse side showed a large "Verboten" in uncompromising Germanic script. In the angle of the V nestled a half-smoked cigarette. The B housed a champagne cork, mumpily swollen. Over the T was draped a notice of a flunk in Latin affixed with a wad of chewing gum, while the final N was festooned with a pinkish ribbon, obscure of symbolism, but bearing evidence of having derived from that prehistoric appliance, a corset.

"Now you do see it," pursued the orator of the occasion. "The trimmings are supposed to indicate the reverse English on the motto. The guiding principle of this community is that nothing is 'verboten' that you can get away with. I wish to direct your attention to the neat initials along the foot. Read 'em and tremble!"

"H. B. V." obediently translated the newcomer.



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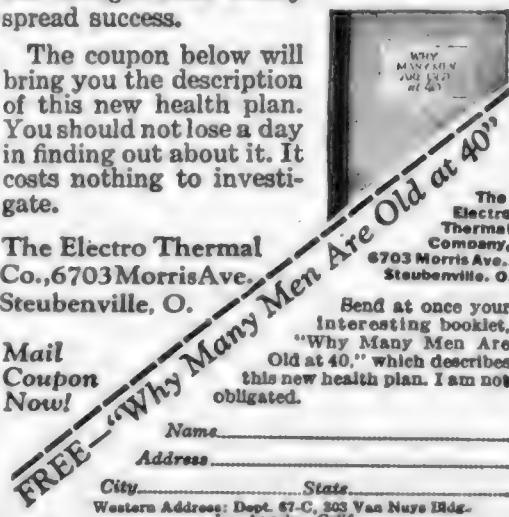
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invariably accompanied him even when conditions indicated a need for the more protective umbrella, and it was no rare occurrence for him to be seen surging athletically along some country road through night and rain, miles from the campus, for he was an inveterate hiker and contemptuously impervious to weather.

Eager girl-eyes watched the swift progress of the rather small, wiry, compact body, every easy movement of which told of a nervous muscularity. The head, under the modish cap—all of Giff's apparel was of the very best—was firm-set with curly, dark hair, blue eyes under black brows, a thin-lipped mouth, the sensitive nose of the scholar, and the chin of a tyrant.

For the rest, he possessed an abrupt manner, a biting voice, a Puritanical conscience in all matters of scholastic standard, and a fund of infinite and long-suffering patience with an often absent wife who snivelled because a Ford wasn't good enough for her and the world was curiously spiteful in other important particulars.

As he passed Trumbull Hall the instructor of youth raised his head slightly to where Sylvia Hartnett sat in her window. Their eyes met. It was a daily greeting without overt sign or signal and for the time, it sufficed.

Neither Sylvia nor Patterson Gifford could have told when that mutual curiosity first manifested itself. Each was sharply conscious of it early in their acquaintance; each clearly confident that the other felt it, also.

The youngish professor had built up as defense a campus tradition for rather ill-tempered reserve. His college reputation was that of a grouch with exciting possibilities. The girls respected him for his undoubtedly intellectual capacity, and his unbending taskmastership. The more daring spirits wondered if he could be tempted. Something in his very reserve, which seemed as if it might be a necessary bulwark against unacknowledged tendencies within himself, inspired that kind of speculation.

Against Sylvia the barriers might have remained inviolate throughout her college course but for a chance train ride just before the previous vacation, in a crowded car where the other half of her seat was the only unoccupied space. Not until after he had disposed his package of books in the rack did she reveal herself from behind her newspaper. Then he made as if to get up, muttering something about the smoker.

"I won't talk to you," she promised. He settled back and after a time she heard a dry, hard chuckle. His first words almost lifted her out of her seat.

"Ever been drunk?"
"Yes."
"Like it?"
"No."
"Neither did I."

She added shrewdly, "What's the idea? Experience?"

"How did you guess that?"
"I'm rather strong for experience, myself. But a girl doesn't get so much chance."

"Quite as much as a college professor."
"Maybe. I wonder why you are telling me about it, Professor Gifford."

With a certain conviction he answered: "I think you are to be trusted. If you aren't, I'd better know about it now than—a brief pause—"later."

So much was implied in the final word of this astonishing speech that she turned to study his face. How keenly blue his eyes were, burning with a cold fire under the black brows! "What does that mean? What is there—later?"

Composedly he answered: "I don't know. Do you? Something."

He was taking for granted an understanding between them, built up out of a multitude of significant trifles in the past term; an involuntary meeting of their eyes

in classroom, a queer sort of excitement which she tried to repress whenever she asked him questions, an almost imperceptible emphasis upon his brusque greetings when they met on the campus.

At once he had begun to talk to her of political events, of a rare-book auction which he had been attending, of the changing standards and values of the younger generation. She had been surprised at his sympathetic if somewhat cynical comprehension of girl-psychology. Then he had spoken of the people of their common environment, etching them with acid incisiveness.

She would have liked to say, "And what about Sylvia Hartnett?" But "Giff" ended with quite a different person.

"You are a friend of Sara La Lond?"

"Yes. In a way."

"I am specially interested in that girl."

"I should hardly think—" she began and stopped because he was smiling at her with an irritating assumption of understanding more than she meant him to understand. The smile did not alter his neutral tone as he added:

"Not as I might be interested in you. Is that what you were thinking?" She had flushed sharply, but made no answer, and he had continued: "Hers is a fine mind. Most of you girls are floundering morons or intelligent fusers."

"Thank you," said Sylvia, finding her voice.

"You're welcome. I should place you in the latter category. La Lond has, I should say, a genuine love for learning. Unhappily, this does not always exorcise more instinctive emotions. Do I make myself clear?"

"I don't know. I think—Surely you're mistaken about Sara," faltered Sylvia.

"I fancy not. An eager, hungry mind. And a body strong and vital and insistent with its own specific hungers. Where the two conflict, there is likely to be trouble."

"Are you so well acquainted with her, Professor Gifford?"

"Hardly at all. But I happen to know her antecedents. We came from the same manufacturing town originally. I fancy she is a lonely soul, here. It might be for her best interests to be less alone."

"Speaking in the interests of morality, Professor?" Sylvia had asked.

"Morality nothing! I am interested in scholarship. If La Lond wins the Alumnae Fund as she should, she may go on and do something worth while. If she could do better work by being immoral, though I don't admit the invidious distinction in the realm of mind, then I should advocate immorality for her. Quite possibly it would be the best course." Again his dry chuckle. "What a flutter in our dove-cote if my abominable sentiments became known. Good-by." He had gone like a magician's evanishment with no further word of that future which he had so calmly assumed.

SYLVIA had told her roommates the whole conversation about Sara, and part of it about herself, with reservations. They were enchanted. A flirtation between one of their number and a "faculty" was a real tidbit, especially when the "faculty" was the hitherto unsusceptible Giff.

But further development was slow in coming. Teacher and pupil saw each other thereafter only in the midst of crowds. He made no move to see her alone. So Starr said firmly: "You must go after him, Syl."

On this hint Sylvia fabricated an excuse to stay after class, and found eight other fabricators, which was below rather than up to the average of those who found a surreptitious thrill in a semi-private word with the sternly picturesque idol. Doggedly

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Sylvia waited them out. When she and the pedagogue were alone she put her formal query on some point of the lesson.

"Is that what you stayed to see me about?" he asked.

She felt herself quaking a little, a discomforting sensation for the usually self-sufficient Sylvia. "No, I really wanted to speak to you about Sara La Lond."

His thin smile appeared. "Why lie? Is it worth it?"

Wrath gleamed in Sylvia's eyes and glowed beneath her skin. "I'm sorry I stayed."

"I'm not. You are quite improved when angry. I must study to rouse you."

"You don't need to study to insult me."

"Nonsense! We're beyond that already, you and I."

"We're not beyond anything."

He ignored the contradiction. "You're annoyed because I haven't made opportunity to see you. There have been reasons. Are you going to New York soon?"

"I don't know when I'm going," was the pettish reply.

"As you please. Anything else, Miss Hartnett?"

Suddenly her eyes appealed to him. "I didn't think you'd be this way to me," she murmured.

"Stop it! I'm not—and you know it." His tone was quiet, but a dark flush had risen in his face.

There were footsteps outside. One of the lovorn, hopefully returning.

"Thank you, Professor Gifford," Sylvia said, as if in formal acknowledgment of information imparted. But her voice was husky, and her nerves were humming like tautened wires, responsive to the thrill of her unexpectedly revealed power to stir him. A phrase of Starr's was borne to her brain: "Some people are just made to make trouble for each other and there you are!"

There, indeed! But where? Sylvia had not the vaguest idea where she was with Gifford. Somewhere, at least. No longer in misty space. So much had been gained by her venture.

GWEN PETERS came up to them. "Going to the Junior Costume this evening?"

"Sure."

"Come around to the room afterward for a little, quiet party."

Starr and Sylvia held swift wireless consultation and assented.

There was an eleven o'clock late permission for the evening. Gwen slipped away at ten-thirty. The two juniors from Twenty with Helen Quigg, the third invited guest, followed a few minutes later. They were all in the scantiest apparel, for costume revels at the student hall were always a contest as to who could come the closest to nudity and still "get by."

They found themselves in a devastated area in the midst of which Gwen impotently raged. Somebody had made away with the materials of the revelry! Wrath inspired a furious thirst in the four. Where, a few hours before, they had languidly accepted the invitation and would have been about as well satisfied not to, now their spirits craved stimulus and the revenge of which it was the symbol. Drink they must and would have.

For some reason, lost, perhaps fortunately, in the mists of antiquity, the head janitor of Sperry is always known as Balaam. The present incumbent was young and frisky though married, and acted unofficially as campus bootlegger. Hurling themselves into long coats they went to his house and cautiously made their wants known.

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"Oh, well, if you feel that way about it," said he sympathetically, "I know where I could get some, I guess. Any of you want to go along? It ain't far."

TWO miles of main road and nearly a mile of muddy country byway were covered before the car came to a halt in front of a sinister enough looking house.

"How about a li'l drink inside?" invited their conductor.

"Is it safe?" asked a doubtful and unsteady voice.

"Safe for you as for me."

This was undeniably true. Also it was in the nature of a challenge to their gamelessness. Gathering their coats about them the girls followed Balaam to the door where, after a conversation carried on in loud whispers on one side and low growls on the other, all were admitted.

A man at the adjoining table had caught a gleam of fancy costume and bare flesh. He rose and lurched forward, presenting himself with an elaborate bow.

Sylvia wavered on her feet. He thrust an arm around her neck. The shock sobered the girl. She shoved him violently back and he was prevented from falling only by the interposition of his companion who had also risen and come forward, and who now feelingly rebuked him.

"Mushn't insult ladies. Tain't done. On b'half of friend I offer my apologies. Have drink with me."

"Get out, quick," muttered Balaam.

Gwen and Sylvia were already near the outer door which Balaam had yanked open when, with a wild crash the side lamp bracket came down.

Balaam had got clear and, with the triple intention of saving his skin, his reputation and his job, had made for the car. As he stepped on the starter a wave of femininity swept out of the night and poured through the car doors. The driver vaguely thought he counted four.

The feminine figures huddled together in the black rear of the car until it had reached the outer road, then Starr disentangled herself and climbed into the front seat beside Balaam. In the rear Gwen and Helen became gradually aware of a foreign and disturbing element which made itself known by perfumery of a cheap and robust brand. Nothing of the sort had ever pertained to any of their lot. A paralysis of horror seized upon them as a voice, equally alien, said with a sigh of relief:

"Oh, I'm glad to be out of there."

"Who are you?" Helen asked wildly.

"Where's Sylvia?" shrieked Gwen.

"She isn't here."

"We've got to go back," Starr said.

"Not me!" announced Balaam with a passion of sincerity.

The car was bumping wildly over the rutted road, but it could not make great speed. Far ahead a lone figure, picked up by the headlights, moved lightly and swiftly aside. Starr in the front seat sensed something familiar in it. A moment later she was sure. She opened the door and thrust her head and half her torso out.

"Sylvia!" she yelled. "Back there. The road house. Sylvia Hartnett."

Patterson Gifford raised his heavy cane and waved it.

Then she saw him turn and run back along the road.

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A Real Straight Shooter

"SMART SET is a magazine shooting straight from the shoulders," writes Mrs. S. G. Murray, Ironton, Ohio, who won the \$10 prize. Her letter follows:

I am eager to throw my bouquet in your direction. Your magazine boasts so many delightful features and fiction that it is likely to please every one. It pleases grandma and grandpa down to the very snappiest of flappers and sheiks. It is an all-round magazine for an all-round type. And why, Aleck Smart, am I forbidden to mention This Funny World? I wish to inform you that it is one of the corners I like best in SMART SET.

I must enthuse over the true life feature, "Why I've Quit Worrying About Wild Young Folks." Never was there a truer, better, more broad minded article written. The author has my hearty approval. If there is any trouble with the young folks of today it is caused by the older generation trying to cram and choke them full of narrow minded ideas. I liked this article best of anything in the December issue. But coming a close second was "Should A Woman Pay?" and Judge Freschi has my staunch support (if that would mean anything to him). Articles like these give us a broader outlook on life and help us to see things as they really are.

"The Shadow of Her Past" was the most amusing, the most likeable fiction story it has ever been my good fortune to read. From the very beginning it held me interested. I also liked "Let's Pretend." In addition to being ideally beautiful it was brim-full of the amusing and romantic sweets of young love.

As is in everything there is always some little thing one does not like as well as the rest. Well, in the December's number it was "One Fleeting Moment of Glory," that I did not care for. I prefer my fiction and true stories with a happy ending. Something complete to carry our minds away from our own depression and sorrow. I like stories with plenty of love and romance and above all a happy ending.

SMART SET is a magazine shooting straight from the shoulder and I am for it every month!

Gets Thrills A-Plenty

"I have enjoyed this magazine more than I can say. I get several thrills each month out of it. It is a fine bit of wholesome literature."—E. C. Baird, St. Joseph, Mo.

The More Millions the Better

"I want to tell you what a splendid magazine you have, although I suppose you've been told this a million times."—Mrs. C. T. Timerley, Montgomery, Ala.

Found! Another Connie

"'The Shadow of Her Past' should be highly interesting to married girls. I believe I should have done the same thing Connie did . . . Give us more of this realistic, humorous stuff."—Dorothy Dase, Detroit, Mich.

Prize Winners

First Prize, \$10, Mrs. S. G. Murray, Ironton, Ohio.

Second Prize, \$7, E. C. Baird, St. Joseph, Mo.

Third Prize, \$5, Mrs. C. T. Timerley, Montgomery, Ala.

Seven \$1 Winners

Mrs. L. C. Kindley, Frankfort, Ind.

Dorothy Dase, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. L. M. Walters, Rocky Mount, N. C.

B. C. Black, Utica, N. Y.

Florence S. Greenspan, Chicago, Ill.

Vera Boxell, Marion, Ind.

Mrs. H. D. Laidley, Holliday Cove, W. Va.

Does A Mosquito Like to Bite?

"Do I like SMART SET? Say, does a mosquito like to bite? If everybody was as fond of this magazine as I am, you all could not meet the demand. Every month I buy two copies to keep peace in the family. Do I like SMART SET? Ask me another."—Mrs. L. M. Walters, Rocky Mount, N. C.

One Copy Is A Revelation

"My first SMART SET in some months is a revelation to me. I'll see that the corner newsstand holds one for me after this. But don't get too many articles, old dear. More stories, remember."—B. C. Black, Utica, N. Y.

Classic Jazz

"Frankly SMART SET reminds me of classical music being played by a jazz orchestra. As you know, most every one likes jazz."—Vera Boxell, Marion, Ind.

ON PAGE 14 of this issue there is another chance for you critics to wise-up the Editor and make some cash for yourselves. A lot of you say SMART SET is different. The Editor agrees with you. But he wants to know what you mean when you say "different." How different, why different and what makes the difference? Those are the questions you are asked to answer in your contest letter. Now get busy and put in words this difference you all seem to feel. On page 44 there is another contest. "Shall we go back to long skirts?" Are the present short skirts good or bad for the young people—and the old people—of today? Take a look at page 44 and then write a letter on this interesting subject. And, of course, don't miss the limerick contest.